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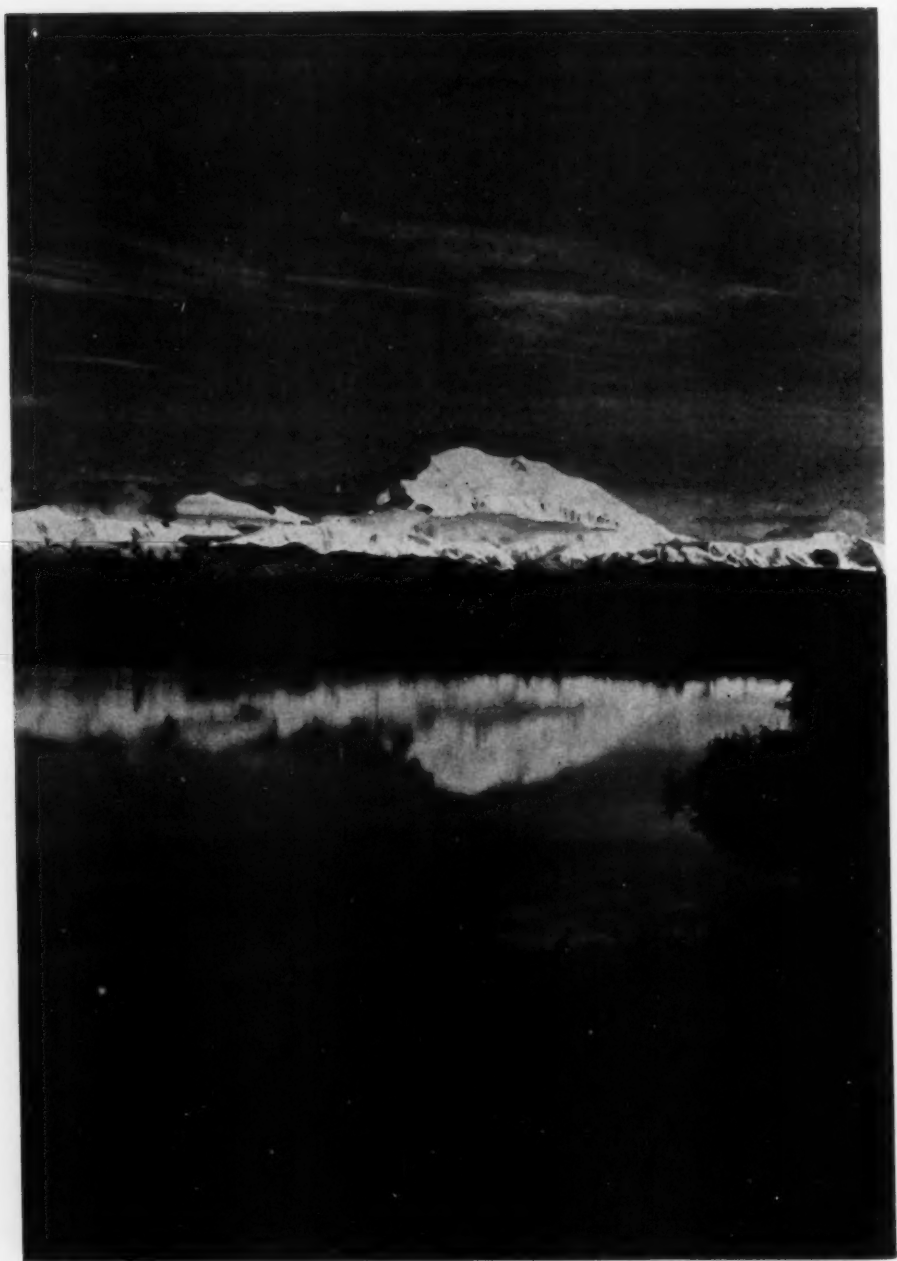
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Courtesy, Works Progress Administration

*Mt. McKinley on a summer night*

## ◇ FINDING OUR MOUNTAINS ◇

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

*President General, N.S.D.A.R.*

"I AM sorry that you have to take that rough road," said my hostess. Because of scant time between two engagements, I was obliged to go "cross country." But within a few miles, to my amazement, I forgot the dirt road for along it were big red barns with green shutters, old iron grill work, native stone floors on the porches, cattle huddled under overhanging rafters, an old cemetery with moss-covered slabs: all the things I love to see when "I go up north in summer." Presently a long two-story veranda such as one sees "away down south." Soon a tiny mountain cabin built in two parts with an open space "'twixt it and t'other house." And all the way a noisy stream kept crowding the mountain on the curves. Here were the things I hope to find "when I have time" and all within less than three hours from my home. Why have I not known this before? Is it because I have always sought the smooth road? Is it because I have had my eyes so fixed upon distant beauties that I have missed those at my feet? Or is it just because, being a creature of habit, I have covered only the beaten tracks, leaving untouched segments of the circle around me? I believe perhaps it is—

Vacations are at hand. Thousands are longing for the mountains, thousands who believe they cannot see them. Try the rough roads near you. You may thrill at your discoveries.

Recently on a pilgrimage to a famous garden, a visitor remarked, "How I'd love to have a place for some benches and a table in the open!" Her friend answered, "If you'd cut a few of those lower branches from that mimosa, you would have a perfect spot in your own back yard." Isn't it possible that many of us unable to go to distant places may still get the inspiration that summer leisure should give? Perhaps you long for a day in the museum or for an afternoon to prowl around an antique shop, or a picnic in the glen you haven't visited since childhood, or for time to read the new

books or to finish the crocheted bedspread. Make time now. Try vacationing at home.

Someone answered, "It simply can't be done." But it can—It is possible, but often not without the same effort that one must put into plans and preparations for the vacation to distant points.

There may be an historic spot which you haven't visited in years. You will be surprised at the improvements in its surroundings recently made by the Civilian Conservation Corps. A woman lived for a few years in a center of unusual historical interest. With a sudden change of residence she left without visiting many of the spots that tourists travel hundreds of miles to see. Today she is often embarrassed in having to admit that the things she could "do any time" were left undone. A young woman regularly employed in Washington passes Mount Vernon every day on her way to her office. She recently told me that she had not stopped there since she was in the seventh grade. She would be surprised, not only at the improvements since that time, but at her change of viewpoint. A visit now would show her many beauties which in immature years she had missed. One of the finest bands in the country plays in the open air near me every day. Visitors often remark, "What a wonderful opportunity you have to hear such music as this all the time!" Yet though I do love music, it has been months, if not years, since I have sat through one of their concerts.

What can you do in a day? Try the rough roads. Fill in any little unknown segments in the circle of which you are the center. Who knows? Maybe you will find your mountains.

*"Give me the hills!—no peaceful valley ways  
Shutting me in and sheltering my days!  
For me the effort, the vast far flung goal,  
Deep drafts of beauty for my thirsty soul.  
Seen from above, the mists that lie below  
Veil in soft azure beauty, pain and woe.  
Weary and spent, I still can always say  
'My feet are bruised—but I have climbed  
today!'"*



## The Viking Cross

KAY HUNTLEY

*Illustrations by Caroline and Eleanor Browning*

I

**G**UDRID always said it was the cross that saved us. But the rest of us declared it was Gudrid. For had not her faith been strong that we would be saved, our hope would have surely died, and one by one we would have yielded to the hungry sea.

There had been thirty of us in all coming back from Iceland to Greenland, a voyage that seems unfortunate for our family. For the first time our father came from Iceland to Greenland, in order to dwell near his friend Eric the Red, who had discovered that land, we were likewise sore beset by storms. And our landing that time, men said, was a miracle. Gudrid always smiled when they said that and fingered her cross.

But this time, declared Siegfred, my brother, the miracle would have to be much greater, for our plight seemed beyond aid.

The storm that had swept down upon us had been ruthless indeed, so that the boat had finally sunk with its load of waters, and cast in the sea as we were there was naught to do, it seemed, but die. Then the lightning had suddenly shown us the rocky reef, and we had made toward it, though we realized even as we did it that our hope was but as a frail splinter.

By the mercy of God, or, as some among us who were still heathen declared, the favor of the Northern gods, fifteen of us had reached that reef in safety, but it seemed a worthless victory to have so bested the sea. For what hope was there





for us on this barren reef, with no food unless an occasional fish be flung us from the waves; no wood for the building of a ship, or even the warming of our chilled bodies; and no water for our drinking. For during the storm, even the waves had covered the reef so that the water we found in the depressions was salty and unfit for use.

My brother had whispered to me that he had heard the men who knew the sea best say that there was no hope of rescue, for according to the stars we were far from the path the dragon ships took in their traveling from Iceland to Greenland. And of course there was but an occasional ship which made that journey. For the settlers in Greenland were few—not over a thousand in all—and their needs not great, and men do not journey for pleasure.

"Better," said Thori, who had been in charge of our boat, "better that we throw ourselves back in the sea and be done with life, rather than cling like gasping fish on this barren rock." He spoke so at the end

of the third day we had spent on the reef.

Save for Thori's wife, and Gudrid and myself, there were but men and boys upon the rock, for the other women, both wives and maids, had perished when the boat sank.

Gudrid is older than I by four summers, and very beautiful. When Thori said that, she stood up and looked at him. I cannot explain the expression that was in her eyes. It was not contempt, for Gudrid was never contemptuous of anyone. Instead it always seemed that she had a great understanding and charity for human weakness. But I saw pity there, now, mingled with faith—and a knowledge that was beyond faith.

For Gudrid had an inner vision and saw more than the rest of us. This was not a thing of evil like the foreknowledge which the sybils invoke, but a sacred thing that comes but seldom on this earth, and carries naught but blessing with it. Yet I do not believe Gudrid herself realized that she was different from other folk.

For among all the people I have ever met only Eric the Red, the leader of the Greenland colonists, was like Gudrid in this possession of an inner vision. Of him I will tell you more later.

The glow of that inner leading was always upon my sister, and, to those who watched her, sometimes it seemed like a light that blazed high. When that happened, as it did at this moment, all near her were silent and dazzled before it.

As she stood on the rock wrapped in the blue mantle lined with white fur that had been our mother's, and with her long braids of golden hair showing beneath the hem, I glimpsed too the flash of gold upon her breast—the cross that had likewise been our mother's. From there my eyes traveled up to where her hair was loosened in curling tendrils, like bits of sun against her hood. Her feet were firm upon the rock, though the rest of us lay motionless, near spent with weakness and hunger.

Then I glanced at the others, and I saw the fear and despair in their eyes change slowly as they gazed at her. For a moment I could think only of the old tales of northern goddesses. For Gudrid was such a one as to make a child like me think of a goddess. Siegfred, my brother, told me afterward that the same thought came often to his mind, and that, at the moment Gudrid stood up on the reef, he thought of nothing else, and the glint of the cross beneath the blue mantle had seemed to him like the flash of golden armour.

She spoke, and the words were strange to me then, though since I have often heard them from the priests: "Quit ye like men," she cried, "Be strong!"

Even as she spoke she looked toward the horizon and there was a welcome in her eyes as though she saw a boat coming to our aid.

Then Thori said gently through his swollen lips, as though he feared to break the spell, "The east is behind you, Gudrid." For he thought that if help should come, it must come from Iceland, from the east.

"I know—" answered Gudrid. And she added softly as one speaking in a dream—"and the west lies before me!"

Then, standing in her blue mantle, with

the sun about her, Gudrid sang. Hunger and thirst and weariness seemed to have left her. She was like a mother among many children, or as Siegfred insisted, a goddess among men.

No one ever sang as Gudrid sang. Her voice was clear and held the music of sea waves in it, the call of birds in the nesting season, the whisper of rain and the low laughter of children.

Siegfred had curled himself beside me at her feet and I felt his arm around me and I was glad. We were twins, and while we sometimes quarreled, in times of stress or sorrow we were great comfort to each other. Because I thought I might not be strong enough to see him clearly much longer, I turned and looked at him closely, and knew that save that his hair was cut short and hung low on his neck, and mine in braids to my waist, we were alike. To see him was like looking at my own reflection in clear water. His eyes were gray like mine, and his hair, which was more like the moonlight than the sunlight, rippled like sea waves back from his face, even as mine, and even the waves were identical. On the day when he should wear a beard we would seem different, but that time was far in the future. Now his cheeks which were wont to be flushed with rose were pale and wan, even as I knew were my own. Siegfred was inclined to be even more slender than I. And this provoked him, for he wished above all things to be sturdy and strong.

"How can a boat come from the west?" I asked, drowsily, under the spell of Gudrid's voice. For I knew of no one, save Bjarni Herjulfson, who had ever sailed in that direction, and he had been driven out of his course. Bjarni had reported that he had seen land, but he had not paused to set foot upon it, so anxious was he to reach Greenland.

Siegfred, who was always a little closer to Gudrid in understanding than I, answered in my ear, "I do not know, Sigred, but Gudrid does." Then he lay one of his hands against my cheek, and we both fell asleep to the song.

The sun went lower and the hours of sleep were heavy upon us. And so exhausted were we all, or else so under the spell of Gudrid's song, that the hours of

sleep were long. Which was good, for in sleep we dreamed of food. And the dreams seemed to strengthen us.

I waked enough once to know that Gudrid was gathering my brother and me close to her and wrapping the folds of the blue mantle about us. Though I have never asked her, I feel certain that while the rest of us forgot fear and suffering and hunger, Gudrid did not close her eyes, but sat looking toward the west, as though she would summon aid from the sea.

We were wakened, as we had fallen asleep, to the sound of Gudrid's voice. She was speaking now, "The boat is coming," she said.

I was startled for I feared that Gudrid had lost her mind.

"Wake," she said to the others, and leaning over she touched Thori on the shoulder. "Waken your men," she said, "for the boat is coming."

Thori looked at her a little stupidly and stared at the west. Then he shook his head for he saw nothing. But Gudrid stood up once more with a half smile on her lips and her hand upon the golden cross.

Thori wakened his men reluctantly, yet it seemed that he must follow Gudrid's bidding.

But no one among us could see aught on the sea, save a white bird that flashed in the sun. The last to be wakened was Harald, who was but a year or so older than Siegfred and myself. And as soon as he wakened, Harald looked to the west and smiled.

"It is a long way off," he said.

And Gudrid answered, "Yes, but it is coming."

The rest of us looked at each other, and I saw one or two of the men shake their heads slightly, and one raised an eyebrow. But all of us watched the west. For there was naught else to do. And men will hope when there is no reason. Only Gudrid and Harald seemed certain in their seeing. Later I learned that Harald, like Leif, the son of Eric the Red, could see much farther than most men. But I have always thought Gudrid saw that ship with her inner vision.

After a time one of the men beside me cried out, and then another pointed a

shaking arm, and finally Siegfred and I saw at the same moment a dark speck upon the waters, a speck which seemed to move. And it came nearer and one after another on the reef saw it. Until at last we were all certain that it was a ship.

"It will not see us," cried an old man with a white beard which swept to his waist. He was one who had been many times upon the sea. Now he began to weep, though before that he had been one of the bravest among us.

Then Gudrid touched his white head comfortingly, "Hush, it has seen us. It is coming," she said.

And it did, closer and closer, until we could see the great dragon prow lifting high out of the water, we could catch the glint of the shields along the side; and then we saw even the stripes on the sail beneath the weather vane, the flashing of the long oars as the men dipped them in the sea. And we saw a man leave the rudder and stand on the prow, a tall man, who even at a distance seemed magnificent to us. For he was the answer to all our prayers. He was Leif, the son of Eric the Red.

Though of course we did not know he was Leif then.

Now if Gudrid had seemed like a goddess, I thought, as I watched the man on the prow of the approaching ship, here was her equal. For he rode the waves like a god of the sea.

The sun shone on his armour, armour that I later learned the King of Norway had given him when he spent a year at his court. His helmet had the wings of a scarlet bird, fastened on either side, and it was the most beautiful helmet I had seen, while across his shoulder was thrown a mantle of furs, the like of which I had never beheld. And this was not strange, for I was to learn that he had snared the creatures from which the pelts had come in the new land he had found, the land he had named Vineland, for it was rich in vines.

The dragon ship cast anchor a little way off. There was a great after-boat riding at its stern, which we could tell was heavily loaded. After the anchor caught and held fast, a small boat was lowered



over the side of the dragon-ship, and this put off for the reef, with the same god-like man standing in the prow. Gudrid turned to me and said, "The tall one is Leif, the son of Eric."

I started to protest that she could not possibly know this, but at the moment I heard the man himself calling to the reef.

"Of what country are you? And what is your business?"

Thori answered, "I am a Norseman, and these are of my party which I was bringing from Iceland to Greenland when my boat went down in a storm." And he asked, "What is your name?"

"Leif," came the answer. Gudrid only smiled at my look of astonishment.

"Are you a son of Eric the Red of Brattahlid?"

"Aye."

"And where have you been?"

"To a land in the west. I have named it Vineland."

And when he came to the reef, Leif was the first on the rock. Then, more than ever, I thought of him as a god. Straight he stood as the straightest tree, such ones as are sent out from Norway for the masts of ships. His face was tanned and well featured, and his wavy beard the color of frost-killed grass in the autumn, brown and lovely. His eyes were like Gudrid's. And this day they held all the light of the sky and were the shade of deep waters. Only later was I to see that sometimes those eyes shadowed until they were like icy barrens under sullen clouds.

"I will take you all on my ship," he said. And at the words a wizened little old man who had come in the small boat with Leif and the rowers took his arm and spoke crossly to him shaking his head. But Leif smiled gently and said, "It shall be as I say, Tyrker."

The man grumbled in his beard, but Leif was lifting things from the small boat, and paid no further attention to him.

"First," said Leif, "you must have food and drink." And out of the boat he brought wine which had been made from the grapes of that land in the west, and a drinking horn. Ah, that first drink was fit for the gods. Only a little he allowed us at a time, and food but sparingly. For he was wise and knew that we had gone far toward the entrance to the land of death, and must return slowly to this world.

But when at last he put some dried grapes from the afterboat in my hand and bade me eat, I, who had never tasted anything of the sort, thought that never as long as I lived would aught be so delicious.

Only after I had eaten all of them did I notice the strange feeling in the very air. Gudrid and Leif were standing close to each other. For so similar were they in many ways that it seemed that from the moment Leif had stepped on the rock, the two were drawn toward each other's presence, as the tides are drawn by the moon. I saw their eyes meet, and knew that they were filled with gladness that this was so.

For the meeting of their eyes was like sparks flashing from a firestone, like the slashing of lightning from the heavens to the sea, or like the upward sweeping of strange colors in northern skies.

Long had it been told of Gudrid that she was "not easily to be won." But when I saw her with Leif I knew that here was one for whom she had been waiting.

We had heard of Leif before, for, with our father, we had spent the first winter in Greenland at Brattahlid, the home of Eric the Red. But we had never seen Eric's oldest son. For that was the year Leif was at the Court of the King in Norway. And by the time he returned to Greenland, Gudrid, my brother and I had gone back

to Iceland to attend to an inheritance which had come to us there.

Only a moment did Leif and Gudrid stand looking deep in each others' eyes. For there was much to be done, and Gudrid was never one to waste time. As I have said in spite of our days and nights on the rocks she had remained strangely strong, and now she helped Leif and his men with the weaker ones, some of whom must be lifted into the small boat.

Leif would have sent her with the first load to the dragon ship, but she shook her head, and would not even go when Siegfred and I went. From the dragon boat we looked back and saw that she and Leif were the last to leave the reef. And before leaving she and Leif stood alone for a moment. Leif was pointing westward and Gudrid looked where he pointed.

Then the boat made its last journey from the reef, and Leif helped Gudrid to the rope ladder on the side of the dragon ship. And as she took the first step upward, something flashed through the air and fell with a little splash in the waves.

Gudrid cried out "My cross!"

The words were scarce out of her mouth than Leif was unbuckling his armour, and in a thrice he was in the sea after it. He disappeared beneath the waves and was gone for what seemed a long time. But when he was seen again, he was holding the golden cross between his teeth. He sprang into the small boat, wrapped himself in his furs, came up the ladder and gave it to Gudrid.

"Thank you," said Gudrid. And softly, "It is my greatest treasure; it was my mother's and perhaps I value it over-much."

She did not exaggerate when she said that. For the cross which an ancient man had brought our mother from the south of Europe was indeed a great treasure. A sybil in Iceland had told our mother to guard it carefully, that not only her destiny but that of her eldest daughter was to be bound up with it, and that as long as it was safely kept the path of destiny would be straight and that life must yield to the possessor. "But," she warned, "let the cross be lost, and the path likewise will be lost in shadows. And the possessor must yield to life."

The words were strange and our mother never pretended to understand them. Yet she believed them. And when she was dying she put the cross in Gudrid's hands and begged her earnestly never to part with it.

Gudrid swore to our mother to guard it carefully.

It was not beautiful—the metal was bent in places, and the carving was crude, while there was a stain near the sapphire, which was set where the pieces crossed. And that stain would never come off, though Gudrid shined it every day. Gudrid always treasured the cross and once she told me that it seemed to her that in some strange way our mother was guarding and watching over her, through that cross.

She had ended lightly, "As I try to guard and watch over you and Siegfred." This was true, for she had taken our mother's place, and we owed much to her.

But when Leif handed her the cross I knew that the time had come when we must see her greatest care pass from us, that her own destiny was calling.

And it must be that the others, both those that were with us on the reef, and those who had come from Vineland with Leif, felt the same way. For after Leif had returned the cross to Gudrid, the men began to speak of Leif Ericksson as Leif the Lucky. And their eyes would seek out Gudrid when they said the words.

The boat was overly crowded with its own crew, and it was difficult to find room for fifteen more people. For this boat, as well as the afterboat, was loaded heavily with furs, with wood and the good things of Vineland, a store of wild grain, strange seeds and plants, with wine and grapes, and even ropes made of twisted vines. So that there was scarcely room to move. And it was very noisy, for except in the night-time, the talk and laughter of the men were great. For they were returning to Greenland with tales worth the telling, tales the storytellers would be eager to learn.

Gudrid, my brother and I were placed on a pile of furs near the prow, and Leif saw that we were well cared for. Everything considered we were fairly comfortable. During the day Gudrid and Leif had little to say to each other. But in the



night-time when the others were quiet, I was often wakened by the murmur of their talk. And sometimes I heard what they said.

Once I heard Leif ask Gudrid a question. "Were you calling to me that last night you spent on the reef?"

"Why?" came Gudrid's voice, with a little ripple running through the words.

"I was steering the boat on the course it should go," answered Leif, "and suddenly I heard a woman's voice singing—your voice, Gudrid, though before that night I had never heard it. Then it ceased singing and it spoke, 'Turn more to the east,' it said. And for a little I would not, but the voice was insistent. And when I did turn to the eastward, a great peace came upon me, a peace that I lost when I would start to steer the ship back to its proper course."

"I was calling in my heart," answered Gudrid. "But I did not know it was for you."

"Do you know now?" asked Leif.

Gudrid's fingers touched her cross, but she did not answer. "Tell me more about your coming to the reef," she said.

"Eastward I sailed, and into the wind, until in the morning one of the men behind me called, 'Why do you steer the ship so much into the wind?' And I would not tell him of the woman's voice, nor of the peace which guided my steering, so I answered shortly, 'I have my mind upon my steering, and on other matters as well.'"

"And after I had spoken I suddenly saw a dark line on the horizon, and to change the subject I asked, 'Is that a ship or a reef that I see?' For a time no one else could see it, and the men replied, 'We see nothing.'"

"But I trusted to my eyesight, which is very keen, and by the time they saw the reef, I could see people upon it. And by that time the peace in my heart had turned to exultation. Yet I could not understand, and while I questioned what it could mean, I was trying to speak calmly to the men."

"I think it best to tack," I said, "and draw near to them so that we may render those people assistance, if it so be that they stand in need of it."

"If, on the other hand, they are not peaceably disposed, we shall still have

better command of the situation than they.' For I could see no sign of a boat near the reef, yet it seemed strange and unusual enough that there should be castaways in such parts.

"And so," ended Leif, and I saw his arm start toward Gudrid, then drop back at his side. For he remembered that there were those in the boat who were neither busy nor sleeping, "I came at your call, Gudrid."

Then the wizened little old man, Tyrker, whom I have already mentioned as objecting to our rescue, suddenly scrambled to the edge of the ship and thrust his head, which seemed too large for his body, over the side. He shaded his eyes with a wrinkled hand and cried out sharply in a whining tone that he saw whales spouting in the sea. Leif turned his attention to them, and Gudrid came to see that I was well covered with furs. I fell asleep and heard no more.

But the last night before we reached Greenland, Gudrid was standing once more beside Leif this time at the helm of the ship. And I heard Leif's voice.

"It lies with you, Gudrid," he said, "am I Leif the Lucky?"

I saw Gudrid incline her head back in the direction from which the boat had come. "Did you not discover Vineland?" she asked. "And is it not a good land?"

"Aye. But you have not answered the question. Am I Leif the Lucky?"

"Is it not luck enough to have discovered a new and a good land?"

"If that is all, it is not enough for me," he answered. And again—"Am I Leif the Lucky?"

Then Gudrid answered, looking him full in the face. "If in any way I can add ought to your luck—you are."

The boat was no place then for a man who has just won the words he has desired above all others. Leif made no move to touch Gudrid. He only straightened at the helm, and I heard a great joy in the laugh which he flung to the wind:

"Aye, verily," he said, "I am Leif the Lucky."

## II

It was autumn when we came in safety to Greenland. I can remember some seal lay

on the floating ice near the rocky shores. Some of the pointed mountains in the background were starting to don their heavy winter hoods and mantles of snow, though there were other mountains where we could see their blue ice mantles flowing down to the sea.

Because of the season Leif dared not sail up the fjord where the ice breaks from the glaciers into the narrow waters. So the men put the rollers under the dragon-ship and ran it up on the land. Leif ordered his men to stay by the ship and build a boat house there to cover it during the winter. Soon, he said, he would return to unload the cargo he had brought.

Then Leif procured some horses from the first farmstead, and on horseback six of us went the rest of the way to Brattahlid, the home of Eric the Red. For besides Gudrid, my brother and I, Leif had invited to his father's home for the winter Thori and his wife, and Harald, who had been the first besides Gudrid to have glimpsed the Vineland boat when it came to our rescue. I was glad Leif had asked Harald, for all of Harald's family had been lost when the boat sank, and I was sorry for him.

The sheep were being driven down from the mountains when we returned. They had fed there during the summer. But the cattle were still staked out by the fjord, and a few leaves remained on the willow and birch.

Suddenly when I saw again the great hall of Brattahlid before me, with its thick walls of turf, which surrounded the inner stone walls of the great room I knew so well, I remembered the discomfort of that barren rock in the sea, and a great affection welled in my throat for the home of Eric the Red, set there on the slope, with the outbuildings at one side, and a mountain at its back to cut off the winter wind.

Not far off was the church which Leif's mother had caused to be built there, when Leif brought news of the new religion to Greenland together with a priest from the King's court.

As we came closer I heard a loud skirl, and a man had come around the corner of the turf walls. He was as tall as Leif and nearly as straight, and had no fur over his shoulder nor covering for his head though the day was cold.

"It is Eric, is it not?" I asked Gudrid, and she nodded.

"Aye, it is my father," said Leif, and pride was in his voice. "Hail Eric," he flung out when the horses had gone a little further, for it seemed he could wait no longer to hear the sound of Eric's voice.

"Hail," came the answer, with uplifted hand.

"It is I, Leif, come from a New Land in the West."

"So be it," came the old man's reply. But I fancied his head lifted a little higher and that the great shoulders straightened even more. The hand remained steady in the air.

The others were coming out of the great hall now, or out from the barns and the outhouses, and in from the fields. And Leif's mother came hastening to meet us. Leif put her on his horse and walked to greet his father.

"I would that you had gone with us as I wished, Eric," said Leif. "For I found the New Land."

"And these?" asked Eric, gesturing toward the rest of us, who had paused at a little distance on our horses. For we were so heavily wrapped that he did not recognize us.

"The two daughters and a son of your old friend, Thorbiorn Vifilsson," explained Leif, "and three others from the fifteen I rescued from a reef in the sea on my way home."

"That is a good thing," declared Eric. "And because of it I suppose I must forgive you for the bringing of the priest here from Norway. For the finding of the new land and the rescue at sea surely offsets the bringing of that rascal to this place!" For Eric had hated the priest of the new religion from the first. Some said it was because Leif's mother would not share Eric's bed after the priest had taught her of the White Christ.

Leif's brothers, Thorvald and Thorstein, now came with Eric to greet us. They were overshadowed by Leif in stature, and somewhat in looks. But had Leif not been in the same hall with them, one would have looked at them long. For they had much the same bearing and Eric was proud of them. In one thing it was soon apparent that they differed from their brother, and





that was in the fact that while Leif used his tongue easily, and could vie with the storytellers themselves in the telling of tales, Thorvald and Thorstein were quiet and spoke seldom. I noticed, however, that when they did speak, others listened. And I thought when I saw them that day that Thorstein had the most gentle eyes I had ever marked.

"It is good to welcome strangers to Brattahlid," said Eric to Thori and his wife, and to Harald. But Gudrid he greeted as a dear daughter, and he patted my shoulder and said he hoped Siegfred and I had out-

grown our mischief since the last time we had wintered with him.

But there were two whom neither Gudrid, Siegfred nor I had ever seen before, and these did not come out to greet us. We met them only when we entered the hall to warm ourselves gratefully at the long fire.\* These were Freydis and her rich, misshapen husband, whom some said she had tricked into marriage. They also were spending this winter with Eric. Freydis was to bring us much sorrow.

\* Name usually applied to the two or more fire-places built together in the center of the hall.

She barely greeted us, and seemed to ignore Gudrid altogether. I knew soon enough that from the moment she saw Gudrid enter the hall, Freydis, who was the half-sister of Leif, hated her. Only a woman can hate another in the fashion of Freydis. Besides such hate the enmity of men is clean and beautiful.

Freydis was not fair, as are most of the Vikings, but dark of skin, and her hair was dark, too, and streaked with a deep red; that red was a heritage from her father. Her eyes were little and mean, and they did not both look in quite the same direction at the same time, and there were deep lines between them. For unlike Leif, Freydis had difficulty in seeing and was forever peering about, with a jutting forth of her chin. She was tall and thin, and when she walked, she strode like a man.

At first I thought the hatred of Freydis was caused by the affection of Eric the Red for my sister. For since that winter we had all spent at Brattahlid he had looked upon Gudrid with the love of a father, and Leif's mother told us that since that time he had spoken often of her.

This was not strange. For in the unusual things these two were much alike. It was well known in Greenland that Eric, like Gudrid, had an inner vision which he followed, and that his very presence seemed to bring blessing to those about him. Yet Eric was a pagan and gloried in it, and remained so to the day of his death, while Gudrid had been converted to Christianity. Yet in spite of their differences in belief, there was never aught but peace between them.

Then I thought that mingled with her hatred of Gudrid, was jealousy of Leif. For Freydis was the first-born of Eric, though she had not been born in wedlock, and therefore she would not inherit from Eric the Red, either Brattahlid, or, some said, aught of what he possessed.

When Eric would with an effort speak kindly to her, she resented it. Indeed she seemed to resent most things, even her sex, for often she declared that she wished she had been a man.

Now I understand that Freydis had chosen her husband rightly. For all things about her were misshapen, and her feeling toward Gudrid was that of an ugly

woman toward one who is beautiful, of a wicked woman for one who is good, of a woman whom everyone hates for one whom everyone loves. I know too that there was something of Eric in Freydis which might have made her great, but that she warred against it. And it was that warring which drove her on to much sinning.

So that while the others were greeting Leif joyfully and calling him Leif the Lucky, Freydis sneered to herself and said nothing, and mocked him when he spoke to her.

But Leif was so accustomed to her ways that her words fell unheard upon his ears. Then she turned her jeering upon Gudrid. Gudrid felt great compassion for her and was very patient. All of which made Freydis, I know now, only the more determined to harm her. And I, to my sorrow, was to be the one through which that harm came.

There was one other of importance who greeted us that day. And I dislike to speak of him. But if I tell the story in full as I have determined I must, it is necessary to include him. I will not speak his name, but will call him by the term with which others referred to him, and that was as The Hawk.

Truly he resembled a hawk in many ways, for his face was lean, his eyes piercing, and his hands had a strange way of opening and closing like talons. And there was a streak of white in his brown hair, which stood up somewhat like a feather disturbed from the rest.

I was, as I have said, little more than a child. But I had gone through much suffering, and therefore at the moment felt very old, and there was something about this man when I first saw him which seemed to me very different from others, and splendid.

I was told he was wicked, but I grieved at the hearing, and thought that others did not understand him. I made myself believe that there had been some great blight on his life, and that he needed only sunlight and joy to become gentle and happy. And I thought that I could tame him and hold him like a falcon at my beck and call, never dreaming that from the first he had marked me as his prey.

For when his hand touched mine that first day I shivered with delight. And he noticed it, and smiled. After that I saw that he made errands past my side. And always he contrived to brush against me. He went out of his way, too, to talk to me.

He treated me as one grown and of great importance. And this treatment I liked, for men had always looked only at Gudrid and had paid slight attention to her sister.

It was natural that Gudrid had eyes only for Leif, and that she did not notice what was happening, and failed to see the dangers which were shadowing me.

Afterward she reproached herself greatly. But she need not, for I was old enough to be aware that I was playing with evil, though I shook the idea from me, and continued deliberately in what I was doing. Sometimes I have felt that I was no unsuspecting prey of The Hawk, that there was something in me a little like Freydis, something alien to the character of Gudrid. Only through long years was I to earn my release from it.

### III

After we came to Brattahlid with Leif, Eric sent for our father to come there from his farmstead which he had made on the land at Stoakkaness, which Eric had given him.

He arrived on the same day that some of Leif's men came up from the boat, bearing with them the first of the Vineland cargo of good things.

That was the day also that Leif went both to Eric and to our father, saying that he wished that he and Gudrid might be married at once. Then our father and Eric were alone for a long time before giving Leif an answer. After that they sent for Gudrid and Leif.

Eric did the talking and he said that much as Gudrid's father and he wished that the two families be joined, they had both decided that no decision should be made until the spring. And furthermore, he added, it was because he owed much to Thorbiorn Vifilsson, that he deemed it not wise there should be a betrothal between the two families before that time. Both Leif and Gudrid were young and a

few months would make little difference in the end, while perhaps those months might save much future suffering to all concerned.

Leif was bewildered and his eyes showed that he was very angry, though he gave no other sign. But Gudrid accepted the decision with her gentle graciousness. Though I knew that the two were so much in love that Eric's talk of future suffering seemed but the foolish whim of an old man. Surely ahead of them could be naught but great happiness. Of that they felt very certain.

A look of pain crossed Eric's face when they said that, and I could not understand it then. Though afterward I have realized that Eric was guided in his decision, both by his knowledge of Leif and by his inner vision. And perhaps Gudrid, too, could have known from her own vision, had not her love so blinded her. For love has a way of doing that, as lovers have often found out to their sorrow.

Gudrid comforted Leif by speaking of the fact that after all they were not parted, that both of them would be at Brattahlid that winter, and there was yet time for long walks on foot and on skis before the snow was too deep and the weather too cold for women thus to journey forth at any great distance. An actual betrothal was not important, she said, so long as they loved each other and it meant but a few months of waiting. If in that way Eric would be pleased, it seemed well.

I knew Leif was not satisfied with the outcome of the matter. But at the moment he must hide his displeasure. For many people were to be in the hall that evening for the feasting which was to celebrate Leif's return. Even as Gudrid finished speaking, the shouts of the first-comers could be heard outside, and soon Leif was in the midst of them, being joked and cheered.

The hall filled rapidly with people, taking their places at the extra tables set up for the feast. The long fire burned brightly, and the candles lighted the smoky-black rafters overhead. The ale went round in the drinking horns and the Vineland wine. Save that the feast was plentiful, and that the dried fish, the wine and grapes from Vineland were received

with much joy, I do not remember a great deal concerning it. For this was an occasion when that which followed the feast seemed far more important. For the tale of the finding of Vineland was to be told that night for the first time. I could see by Leif's face that he, too, was excited at the prospect, and for that hour, at least, he seemed to have forgotten his disappointment of the day.

Eric sat in the high seat at one end of the room, with the carved posts rising above his head, and Leif was beside him. Some of Eric's men had left the tables and were on the benches along the wall, their weapons and shields hung bright above them. The women on stools nearer the fire busied themselves at their spinning, the distaff with its tuft of wool tucked under one arm, the spindle by their side, and their fingers twirling, twirling, in time often to the voice of the storyteller.

For no sooner was the feasting over than Eric's men began to urge, "Tell us of the new land, Leif."

But Leif looked toward Eric and answered, "No, let the storyteller tell us first of Greenland."

The storyteller sojourning at Brattahlid that winter, who earned his food and drink and a place on the sleeping bench in the great hall by reason of his skill at remembering tales of the past, was one who had come with the first settlers to Greenland. Many were the tales he knew and he could repeat them again and again with no change of word. But of them all he liked best to tell in that hall of Eric the Red.

So he stood now in his long brown woolen robe, with its belt of pieces of bone, carved curiously and interlinked, with blue fox skins over his shoulder, and began to speak in his deep clear voice.

"In Jaederen\* dwelt Thorvald, the son of Osvald, the son of Ulf, the son of Eyxna-Thori. And with him dwelt Eric, Thorvald's son. His hair and beard were flaming red, and his temper flaming also, so that folk called him Eric the Red. His eyes were filled with wilfulness and often burned with anger. And he went from one difficulty into another so that all



said his luck was bad and there could be no changing it."

I looked at Leif's father and tried to imagine him in the days when he was as young as Leif, with flaming hair and beard in place of the whiteness which was upon him now, and with eyes so different, according to the storyteller from the benign and thoughtful ones set like blue pools under the shaggy brows.

"In Norway he killed two men, and was exiled from that land forever," went on the storyteller, "Then he and his father came to Iceland, and in that country, too, his temper had the best of him. There were broils and battles and Eric's temper flamed high. Again he killed, so that finally the Allthing† ruled that Eric should pay for his lawlessness with exile from Iceland for three years.

"Then it was that Eric decided to sail westward, to seek for land which Gunnbiorn, son of Ulf the Crow, storm-blown from his fishing, had declared he had glimpsed in that direction. Thorbiorn Vifilsson had been among those who had stood by Eric and aided him greatly at that time, and helped make his boat ready, and had even gone a way with him on his journey, when Eric and his wife, and Leif, his small son, had sailed an unknown path upon the sea.

"But this time his luck did not desert him, and he found the land. He sailed

† A gathering of the people together to make the laws.

\* In Norway.

around the east coast, which was surrounded by drifting ice, so that he could not reach the shore. But on the west coast, he saw much that pleased him, for this was habitable land. And after spending one winter on an island, he went up the fjord, which he named Eriksfjord, and built himself a house against the mountain and called it Brattahlid. And during the three years of his exile he had explored the new land.

"I shall give it a good name," he told his wife, "so that people will be attracted hither to settle." And when the time of his exile was up he returned to Iceland and told there of the land he had found. He called it Greenland.

"And as Eric had hoped, the word had a pleasant sound in the ears of the settlers in Iceland. Then he told of the many animals that were there, reindeer, foxes, white bears, and rabbits. Seals, walrus and whales were in the shore waters, and many fish in the rivers and the sea.

"He declared that Iceland did not possess anywhere such a plenty of grass as covered much of Greenland like a thick robe. There were scrub willows and birch trees there, too, he said, and a warm stream in the ocean which flowed close to the land. He had been swimming in it in the summer, and he thought it had much to do with tempering the climate.

"And after Eric had talked thus for a time, there were many in Iceland, who wished to go to the new land and settle there with Eric.

"So they asked about the harbours, and Eric said they were many. And they asked also about the springs, and Eric said these were plentiful and fair.

"Many people decided then to sell their lands in Iceland and such things as they could not take with them and set out with Eric. So when summer came once more, thirty-five ships, laden with men, women and children sailed forth toward the west to the land of Eric's finding. They took cattle with them, and colts, sheep and goats, as well as pigs and dogs.

"And while during the great storms which came upon them some of these boats were sunk in the sea, and yet others driven back to Iceland, many rode the waves in safety and came with Eric to the land he

had found and took themselves farmsteads and settled there. There was a great settlement of farms in the country round about Brattahlid, and this settlement was known as Eriksfirth. And farther north they made another settlement and this was known as the Western settlement.

"Then all men boasted of Eric and told that he had won distinction and had changed his luck, and that now he brought luck to all those who were about him."

The storyteller did not add what all of us knew, that after that Eric's temper had ceased to trouble him. For he had much responsibility, and one who leads people, and who judges their disputes must be moderate and calm in all things. I saw that Eric's eyes were filled with memory and musing, now, his hand roved slowly and peacefully through his white beard. Child though I was, I knew that here was a man who had reason to be proud, both of the life he had lived and of the weakness he had conquered.

Then strangely enough I thought of the oath, which Leif's mother had once told us, Eric had required of Leif before he set sail for Norway. "Swear," demanded Eric, "that no matter what comes to pass, you will never, as I have done, take the life of a Viking in hot blood, save it is done in warfare in open battle. Else," swore Eric, with his hand upon the carved door post, "Brattahlid shall never pass to you, nor shall you take my place in the high seat."

Leif had sworn, even as Eric desired. I think that Eric had demanded the oath because he saw in Leif the weakness that had been his own. He could not know that unless Leif drank to the full, as Eric had done, the dregs of his weakness, he could not find the herb of desire to conquer it. A fire that flames may be put out. But the hidden fire smoulders long and in the end may work greater ruin. Eric was wise in many things. But in requiring that oath of Leif I can see now that he was foolish.

But as the storyteller finished and Leif drew a gold ring \* from his arm and tossed it to him, I put the memory of what Leif's mother had told us aside, for surely it seemed to have no proper place in my mind that evening.

\* Bracelet.



Now Eric turned toward Leif and asked him to tell of the land he had found. So Leif took the storyteller's place, who was not loath to yield it. For here was a new tale for his learning. In the years to come he was to repeat, while Leif sat in Eric's place in the high seat and listened.

Only when that time came, Leif would shade his eyes so that none should see the pain in them. Good it is that most of us live in the present and dream not of the future. All of us gloried that night in hearing Leif tell of Vineland. But Eric gloried most of all. He leaned forward in his chair, and kept his eyes on his oldest son as though he were striving to see behind those words and through the very eyes of Leif.

"We were ready to sail," said Leif, "and were but waiting for Eric, my father. For he had finally promised to come with us. He, being the holder of luck, we knew that if he were on the boat all would be well.

"We were glad when we heard the thud of his horse's hooves, and we sang then as we raised the sail on the mast. But at the moment Eric came in sight of the boat his horse stumbled. And we gasped, for it has long been told that for a horse to stumble as one sets forth on a journey is a bad sign. And while such sayings are pagan, and therefore, in my judgment not to be believed, yet this time, it was verily a bad sign. For Eric was flung from his seat. He fell upon his back and wrenched it and a sharp stone pierced his leg.

"I hurried to aid him, and when he was in the saddle once more, he looked at me and said, 'It is not designed for me to discover more lands than the one in which we are now living. Nor can you and I continue longer together.'

"He reined his horse about, and we all watched him until he was out of sight, returning home to Brattahlid. Then, sadly enough, I turned back to the shore and we made ready to put to sea.

"There were thirty-five of us in all, and among them was Tyrker. You all know that Tyrker has been in my father's house since the time I was a child. And I have grown to consider him as my foster-father. I was glad, therefore, that if Eric could not be with us, Tyrker was going in my ship.

"We sailed forth to sea, and we found first that land, which Barni Herjulfson and his shipmates had glimpsed last, when driven out of their course they had seen lands to the west. Barni was with me on this voyage, and he said that he was certain it was the last land he had seen. And I declared,

"'Well, it shall not come to pass with us as it did with you then, that we have not gone upon it.'

"So we landed and looked about. It was a table land of flat rock all the way from the sea to the ice mountains. And there did not seem to be anything worthwhile in all that land.

"Then I said, 'To this country I will now give a name after its nature,' and I called it Helluland.\*

"We returned to the ship then, put out to sea and found a second land, which Barni said he had seen before. We came to anchor, launched a boat and went ashore. This was a level wooded land, and there were broad stretches of white sand where we went. And I called it Markland.†

"We returned to the ship, and sailed away with northeast winds. And after a time we came to an island which lay northward off the land.

"Again we went ashore to look about us. The weather was fine, and we noticed that there was dew upon the grass, so we bent over the grasses and tried to gather it in our hands. And when we touched our hands to our mouths, it seemed to us that we had never tasted anything so sweet as this dew.

"We went aboard our ship again and sailed into a certain sound, which lay between an island and a cape. This sound jutted out from the land on the north, and we stood in westerling past the cape.

"At ebb tide there were broad reaches of shallow water there, and we ran our ship up on the shore, and beached it.

"And on the land a certain river flows out from a lake, so that as soon as the tide rose, we rowed the ship up the river, and so into the lake.

"There we cast anchor and carried our hammocks ashore from the ship, and built

\* Rockland.

† Woodland.

ourselves shelter there. These were but small huts at first, but when we decided to stay there for the winter, we built a large house of logs. For great trees are plentiful there.

"We found plenty of salmon there, too, in the river and the lake, and these were larger salmon than we had ever seen before, while the country thereabouts had such good qualities that we could see that cattle would need no fodder there during the winters, for the grass withered but little. And the days and nights there are of more nearly equal length than in Greenland or Iceland."

I saw Éric smile when Leif reached this point in his story, as though he thought that Leif was purposely stressing the goodness of the land as he himself had once stressed the good points of Greenland.

And I looked toward Gudrid. She was clad in a dress she herself had woven of the wool from our father's sheep. And she had dyed it blue to match our mother's mantle. Against the blue her long ropes of hair twinkled in the firelight as though fashioned of the same material as the stars. Her belt was fastened with a golden buckle which Leif had given her, one that he had brought from Norway. And between her breasts the golden cross glittered. But I saw the dark stain in its center plainly for a moment.

For a moment too her hands lay idle in her lap, and her eyes had a deep far-off look, as though she were seeing everything that Leif described; and there was a joy about her face that changed as I looked into radiance, so that I knew her inner vision was strong upon her.

Leif, too, paused to look at her, and as his words ceased, she seemed bewildered at the silence, and to come from a long way off back to the hall at Brattahlid.

"Yes," said Gudrid, "Go on—tell us more about the country and how you happened to name it. I know only the word Vineland, the word you have told me."

"You would think," broke in one of the companions of Leif, "that the new land itself was Gudrid's. She is so entranced with the story."

And they laughed at her, to break a sudden tension, a sense of strangeness that had fallen about us.

"It is a good land," declared Gudrid, flushing a little at their teasing.

"Aye, Vineland is good. Vineland is Gudrid's, too, it seems. Let us call it therefore, Vineland the Good," they said, making a play upon her name.

And after that no one referred to the land which Leif had discovered but they called it "Vineland the Good." Leif was pleased. For he had found both Vineland and Gudrid on the same voyage, and the two were ever uppermost in his thoughts at this time.

Then, at the urging of the men, he went on with his story:—

"After we built the great house of logs, I said to my companions, 'Let us now divide our company into two groups, and set about exploring this land. Half of our company shall remain at the house one day while the other half explores the land. And each day those who explore must not go so far away, but that they will be able to return to the house in the evening. Moreover, they shall keep together, and not wander away separately. Then, if anything happens that the exploring group do not return to the house, those who have remained there shall the next morning go in search of them.'

"And this we did, and for a long time no accidents befell. But one day, when it had been my turn to stay at home, and those who had been exploring returned, one was missing from their party.

"This was Tyrker, my foster-father, who, as most of you know, had spent his childhood in Germany. I was sore troubled when I found he was missing, for I loved him well. And I spoke sharply to his companions for coming back without him.

"But they said he had slipped away from them early in the day, and though they had called and called there was no reply from him. So they thought that, not being young, the pace had been too rapid for him, and that he had gone back to the others at the house.

"Of course, when they told me he had been gone so long, I was more anxious than ever," said Leif, looking at Tyrker, who was sitting on a pile of furs on the floor, "and I could not wait until morning to go in search of him. So I chose twelve men from the house group, and we went out into the dusk to try to find him.

"We had gone but a short way, however,"



said Leif with laughter in his voice, "when we met Tyrker coming toward the house. He was capering about and now and then letting out a little whoop of joy, so that I realized something had pleased him very much." Some of the men on the benches roared at the tale then, as though they could scarce believe such actions of Tyrker.

I couldn't imagine such a thing either, and so I glanced at him again. He was a wizened little old man, as I have already told, with a head which seemed too large for his body. And under his great forehead his small eyes were restless, forever darting hither and thither. His features were small and wrinkled as the raisins we had been eating. And when he stood up his head reached far below my shoulder. But I had been told often how capable he was, and knew that Eric and all his family thought much of him. And that Tyrker had shown a great affection for Leif from the time Eric's oldest son had been quite young, and that Leif returned that affection.

But I had never seen Tyrker move aught but slowly and wearily as though life were a great burden, and whenever he spoke, which was seldom, it was to groan and moan about his troubles and difficulties, and when other folk made decisions, Tyrker was forever shaking his head and deciding such decisions were wrong. And I remembered how he had done that thing when we were on the reef, after Leif had said he would rescue us and take us with him to Brattahlid. But this evening, seeing me staring at him in wonderment, Tyrker suddenly burst forth in a cackle of laughter, which made all of us smile.

And at that Tyrker suddenly sprang from his pile of furs, twirled his hand above his head, and capered about in some curious dance-like step we had never seen, and from his lips came little shrieks and whoops of merriment, as though for a moment he had been transported by Leif's story back to that day in the New Land.

Leif flung out his arm and caught him as he danced within reach, and the little eyes glittered with gladness. Then, suddenly, the feet stopped, a curious look passed for a moment over Tyrker's face. He sagged back in Leif's arms and before anything could be done, he was dead.

## IV

Leif himself closed Tyrker's eyes and nostrils, and laid him back on the pile of furs on which he had so recently been sitting. And Leif it was who insisted on bathing the corpse while Eric held the bowl of water. And as Tyrker had no good garments for his burial, Leif wrapped him in some of the best furs which had been snared in Vineland. For this, he said, was fitting.

But Leif would not lace the hel shoes on his feet,\* for he was a Christian, and so Eric the pagan did that. The body was carefully covered and put outdoors for the night. And the next day a mound of earth and rock was made ready.

The burial feast for Tyrker was held for several days and nights. For Eric's family thought much of him and honored him in his death. And at this feast the last of the Vineland wine was drunk, and much ale beside.

Then men told of Tyrker and the things he had done. But strangely enough when it came Leif's turn, he went on with the story he had been telling of Vineland, the story which Tyrker's death had interrupted.

There was surprise on the faces of the men when Leif did this, but after a little, understanding replaced the surprise. For they knew that the telling of the rest of the story was like the carving of a rune on a stone in memory of something that has happened which seems to the carver important.

"After I met Tyrker," said Leif, "he spoke first in German, rolling his eyes and grinning, and none of us could understand him; and he sang a song which I have heard him sing before. They sang it at his father's board when the wassail horn passed from hand to hand. For it seemed that in his delight at what he had discovered he must go back in his mind to his boyhood.

"I did not interrupt him for a time, for he seemed so happy, but I turned about to retrace my steps and Tyrker followed, whirling and dancing, sometimes at my

\* For the journey to Valhalla.



heels and sometimes in front of me, and so we started back to the house.

"And finally, lest he exhaust himself, I spoke a little sternly, 'Enough of this nonsense, tell us what you have found that has so pleased you, and why you went further than the rest of the men.'

"I did not go much further than they," he said, "but I found vines heavy with grapes."

"Then I could excuse him for his excitement, for I knew from my year in Norway, how delicious fresh grapes may be. Indeed, such good fortune, seemed almost unbelievable, and so I asked, 'Is this really true, foster-father?'

"He seemed annoyed, as though he

thought I was doubting him, and he answered sharply, 'Of a certainty it is true. Was I not born where there is no lack of either grapes or vines?'

"We were all excited then at the discovery, and the men would have talked of it late into the night, asking Tyrker more in detail about how he had found them, and whether there were plenty so that they, too, could taste them. But I ordered the men to cease talking, and to lie down on the benches and sleep, for I knew that the coming days must see much labor for us.

"We will cease exploring for the time," I told them in the morning, and set about getting a cargo ready against our return

to Greenland. One day half of us will either gather grapes or cut vines. We will make ropes out of the vines, and we will start cuttings in the earth, so that it may be we can take them to Greenland and plant them. Though I doubt whether they will grow there. And the other half of us will fell trees, and we will load the lumber and the vines and ropes both on the ship and the afterboat.'

"Then Tyrker said we must dry the grapes, but that he knew how to do this. And he added that he knew how to make wine, also. And from that day forth Tyrker busied himself with this business.

"You know well enough the cargo I brought back," said Leif. And the men nodded, for this cargo added to the furs Leif and his men had snared during the winter days, was great fortune in Greenland and had caused much talk.

"And so," ended Leif. And I knew he was glad to get to the end of his tale, the tale he had carved in memory of his foster-father. And so I named the land a name that Tyrker wished me to give it, *Vineland*."

Eric nodded, "Good," he said, thinking that the name, like Greenland, was attractive.

And someone added slyly, "Aye, *Vineland the Good*."

But after he had finished speaking, Leif got up and walked out of the hall. And in a little Gudrid followed. And I slipped after them, for I wanted to hear them talk to each other. It was time, I thought, that I learned the language of lovers. I hoped soon to have a need of it.

But when I came to the end of the passage through the thick turf walls, Gudrid and Leif were outside and standing a little too far off for me to hear plainly what they said. Yet I remained there spell-bound with the beauty of the night. For the heavens were stained with the lights from the north, with crimson and gold shooting in great streams of beauty ever higher and higher, flickering and changing back and forth, even as the waves are ever moving in the sea.

Beyond the waters of the fjord reflected some of the color in itself, and the ice on the mountains held it. While even the forms of Leif and Gudrid seemed somehow

strangely changed and more godlike under such a sky.

I saw Leif suddenly fling wide his arms, and Gudrid, whom I was accustomed to consider as one that thought only of others, was childlike in her eagerness to be taken into them. With a little laugh she rushed forward and the great mantle of furs was folded swiftly about her. And Gudrid, who was wont to comfort us in the folds of our mother's blue mantle, was comforted now by Leif the Lucky in the mantle made of the strange furs from *Vineland*. She seemed well content.

Leif bent his head and there was no sound. Suddenly I felt very lonely and tears were on my cheeks. But all the heavens shone bright crimson. Never have I seen such a light.

After a time the two turned and came back over the frost-whitened ground. Leif swept an arm up to the dancing lights in the heavens, now the color of gold. But Gudrid shook her head and pointed westward. Then I heard her say softly, "It was a splendid thing you did tonight for Tyrker." And after a little she added, "What a wonderful land it must be Leif, this *Vineland*."

"*Vineland the Good*," came Leif's words. And I saw him bend his head and Gudrid met his lips. After a time Leif said a little shakily, "When we are married, Gudrid, you shall go there with me. There is much profit to be made there."

"You will return, then," said Gudrid. "Even as your father came to Greenland with colonists and settled the land, so will you settle *Vineland*."

"At least I shall take of its wealth," said Leif. "And others shall aid me. Was that not one of the reasons I gave it a good name?"

"But you did that for Tyrker," cried Gudrid.

"And myself," added Leif. There was a calculating turn to his tone, which seemed out of place. And I thought of how Eric had named Greenland, and I knew in my heart that Eric gave it a good name, not only because he wished to urge others to settle there with him, but because he loved the land he had found. And he had continued to love it and to give his strength and life to it. But it seemed to me that Leif was concerned, not so much with

what he could give to the new land, but what that land could give to him.

Gudrid must have felt somewhat the same thing, for she came back so suddenly through the passage that she stumbled over me.

"Come, Sigrid," she said, "the hour is late."

Now Freydis and the other women slept on the women's benches in the great hall. Even Leif's mother slept there, for she would not sleep with Eric any more because he would not take up the new religion. But Gudrid and I slept in one of the closed bowers at the end of the hall. And Eric slept in the other. For so he had insisted.

It was a bed of great comfort, such as we did not have at home. For while we had a bed of hens' feathers, which our mother had fashioned in Iceland, it was small and hard. But this was a great bed, which had come, Leif's mother told us, from Norway, and it was filled with the soft feathers of geese. And every season she had renewed it with down from the nest of the edder\* duck.

I sank now deep in its softness and pulled furs over me, and I said to Gudrid, "Will you really go to Vineland with Leif, Gudrid?"

She laughed and said, "So you came forth to listen and not to call me in."

But she had not answered my question, and so I persisted until she said, "More than aught else in the world, save that Leif always love me, do I want to go to Vineland." And she added, "I shall never be happy until I do."

Then I began to weep. Gudrid was perplexed and could not understand until I blurted out, "Then you will leave Siegfred and me, Gudrid. Perhaps we shall never see you any more."

She laughed and squeezed my arm. "And have I brought you to the age you are to desert you? Nay, Sigrid, where I go, there you and Siegfred will most likely be, even in Vineland."

I held her fast in my arms then, and

\* Eider duck.

began thinking of Vineland the Good and that I must persuade The Hawk to go there with us. Then I thought of Tyrker and how he would be put in his burial mound in the morning, wrapped in the strange furs, and with his sword, his carving knife, and the carved staff of mosher\* wood he had brought from Vineland the Good beside him.

The name of the new land sang itself over and over in my mind, the land named for the wish of the little man who was old and withered and a pagan, who now lay cold and still with the hel shoes laced on his feet; and the land that was named also for Gudrid, who was young and beautiful, and a Christian, and who lay sleeping sweetly by my side—*Vineland the Good!*

## V

Never when Leif told the story of Vineland, did he tell of the journey back to Greenland, nor of our rescue from the reef. I knew he felt that when that tale was told one of the others must tell it.

There were plenty eager to relate what had happened on that journey, and there was much teasing and jesting because Leif had sailed his ship so far off the course. Only by luck, men said, was he able to redeem such poor steering by the finding of the shipwrecked ones.

None of them dreamed of the voice Leif had heard, or that he had sailed by the peace in his heart. But Leif and Gudrid would seek each other's eyes when they listened to the story, and I know that both were remembering what had really happened. And that memory was a bond between them. Whatever happened in the future that was one bond which could not be severed.

Then the plague came suddenly upon the settlement, and joy and feasting were no more in the hall at Brattahlid. Folk that were well in the morning would be helpless as babes before night, burning with fever and screaming strange and terrible

\* Probably maple.

words, and knowing not those who ministered to their needs.

Sometimes, before the span of a day and a night were over, the stricken were dead, while those who survived the first onset were left weak as newly-born kittens. Then the danger was not past, for death came suddenly to these, and even when they regained their feet, they were not certain of escaping.

Eric and such men in the settlement as were strong enough could scarce take care of the bodies of the dead, and there was no time for proper ceremonies. Pagan and Christian together sometimes lay in the churchyard, and Christian and Pagan outside. For this was a time when the living were more important than the dead. And corruption must be concealed quickly lest it spread. For the old woman with her broom and rake \* was slipping everywhere Eric declared, and doing her best to defeat their efforts.

Gudrid nursed many a one who had no other to aid them, and Siegfred and Harald and I were kept busy by Leif's mother in the brewing of healing herbs from the store she had dried, but naught which was used seemed of much avail.

The plague came into the hall at Brattahlid, and many of Eric's men and some of the women died of it. Thori, who had been on the reef, died, and his wife also. Eric was at his wits' end to know what to do.

Then he remembered the ways of his fathers, and the spells which might be cast to drive out this evil from among us. So he said, "We must send for the sibyl."

But Gudrid, worn though she was from many days and nights of nursing, cried out sharply, "No!" For this was heathenish business in which she wished to have no part.

Then Eric stood up from his high seat with his feet spread far apart and looked at Gudrid as she paused beside him with the beaker of ale. The eyes of the two were at a test of strength with each other.

"Yes!" roared Eric the Red.

\* In Norse folk-lore the plague was thus personified.



Gudrid's eyes never left his. Suddenly a flush stained her cheeks. For Eric had conquered. Yet in her defeat Gudrid seemed to win. For she swept low before Eric, and her voice was both obedient and gracious, as though she yielded and triumphed at the same time.

"You have spoken," came her words.

"Aye, and you have answered," came from Eric. "But what an answer! And what a maid!" And for the first time in many days his laugh boomed like a conch shell through the great hall at Brattahlid, until it seemed the very stones flung it back to him, and the shields rattled on the wall.

That day the Greenland sibyl was bid to the hall of Brattahlid. And many were those in the settlement who wished to be there when she came. For everyone knew that her prophecies of the future had always proved themselves true, and folk feared and admired her at the same time. But because the priest forbade it, many dared not approach her as of old, at least not in their own halls. However, not even the priest dared speak against Eric's will, for it was Eric through his wife who had built the church at Brattahlid not far from the hall. And to Brattahlid the church must look for much of its support. While, everyone said, that if Eric dared this evil thing



in his own home, then must the evil descend upon him, and not upon his guests who were present only from courtesy. Thus did they excuse themselves, and naught save our own father declared that they would not be present in the hall when the sibyl spoke. But he said, he had business that evening—and as long as she might remain—in the fold with the sheep.

I had seen the old woman before, but I was younger then. And I was anxious to see her again. What did it matter if she were evil if she could see into the future, and could work spells for the driving out of the plague?

The women were busied with the preparing of food against her coming, with the making of porridge, the ladling out of the skyr,\* and the choosing of the cheeses, the cooking of meats—seal, bear, and whale.

The stamped earth floor with its scattered flagging of stones was swept with a broom of twigs, and all filth carried outside. I was set to give service at the most marvelous thing in the hall, something which I think I have not yet mentioned, a basin in the middle of the hall which held running water, ready at all times for the cooking.

The spring, from which this water came, was under the rear wall, and it was led through the room by a stone-edged gutter to the well-like basin where I sat, ladling out water as the women demanded. And from this basin, the water was led by another gutter out of the room. The gutters were covered over with flag stones, and over the basin was a heavy cover of wood, which could be lifted at will. Never, declared all the people, both those in Greenland and those in the trading ships which came from afar, from Iceland and Norway, the Faroes, and one from Ireland, had any among them seen such a wonder.

While the women were preparing the feast, the men under Eric came and went and said little. But Siegfred, who was with them, told me that they sacrificed many

animals to Thor, and that the hearts of all of these were being saved for the sibyl. One of Eric's men had to prepare that dish, for the women would not.

But the women did prepare a high seat for her, at the opposite end of the hall from Eric's. They spread white bearskins over its back, and they placed on the seat a cushion filled with hens' feathers.

At last all was ready, and we waited anxiously for the men who had gone to escort the sibyl to the hall.

She would say naught on the journey, and the snow had so deadened the sound of the horses' hooves, that none in the hall heard her arriving, until suddenly she was standing between the door posts looking at us. The men who had brought her were stabling the horses, so she was quite alone. I could not have been more frightened had I seen Tyrker standing there in his death clothes.

She had evil eyes, and once you let them meet your own, you could not escape them, until the sibyl chose to loose you. Her teeth were scattered and long and pointed in her mouth, save for two that were broken and of these you saw black stumps. Her hands were scrawny and wrinkled, dry and hard as the claws of birds.

Her dark coat was fastened with a strap, and set with crystals running down the front, payment which she had won in her evil ways. She wore glass beads around her throat, and a black lambskin hood on her head. When she took it off I saw that it was lined with white cat-skin.

Her staff was shining with brass bands and sparkled, for it too was set with crystal and green and red stones about the knob. About her waist the sibyl wore a girdle of touch wood and a great skin pouch hung from it. In this, Siegfred told me, were her charms with which she made her spells.

It was Eric, himself—resplendent in a long green robe, with a belt of carved walrus disks at the waist, one which Tyrker had carved—who sprang to greet her, and who helped her off with her coat, her shaggy calfskin shoes, which had long strings with

\* Soured milk, stored in wooden tubs.

brass buttons on the ends. She tossed me her cat-skin gloves, and cackled like a laying hen when I flinched at their touch against my cheek.

"Good for you," she mumbled, "that you might always flinch so from evil." And she cackled again, until Eric turned her attention to the high seat which was waiting for her.

She took her place there quietly, and her eyes ran about like lemmings over the hall. She took each person in turn, but this time her eyes merely touched mine, and scurried on. I was glad. For I felt she knew more about us than we knew of ourselves. But she said no word.

Then the wooden trenchers, the great soapstone bowls filled with porridge were brought on, and the great roasts of meat, and the cheeses, the beakers of ale were passed and the drinking horn went round.

But for the sibyl there was a porridge of goat's milk, and the dish which was made out of the hearts of every kind of animal which Eric and his men had sacrificed to Thor. Siegfred claimed there was the heart of a cow here, a goat, a sheep, a fox, a hen, a dog, a pig, and a cat, and perhaps others of which he did not know. But he was quite certain that no man's heart was in the mess.

The sibyl drank naught that was passed her, but she ate in great gulps with a brass spoon, which she took out of her pouch. And she held the walrus tusk handle of her knife tightly, and slid it most deftly in and out of her mouth. The double hasp of brass shone in the light. And always the blade was so heaped that it seemed something must spill from it about her chin, but it did not.

After the tables were removed Eric asked her whether she was pleased with her reception and if there was aught else she wished.

She answered "Aye," and "Nay," and sat silent save for the gulping of wind. But her eyes were scurrying about again.

Some time passed, till at last Eric broke the silence and asked when she would be able to tell the things she had come to tell.

She yawned then, a great yawn and said, "The spirits are not in this hall, so I can tell naught until tomorrow."

Eric looked at her in astonishment. And I knew that he was annoyed, for each day saw deaths from the plague, and this was no time to delay. I knew that he did not believe what she said concerning the spirits, but felt that she was determined to feast again in this house. But he realized that if she were angered, she might depart without having yielded a return for hospitality, so he smoothed the frown from his brow almost as quickly as it had come.

Then the sibyl said she must sleep, so she was shown to the bower at the end of the hall where Gudrid and I usually slept. I went with Leif's mother and Gudrid to see that all was well. She mumbled delight at the soft bed, and she lay her stick on the feathers and covered it with furs as though it were a person. And she took off her pouch and put it under the bed at her feet. But she took off no further thing. She piled herself, fully dressed, into bed.

And by the time we returned to the hall she was snoring, and the sound was louder than that made by a dozen men—or so it seemed. And sometimes it was not a snore at all, but a deep whine like a dog in pain when it has been wounded in the hunt.

Gudrid and I slept that night with the other women on the women's benches in the hall. The hours seemed long and not once I think but I could hear the sibyl from her bower, snoring her great snore which ended in a whine, or turning over with grunts and protesting murmurs.

But at last it was another day, and one that passed slowly, with the sibyl sitting all day in the high-seat, watching everyone and saying no word.

Only after she had feasted again, and had eaten even more than the first night, did the sibyl speak,

"Bring on your women who know the incantation, that which is known as Warlocks."

The women looked at each other, and none ventured to respond.



"Question all in the hall and see if there is one here who knows this," ordered Eric.

And this was done, but until the questioner came to Gudrid, though many had heard it, all of them said they did not know it.

But when Gudrid was questioned she said: "Although I am neither skilled in the black arts, nor a sibyl, yet in Iceland my foster-mother taught me that spell song, called Warlocks, which she had from another."

"Then are you wise to remember it at this time," said the sibyl.

But Gudrid shook her head answering, "This is an incantation and a ceremony of such a kind that I do not mean to lend it any aid, for that I am a Christian woman."

I saw swift disappointment go over Eric's face, for he had made great preparations and had depended much upon the aid which the Greenland sibyl could give him, aid that was the heritage of those skilled in magic from many and past ages. And he knew that Gudrid was zealous in the new religion.

The sibyl glanced at Gudrid, and I think her eyes saw that Gudrid had observed and was sorry for Eric's disappointment, so that the sibyl was clever when she spoke. "It might so be that you could give your help in this matter, and still be no worse off yourself than before. However, I leave it with Eric to provide that which I need." She shrugged her thin shoulders and sat motionless with folded hands.

Eric would neither look toward Gudrid nor urge her. So be it had he done so she must have refused.

Gudrid sat quietly and seemed to be thinking. Suddenly she flinched a little, and drew a deep breath. Then she rose and went over and stood by the sibyl, who sat alone and apart from the others. We knew then that Gudrid would give the Warlocks. So all the women rose and linked hands making a ring about the two, while Gudrid sang the song.

Never it seemed had I heard her sing so sweet and well. It was better even than the time she sang upon the reef. And those in the hall who had heard the song before, said that never did they remember hearing Warlocks sung with so fair a voice.

And while Gudrid sang the sibyl's face stiffened, her head went back against the chair. She trembled and breathed deeply. When she spoke it was seemingly with the voice of another person.

"The song has pleased the spirits," she said. "They cluster thickly about and are eager to speak."

She was quiet for a bit, and then she turned toward Eric and said, "The disease which has come upon Greenland will disappear sooner than is expected." She mumbled some strange words then, which none of us understood. The scrawny hand opened her pouch and fumbled about in the charms it held. Finally she nodded toward Gudrid, gave her something secretly in her hand, closed her fingers over it, so that no one should see what it was and motioned toward the fire.

Gudrid was very pale, but with closed hand she went to the fire and thrust what was given her inside. There was a horrible smell for a moment, and we sighed with relief. For we knew that the plague was losing its power, that it was burning in the fire.

Then the sibyl turned to Gudrid and said, "To you I shall speak first, for you have helped us greatly this evening. I shall look now to the fate which lies ahead of you."

She pressed her head back against the chair, and suddenly a look as of death came over it, and this was followed by such an astonishment as I have never seen on any human face.

The sibyl's eyes grew wide and staring, and she rose from her chair, not as a person rises, but as a straight stick that is being lifted. She stood upright and her eyes moved in a great half-circle about the room. They were fixed and glassy as though what she saw was not in Brattahlid, but something a long way off.

Suddenly there was a long scream that curdled one's bones, the more so that it changed in the end to a great skirl of triumph. Then she breathed but one word, and horror and fear and wonder were in that word. "*Gudrid*," she breathed. And after a long silence it was repeated, out of the very fire where the plague had burned, "*Gudrid*."

(To be continued)

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LANIER HOUSE, MADISON, INDIANA

## Preserving Early America

ALICE FUNKEN

A PERTINENT question is being asked with more or less frequency these days. "What things from America's past should be set aside for sure preservation?" Well—we want a permanent record of whatever touched our ancestors with enough vitality to be important to their manner of living. We want the things that express their entity as individuals, their reaching out toward independent art expression, that carry in mute symbols lessons of hope or compassion and better understanding of the past. Not any old thing merely because it is old. Distinctive houses, yes, with furniture, china, silver, glass, hand-work and the tools that aided in that work; clothing, accessories, old recipes, books, pictures—those representative things that bring enlightenment on the many layers of Americana.

There is a museum in Doylestown, Pa., that houses ancient tools and utensils imported by the Colonists, "or chiefly copied from European types used in the United States until about 1820 or until the introduction of steam and modern machinery."

In Boston there is a society for the preservation of New England antiquities. This work includes the purchase and restoration of houses that have antiquarian interest, and the preservation of old furniture, china, clothing, tools, old-fashioned domestic arts and record of the manners and customs of our forefathers. It has the general purpose of the great regional folk museums in Europe.

In Plymouth, Mass., there is a "living" museum which has taken for its aims: "To preserve buildings and personal household property of antiquarian value; to acquire knowledge of their original use, and of the records and unwritten traditions of Plymouth; and so far as possible by accurate representation of the life, surroundings and pursuits of bygone generations, to give the Present a better understanding of the Past." The museum is in charge of a young lady who has given years to the study of costumes and household arts and crafts of Colonial times. Those interested in the study of Americana may go to Plymouth and truly live history as they learn the art of making soap and sand-

ing floors, cooking over big ovens, working with tools used by the Pilgrims, etc.

More and more individuals are drawn into the field of private collecting every year, and this enthralling pastime helps save many an interesting specimen from dust heap and ash barrel. Some of the collectors in banding together as pressed glass clubs and so forth spread the gospel of interest to those who were only spasmodically concerned before. And when collections reach important proportions they may be given to local or national museum groups.

All this is important work, but there is still a definite need for more of the regional museums. It doesn't matter so much whether they are sponsored by local historical societies or D. A. R. organizations, or State conservation departments, a common purpose of preserving early America for future generations is enough to carry the project to fruition. Almost every locality has at least one building or collection of objects worthy of preservation. If steps are not taken soon, it may be too late to save some of them.

At Madison, a charming town with mellowed atmosphere in southern Indiana, an interesting house has been restored by the State, and it offers an example of what may be done in other localities.

This place, which is called the Lanier House, is a memorial to its former owner, F. D. Lanier, who loaned the State of Indiana over \$1,000,000 during the Civil War. It was built in 1844, and was the work of Francis Costigan, an eastern architect who left many other fine specimens of his genius in Madison during the twenty years when it was at its peak of wealth. The 30-foot Corinthian col-

umns outside the house were floated down the Ohio River from Pennsylvania, seasoning along the way. Inside, there is a circular staircase with a cherry rail and a well which ends in a cupola above the third floor. The woodwork throughout the house is exceptionally beautiful, and the shutters at the windows close up into the enameled frames.

The furnishings have been chosen with extreme care, and much of the original furniture is back in place. A crystal chandelier in the dining room was stored away in a barrel for 50 years. The silver service of the Lanier family is here and is said to have been made of coin metal. Over a marble top console table in the front hall hangs an oil painting of James Lanier and in an upstairs study there is a painting of his mother. Everything in the house is true to its period, and a walk through the rooms is like turning time back.

Not so many years ago a house almost equally interesting from an architectural standpoint was doomed for destruction in Madison because of the construction of a High School gymnasium, and it made one wonder about the eventual fate of other places in town. Fortunately, several of the older places were restored about this time by outsiders who saw their possibilities, and their renewed loveliness awakened the interest of many local people.

This restoration and preservation is really a tribute to the American home and therefore to American ideals and character. For those with a pioneering spirit, who are happiest when doing things that will bear fruitage over a harvest of years, the work is completely satisfying.

## The Silas Chadbourne Homestead<sup>1</sup>

The Silas Chadbourne Homestead, used to illustrate poem on following page, was built about 1779 or 1780, on lower Main Street, Gorham, Maine, by First Lieutenant Silas Chadbourne. This house is still standing and is occupied by Miss Lorinda Libby, a direct descendant of Cyrus Libby, who bought it from Mr. Chadbourne.

Mr. Silas Chadbourne enlisted in Colonel Phinneys' regiment Gorham, Maine, 1775. He served throughout the War of the American Revolution. He was made First Lieutenant in Colonel Patterson's brigade of Massachusetts, January 1777.



THE SILAS CHADBOURNE HOMESTEAD, CORHAM, MAINE

## Brief Anchorage

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

*New England still draws all her people back,  
Seeking the source of strength that drove them forth,  
Seeking the roughened edge—the granite quarry,  
The deep and trodden path, the stone-piled wall;  
Seeking the hard to make them whole again  
Who have grown soft in ways of pleasantness.*

*New England still draws all her people back,  
To hear the waves slow thunder on the coast,  
To see her churches thrusting toward the sun,  
And note the pine tree inching from a ledge  
Of snowy marble drawn across a hill.*

*She is no kindly mistress, she is stern,  
Rock-riven, but with silver breaking springs—  
You may not linger even for a little  
For she is dipped and dyed in restlessness.  
New England still is certain there are worlds  
Horizonward—and from her harbour  
The tide that drew you in will sweep you out. . . .*



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BLACK HOUSE IN ELLSWORTH, MAINE

## Back to Yesterday

### Old Black House: Ellsworth, Maine

ALICE M. MILLER

**W**HEN the cool green of Maine's Big Woods beckons you northward from the stifling heat, tarry a bit at Ellsworth and visit the world of yesterday in the ancient Black House with its priceless antiques and relics of George Washington.

Pausing before the two-paneled door, with its brass knocker and leaded glass, "let's find the road to yesterday" and be transported into an old world atmosphere. This lovely old Georgian mansion was built at the turn of the nineteenth century by Colonel John Black and the furnishings have never been scattered. As recently as ten years ago the last owner was sleeping in a magnificent canopied bed and nothing has been disturbed since he climbed down its four steps to journey on his last trip to Boston.

Stretching back of the house are 300 acres of land, a gift to Colonel Black's wife, Mary, from her father, General David Cobb, who was a valued member of Washington's staff and an intimate friend. Replete with rare antiques, the house contains many pieces contributed by General Cobb, and some mementos of Washington—an ivory miniature of our first President and an old English coach said to be the mate of the one at Mount Vernon attracting a great deal of attention.

Of the miniature, an interesting story has been handed down. On bidding good-bye to certain of his more valued staff members,

Washington gave very substantial aid or endorsements for particular jobs to those who needed them. To General Cobb, who was financially better off, he gave the picture as he shook his hand—a gift for Mrs. Cobb. The miniature is in a gold case marked on the back "Presented to General David Cobb by General Washington, 1789," and is attributed to Charles Wilson Peale.

A curious sense of intrusion steals over the visitor as he wanders through the rooms of this luxurious old home. At any moment an old English coach may return with the family who will require an explanation of his presence. And when it comes time to enter the "Cobb Room"—the library where much of the General's furniture is found—the visitor first takes a quick peek to make certain the old General himself, in powdered wig, be not sitting by the fireside reading a volume of Massachusetts' colonial laws and enjoying a hot toddy! The fireplace fittings of andirons, tongs and shovel, as well as the wing and five Chippendale chairs, the Louis XIV desks and books are all gifts from the General's own home in Coudsboro, Maine.

The office at the end of the hall also contains many of Cobb's own possessions. Most interesting is an ancient chest built on Cape Cod in 1680 and of which an antiquarian says: "This is the largest known Bible Box in existence. The usual ones, into which the Pil-



VIEW OF DINING ROOM IN THE BLACK HOUSE

grims crowded their valuables, are 27 to 30 inches long. This is much more than that and its value runs into the thousands." In direct contrast, perhaps, is the leather case with its liquor bottles which the youthful General carried on his campaigns. Recessed in the wall is the deep vault which was used as the local bank in the days when "big business" was carried on at Woodlawn—the original name for the Black House.

Separated from the rest of the house by a beautiful fan light door with leaded glass, this room was the scene of many conferences and transactions connected with the famous "Bingham Land Purchase." General Knox and Mr. William Bingham, partners in the ownership of all the lands between the Kennebec and St. Croix Rivers, had made General Cobb the resident manager. Financial distress in 1798 made it compulsory to seek a new purchaser. English buyers were found and they sent the twenty-one year old John Black to America to represent them and act as assistant.

The young Briton and Mary Cobb fell in love with each other and it wasn't long before they were married. Some years later, Colonel Black was made co-agent and, in 1824, he became sole agent. Under his sixty years of administration, he leased lands for lumber operations, sold portions to settlers, and built up a system of roads, making friends with humble and powerful clients alike.

A feeling of gracious and luxurious living pervades the house and it is only in the Middle Kitchen, with its tavern table dating back to 1700, where the last owner served his guests on Thanksgiving, that there is presented a graphic picture of austere pioneer days. Pots and kettles hang within the huge fireplace,

topped by the mantel with its rows of pewter candlesticks and bulls'-eye whale-oil lamps. These lamps now are lighted with kerosene, for neither electricity nor gas has been installed. The only modern concessions are an old brick furnace which heats the house with wood cut from the estate, and a bathroom installed about fifty years ago containing an oversized tub lined with German silver.

Friendly ghosts people the house and, by carefully listening, the visitor may hear the silken rustle of graceful ladies and the voices of dashing gallants as they ascend the curving staircase and take up brass candlesticks standing in rows in the hall above to go to their canopied beds.

Secure in the old carriage house, in a state of perfect preservation, is a fascinating pageant of carriages including the old English coach, a one-seat calash ten feet high, Russian sleighs and buggies with seats far above the wheels, all greased and awaiting any sudden call. Standing beside the old English coach, the visitor's fancy is caught by the picture of General Cobb rumbling along the country roads bent on visiting his daughter, Mary Cobb Black.

Bequeathed by the octogenarian bachelor, George Nixon Black, to the Hancock County Trustees for use as a public park and museum, the furniture appears exactly as it was when in daily use. It is one of the few houses in this country the furnishings of which have never been scattered and thus symbolizes a continuing tradition of American family life.

Here time has stood still and the visitor who travels "up the path to yesterday" at Woodlawn will find the experience both fascinating and enriching.





## “Dear Caroline”

THIS POEM WAS PENNED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO by Edward Voigt to his cousin—afterwards his wife—Caroline Voigt. It was found by Mrs. W. Gray Williams of Greensboro, together with many other arresting documents, in an old trunk covered with deerhide, tucked away in the recesses of an antique shop. In sending it to the Editor, she said of the correspondence between the cousins—which came with the poem—“It is quaint and beautiful, giving one an insight into the living and social customs a hundred years ago.” The Editor not only agreed with her on these points, but also felt that as the record of a courtship, conducted in “the grand manner,” it had historic value no less than inimitable charm. She therefore takes peculiar pleasure in printing extracts from this correspondence, the first in a series of old letters of diversified character to be presented during the next months.

### A Simile

The rose just bursting into bloom,  
Admired where'er 'tis seen,  
Diffuses 'round a rich perfume,  
The garden's pride and queen.

When gather'd from its native bed  
No longer charms the eye,  
Its vivid tints are quickly fled  
'Twill wither, droop, and die.

So woman, when by nature dressed  
In charms devoid of art,  
Can warm the Stoic's icy breast,  
Can triumph o'er each heart.

Can bid the soul to virtue rise,  
To glory prompt the brave,  
But sinks oppressed, and drooping dies  
When once she's made a slave.



Philadelphia, June 29, 1839

Dear Caroline,

With this you will receive the basket I brought in town with me on Monday last, in which I sent you a few Pine Apples. I have retained it until the present time in hopes to be enabled to bring it up on Wednesday next, but in consequence of the absence of one of our young men from the Counting House, I am sorry to say I shall be disappointed, as I anticipated a great deal of enjoyment.

Anna Veacock sends her love to you and feels much obliged for the cherries sent her, and says she never eat any so good as Caroline's Cherries—Anna Margaret talks of visiting you previous to her visit to Brown's Mills, (?) when she will endeavor to persuade Anna Veacock to accompany her—in which I called on John and Sophie on Monday evening last to know if they intended spending the fourth of July with you but they say in consequence of a prior engagement, (up Jersey), they will not be enabled to do so—Give my respects to your father and mother, at the same time not forgetting old French. Do hope your father has recovered from his illness 'ere this, and is looking after the chickens. Expecting to see you 'ere long, I remain, in great haste,

Very respectfully,

Edw'd P. Voigt

Miss Caroline Voigt

Chester County, Penn.

Per Conductor Railroad Line.



Philadelphia June 4, 1840

My dear Caroline,

In conformity with my promise & to gratify my inclination, I now avail myself of a leisure hour to address this letter to you, my love, in as few lines as possible. For the last two days since my return home from your house my thoughts have frequently wandered to Chester County, more particularly, in the evenings, when I have felt as though all I desired was, to be by your side embracing you, and conversing upon those subjects that are most interesting to each of us; but it is otherwise, dear Caroline! and we should not murmur that

it is so, as it is no doubt designed for a good purpose by Him who ordereth all things to work together for our good—do you not think so? I now hasten to give you an account of my trip to the city on Tuesday morning, which even now, you will conclude to have been a venturesome one. After leaving you with a heavy heart and taking my seat in the Car with my two Hams placed under the adjoining Seat, I rode comfortably along within 3 miles of White Hall, when our car made a sudden bouncing and unfortunately, ran off the track, when all the Passengers, and myself included, were called out to assist in replacing it again, which we accomplished by lifting the body of the car, and by means of crow bars, placing the Wheels upon the track. This caused a detention of at least 20 minutes, which was occasioned by the carelessness of those persons who are engaged at repairing the road, they having left a large stone upon the railroad which was unobserved by the driver of our car.—About the time the excitement naturally arising upon such occasions had subsided, we were again called out to accomplish rather a more difficult task. Upon our arrival at White Hall we met with a train of Burthe (Burthen?) Cars on our track, the Locomotive of which had given out and could not proceed any farther, which entirely obstructed our passage. However, after calling Price, The Driver, and Passengers in counsell together, the matter was taken into consideration, and it was the unanimous conclusion that all hands, and as many men as we could muster at White Hall, should lift the car from the track it was on, over to the next track. We, however, were so successful in obtaining assistance, that my service and that of the majority of the Passengers was not required, which was very gratifying to me, I can assure you, for I had no idea of soiling my Boots, which I had taken so much pains to clean before I left you, which would otherwise have been the case for the road was very muddy from the heavy rain the night before. Well, after pulling & hauling & making a great deal of noise, they succeeded in placing the other Car on the other track. The next thing was to take possession of our tee-track again which, we done, by pushing the car to the turnout.

When we attached our change of horses and drove spiritedly along until within about 5 miles of the Bridge, where we had to wait until Two Locomotives with trains of Burthen (?) Cars had passed us, about half an hour. All now being accomplished, we went pleasantly along, arriving at the Depot in Broad Street below Reese, at 12½ o'clock, which is at least 1 hour later than usual—

On my arrival at home, I was accosted by the Girls with "Ned, you went away on Saturday, saying you would return on Monday but Caroline kept you until this morning. Say, did you get her father's and Mother's consent?" At all of which, I laughing heartily until I tired them with, they not knowing anything about it but intended it as a quiz, therefore, do not let it give you any concern. In the evening, I went up to John's, who I found in excellent spirits from his having paid Sophie a visit on Sunday, which he accomplished by starting off at two o'clock in the morning and driving up to Bristol, where he crossed the river in the steam boat arriving at Springfield at about 11 o'clock. Sophie was delighted to see him & not a little surprised at his visit, he not having said anything to her about it in his several letters. He says Ann & Uncle Tony Sykes were very well and much pleased to see him. Sophie is to return home on Tuesday next. Aunt Bee is going up for her or in company with Fanton Earl she will stay with him Ten Days or two weeks, when she will pay you her intended visit.—I have been sleeping with John for the last two nights & expect to do so all the week, as he says he is so very lonesome.

I attended the sale of Grandma's Estate last evening and bid for your Father on the Coats Street property, which he bought for \$2250. Uncle Kessler purchased the Sixth Street property for \$2750, the two together am't to \$5000—which is \$1000 less than I wrote they had been sold for—I this morning handed your Smelling Bottle to the Doctor (Charles) who, in endeavoring to take the stopper out, broke the top off. I have since, however, given it to a person to trim it out. If he should finish it in time, will hand it to your Father to give to you—

I must now close dear Caroline, by expressing my great desire to hear from you

if only 3 lines, as I consider it a very great privation not to see you but a much greater not to hear from you occasionally—With a continued assurance of my further attachment to you, and a tender of my respects to your mother, believe me

Sincerely yours ever,

Edward

June 5 P. S. The person in endeavoring to trim the stopper out of your Smelling Bottle unfortunately broke the neck of it off short. You may, therefore, expect another one the next visit I pay you which, I hope, maybe soon. My mother was taken very ill this morning and was Quite poorly at dinner time.

Miss Caroline Voigt

care of Mr. Thomas Voigt

Warren Chester County, Penn.



Philadelphia, June 22, 1840

My dear Caroline,

Have been in anxious expectation of hearing from you during the early part of the Week, and, in fact, the very first question I asked the boys each morning until Friday, was whether there was a letter for me or no, and my only reason for not asking the question that morning was on account of my having dreamt the night before, that I need not expect a letter from you, that you were not particularly partial to writing (like myself) and that there was no occasion for my giving myself any concern about it, which made so great an impression upon me that the next morning I came into the Counting House without saying anything about a letter to them, but to my great surprise and delight upon opening my drawer (in which they had put it, knowing I expected one), I spied your pleasing letter of the 17th Inst, which is another proof that dreams foretell contrarily—

I am sorry to hear of the accident that happened to you on Sunday last preventing you from attending church, and I am pleased on the other hand, that you all escaped injury, with nothing more than the inconvenience of returning home on foot—which I know you did not much fancy—I have no doubt you were very much alarmed and do think you had cause to be,

for under the circumstances it might have been attended with very serious consequences—Caroline, do you not think you should have been thankful for your Providential escape? It would afford me much pleasure to visit you at an earlier date than the fourth of July next, but I am so much engaged with business at present that it will be impossible to leave sooner, at which time I shall spend two days with you provided you can accommodate me, as you know Sophy & Marie will be with you at that time, & I expect John will be up on the 5th (Sunday) let me know in your next letter—

I notice you remarked upon long letters, dear Caroline, and I am disposed to think you will find this plenty long enough considering, my skill and experience in letter writing, but as I have said before, my mind is so frequently fixed upon you, my dear, that I cannot desist writing, and to think that we are a great while separated, I shall become both skilled and experienced in the art.

I must close now as the clock has struck 10 which is quite time for me to retire, confirming my former declaration to you believe me,

Your ever affectionate  
Edward

P. S. In the morning I shall send you the two papers.

Miss Caroline Voigt  
Warren Tav (?) Tavern?  
Chester County, Penn.

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 27, 1840

My dear Caroline,

It is with the greatest pleasure I avail myself of the present opportunity of again addressing you as *my own dear love*, but cannot do so without explaining my disappointment in not having heard from you this week. Indeed, Caroline, it is a very great while to be without a letter from one I think so frequently and so highly of. However, I am persuaded it is not from a want of inclination on your part but in consequence of your being so much engaged with Sophy & Ann that you cannot get an opportunity of writing, therefore, under the circumstances, consider you excusable—

Mr. King's wife died on Thursday evening, last, which has thrown quite a gloom over our place of Business. She had been complaining for several years past, & at last had fallen into a deep consumption, & for the last 6 months has been nothing more than Skin & Bones. She has left one child, a boy, about 5 years of age.—

It would afford me much gratification to spend the 4th of July with *my love*, but under the circumstances, do think I shall not venture as John has told me that George Steover (?) William Godwin and himself intend going up. The Doctor has also expressed a wish to do so, which, if the case, I think you will be pretty well filled up with visitors so that I had better content myself at home and defer my visit until the following Saturday, & indeed do think I would prefer spending one day alone with my Caroline, in preference to when there is so much company present—

As it is so uncertain of what time I shall see you, I send by John the two Prayer Books, one for you and one for your Mother—John having expressed a desire of attending church (if possible). I have thought it not improbable you would go to West Chester, which if the case, you will have opportunity to make use of the Prayer Books presented by your devoted lover,

Edward

P.S. John will give you the papers also  
Miss Caroline Voigt  
c/o Mr. Thomas Voigt  
Chester County, Penn.  
Politeness of Mr. John Kessler, Jr.

Franklin Hotel, New York  
12 o'clock July 16, 1840

My dear Caroline,

Having left home in a great hurry this afternoon, I had no opportunity of addressing you, although, very anxious to do so, but avail myself of a few minutes before retiring, of accomplishing my design. Previous to my leaving the Counting House I hastily done up a very handsome Bible and directed it to you, in care of Agent Price, with directions to our young man to have it sent to Price on Saturday afternoon, intending at the same time to write you from here, as you will observe by this—

On my way down from your house last evening, my love, the thought occurred to me, I ought not think of leaving my Caroline (probably never to see you again on earth) without presenting you with a token of my regard & attachment, and could think of nothing more appropriate than the accompanying Book, and my dear Caroline, hope & pray you will peruse it frequently & feel a great interest in it every time you read it, which I flatter myself will not be seldom, if it's done only in compliance with the request of your dear Edward—Having had occasion to be in the neighborhood of Carey & Hart's Store this morning I stepped in & upon enquiring they handed me a number of Bibles from which to select one, which I did, by taking the one you will receive with this letter—I have no doubt you will be very much pleased with it, as upon examining you will find it to contain a number of engravings explanatory of the various subjects to read of—

I do hope your father's health is improving and that he may soon have entirely recovered from his present illness—

Take good care of yourself, my love, during my absence from home, that on my return I may find you still fatter than when I last saw you looking so rosy—You have no idea how much I had manifested you accompanying me during my trip from home then instead of having to write, I could so much better explain my love to you, & would therefore naturally enjoy myself the more, but as I have before said no doubt it is intended for a good purpose, therefore say nothing about it, but content myself with knowing that you are the same loving Caroline now as you were when I was last by your side. As it is now past one o'clock and I am feeling very much fatigued from my ride from home, I must deny myself further gratification at present time but will write you often during my absence from home.—With my respects to your father and mother and all enquiring friends, I remain In Haste,

Sincerely your ever loving,  
Edward

P. S. In case the young man has not forwarded the Bible at the time he has received this I shall instruct him to send this by mail.

You must excuse the writing as my eyes are almost closed with sleep, and the steamer boat left early in the morning.

E. P. Voigt

Miss Caroline Voigt  
care of Mr. Thomas Voigt  
Warren Tav.  
Chester County, Penn.



Philadelphia Saturday Afternoon  
October 3/40

My dear Caroline,

I received your letter by your Father and was much gratified from hearing from you although so few lines, particularly as we are far apart it is always a pleasure to hear from the one I love so much—

I had intended when I parted with you last to have paid you another visit about this time, but feel myself prevented on account of it being our Communion Day and we have a lecture this afternoon and evening preparatory to it, which I am very anxious to attend, and my dear Caroline, do you think as I do, I am persuaded you would see the great importance of attending them, however I flatter myself you are not thinking hard of me for deferring my visit until Saturday next, under the circumstances do not think for one moment my not visiting you oftener be any indication of less attachment on my part for I do assure you the longer I am separated from you the more anxious I become to see you and the more delightful those opportunities are to me—

I have given your father the Castor & regret it looks so badly but Mr. Wilson said it could not be done any more neatly as they have to use a very soft soder in cementing the Braded Wall, hope however it will answer your purpose—the Flour and Rye have arrived in Broad street the latter I sold to be deliver on Monday at 64¢ per Bushel for the former accept my thanks.

I was not aware of Mrs. Hutchinson being in the city until last evening when your father he met her and Sarah near the store, otherwise I should have called upon her. I accidentally met with Mr. Keller this afternoon & he told me she had returned home, give my respects to her—your mother and

all enquiring friends and accept for your self my conviction of

Your ever loving and devoted

Edward

P. S. On looking over I find I had neglected to say that Mr. King talks of sending me to St. John, N. B. again to leave here Thursday next, if he should conclude upon it I will spend Wednesday with you—I send with this by your father the two last Episcopal Records & the Saturday Evening Post

Your Edward



St. John, N. B. October 15, 1840

My dear Caroline,

As the steamer for Boston is to leave this morning I hasten to inform you of my safe arrival here on Tuesday morning last @ 2½ o'clock after quite a rough and to me a very Sick time we left Boston 6 o'clock Saturday Evening, had a very pleasant night & I made quite a good experiencer but something changed the order of things somewhat, it come out very blustering with every indication of a Storm, & sure enough in the afternoon it commenced blowing tremendously with a heavy fall of rain. Our Pilot being a very cautious man, run the boat into a very good harbour where she lay until 6 o'clock monday morning, during the whole of which time & in fact until our arrival here I was very sea sick—much more so than on the previous trip or returning—

I thought of you often my dear as I lay in my berth and thought how much better I would feel could I be where I spent Thursday in company with my loved one, notwithstanding our fatiguing walk up and down the hill to Mr. Eldridge from which I have no doubt you and your mother felt to tired to walk immediately home but I suppose you took a rest at Mrs. Hutchinson's where you told me you had some Idea of stopping on your return if so, you did not get home before evening, I know—

I did not think to be enabled to return by this convenience but I find it will not do to leave my business in its present state I have no doubt however things will be all right in time for me to leave next Thursday, if spared, for I cannot contemplate upon too much in this life my dear & that you know from experience—We find a good cool wind

very comfortable indeed and if a person has plenty exercise he can keep himself comfortable without an overcoat which is my case precisely.

Give my respects to your father mother and all enquiring friends, to the former say that when I left you last it was in so great a hurry that I entirely forgot to take the sample of Wheat, but it will be all in good time when I return.

My love hoping this may be received by you in good health I remain in great haste your

ever loving & affectionate

Edward

Miss Caroline Voigt

care of Mr. Thomas Voigt

Chester County, Penn.

Per Steamer N. America to Boston Mass.



Philadelphia November 14, 1840

My dear Caroline,

During your father's last visit to the city I was so much engaged that I only saw him once, but believe he was very well, had he not been John would have told me. I am very sorry indeed to hear from your mother that he is so bad, indeed I expected when he heard of the death of Mr. (Nutte?) it would operate very badly with him, which I know must occasion you a great deal of uneasiness, especially during the time you are left alone with him.

My dear in the death of uncle Nutte (?) we have an instance of the uncertainty of life, & in his life an example of the various temptations to which we are every day exposed, which shows the importance of being prepared to meet them, not by trusting in our own strength, but looking to a higher source of protection & guidance, to Jesus Christ who is ever ready to receive there those who come to Him with fear and therefore are not subject to the same temptations & trials as other on this earth but I do say and rejoice in saying that they and only they have strength to resist and submit to them not of themselves but through the influence of the Holy Spirit therefore my love let me urge you to think seriously upon this subject & when you read the Bible which I am pleased to think you do fall upon your knees in prayer ask God to enlighten by a





A CODEY PRINT OF THE 1840'S—TYPICAL OF EDWARD'S GIFT TO CAROLINE

use of his Holy Spirit to enable you to understand and apply what you read. My dear it is all important that we should give ourselves up to Almighty God to be led and governed by Him in all our actions, and in order to do so we must prayer often in humility and faith.—How delightful it is to see a family in the faith and love of God, it is the most gratifying think this world can afford—and my love it is all important you and I should endeavor to live so, and I do assure by the assistance of the Spirit my prayers shall not be wanting for the accomplishment of it & my dear Caroline let me close by requesting you to pray—

And in the meantime believe me

Your ever devoted

Edward

Miss Caroline Voigt

Care of Mr. Thomas Voigt

Chester County, Penn.

Favored by your mother.



January 2, 1841

My dear Caroline,

I hasten before it gets too late to wish you a happy New Year it should have been

yesterday I know, but as the weather was so stormy, & I was not able to hold a pen, I know you will not think it to late at this time the same to Ann and William with many returns—I have not only fulfilled my promise to you, of staying at home Thursday but I have been in ever since with a prop, as the Doctor says of being here until Tuesday next or Thursday he bled me and yesterday applied a strengthening plaster to my chest from each of which I have derived a great deal of benefit. I am taking medicine at intervals during the day from which I experience great relief.

My dear I am very sorry being deprived of the pleasure of attending the lecture this evening, it would afford me much pleasure to accompany you there but the Doctor will not listen to my going outside the door before Monday or Tuesday morning, indeed I think he is right for I do not feel fit, I am very weak and otherwise unwell.

Do let me hear from you my love, and believe me

Your devoted (lover-blotted out)

Edward

P. S. You must excuse the writing as my arm is weak from the effects of the Bleeding Thursday evening. Augustus will give you the Ladies Book.



Friday May 14, 1841

My dear Caroline,

I was much pleased by your mother agreeing with me in opinion relative to my staying with you during your mother's and Father's absence; the thing in itself my love, does not appear in the least improper, neither is it, but (like all our conduct and behaviour) it would have been noticed—not only by our relations, but by our friends & neighbors, who would have talked of it to our great disadvantage, so it is my dear, so long as we live in this world we must conform to it in every particular in these respects, & we will always experience much more satisfaction when we come to reflect upon.

I regret very much you were not in the City that you may have attended Church with me this morning. Your mother & I went to St. Andrew's & heard Mr. Clark preach a beautiful sermon, very well worded to the occasion taking for his text the 33rd verse of the ninth Chapter of Nehemiah, in the application of it to us as a Nation, he spoke of the end of providence in afflicting our land with the Asiatic Cholera, the numerous discontented minds the present state of Business and last of all, that which called us together upon the present occasion, the death of President Harrison, it was extremely interesting throughout and your mother was very much pleased with it. In the City almost all business was closed, & the day very generally observed.

I hope my love you got to church, when you write tell me, & do let it be very soon for indeed it is a very hard case to be away from you so long without hearing from you. By your mother I send some oranges for you, which I hope may turn out good.

And in the meantime I do assure you I am

The same loving & true,

Edward

Miss Caroline Voigt  
Chester County, Penn.  
Favored by your mother.

Philadelphia Friday Evening  
May 28, 1841

My dear Caroline,

It is with pleasure I take of a leisure hour or so to write to my loved one with whom I spent so delightful a time the early part of the week. About  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour after you left me at the Pooli (Pool's?) Monday evening, the car came along in full speed stopped but a short time & hurried the passengers in & started off rapidly at the rate of 20 miles an hour, arriving at the depot (Market St. above 8th) at  $9\frac{1}{2}$  O'Clock which is unusually early to get in. The evening was delightful & pleasant the moon shining in all its splendor and I made up my mind that traveling in the evening is far preferable to any other part of the day & have no doubt it is the impression of a number of others as the car was so full that I and several gentlemen found it impossible to get a seat except by going into the Baggage and arranging the Trunks and so on to set on which we did and found ourselves very comfortable notwithstanding the lofty & irregularity of our seats—

C. King having sent for me the other day to come to the office, I therefore went down to see them and explained an account to them which is what they wanted. Afterwards I had quite a pleasant conversation with Charles & Mr. Pepper they were very pleased & talked to me the same as though I was still with them, still my dear I cannot reconcile myself to like them.—This afternoon I took off a Balance Sheet of the books I have in hand and they come out to a cent, with which Thomas King was delighted, & told me he had no idea I could bring them within two or \$300 so you see what praise and perseverance will accomplish. He is to pay me at the rate of \$1200 per annum for the time I am engaged with them, & after I finish these there is another set for me to take up so that it is as well I left King's for I do expect when I finish them all to be enable to engage in business with a clever fellow as I shall be on the look out and will refer to opportunities past I know my love you would be pleased to hear I had commenced business myself. I do hope my dear your father has been better since my return home for I have no doubt he gave you a great deal of trouble the evening I left you

write me upon this subject my love for I feel very anxious about him—

Give my respects to him & your mother my love and accept the few oranges I send you with this & Ladies Book for June and before I close do let me remind you of your obligations to Him who orders and directs all things both in Heaven and Earth and that without his assistance we can do nothing right my love believe me it is a delightful thing to rejoice in believing there is a God & not to be as Mr. Newton told us last Sunday "like the fallen Angels who pulled with fear" my love do let me impress upon you the importance of thinking upon these subjects—And believe me

Yours ever more in Great Haste

Edward

P.S. Do not forget to write me soon!

Miss Caroline Voigt

Chester County, Penn.



Philadelphia July 13, 1841

My dear Caroline,

I again advantage of a little leisure time to write to the one of whom I am almost always thinking, as I have often told you "Morning, Noon, & Night—"

My love after partaking of some cold meat bread and butter prepared through the kindness of your mother for which I feel extremely obliged to her, I started off in company with the Doctor down the road to the Pooli(?), stopped & made enquiry of Jim Evans (who by the by seemed as though he had just come out of the bed room, not having washed himself, his son John was sitting by his side looking no more interesting than his father) where I could get into the West Chester road, he very kindly as usual gave me the direction which I followed accompanied by the Doctor & Tom, who it appears to me must feel a great regard to me being always sidposed to follow me wherever I go when at your house & in my usual way of complimenting myself must say that he no doubt thinks me a very clever fellow, be that as it may my dear what do you think? The Doctor continued on until he had rode nearly 6 miles & called to me to whistle for Tom which I did but all I could do he would not come, he would stand still and look at me

but would not go towards the Doctor had turned around with Tom, and the only way I could induce him to go was by turning my horse as though I intended going back—which when he observed he started off full speed until he passed the Doctor taking the lead as you know he always does. I then proceeded on my way all alone riding at a very good pace & arrived at the steeple in back street between 2nd and 3rd street a distance of 22 miles from your house at 8½ o'clock which I consider pretty fair travelling for one so unaccustomed to horse back riding as I am.

The Doctor returned at the usual time in the evening and complained very much of feeling tired but I laughed at him in my usual way telling him he could not feel half so tired as I did, in having only rose up at 3 o'clock in the morning, but I had rode on the way home on horse back, & he had returned in the car on a cushioned seat but my dear do not suppose that I did not feel the effects at all for I do assure you I could not have felt much worse, being sore tired & sleepy all at the same time, and do not you think I must have felt very cheaply under the circumstances. Yes indeed, so much so that I come to the conclusion never to ride out on horse back again for practice for I had better never learn to ride in that way if it is to be so dearly attended indeed I have not yet recovered from the effects of it nor do I expect to for a day or two so it is lovers must pay dearly for their experience.

My dear you have no idea how much I desire to have a conversation with your father upon the subject of our being married shortly & cannot think there would be the slightest impropriety in it, but I am of the full impression it would be a decided advantage to us both—to me I know it would, & to you I *think* it would, at any rate one thing is certain I shall not feel contented until it does take place. What are your views upon this subject my love when you write explain them fully to me

& believe me in haste

your truly

devoted

Edward

Miss Caroline Voigt

Care of Mr. Thomas Voigt

Warren Chester County, Penn

Mail

Philadelphia July 16, 1841

My dear Caroline,

I avail myself of this favorable opportunity "by your father" you told me last evening that he intended returning tomorrow morning which if the case I heartily wish him a safe return & a pleasing reception on your part he has been very well "comparatively speaking" during his visit to the city & I sincerely hope he may continue so when at home.

My dear I have been kept very busy all this week having a vessel discharged & loading cargo and have this noon discharged the captain with his accounts by which I cleared \$15 making in all since I commenced here one month ago the sum of \$135, which my dear should be considered doing very well considering the dull state of times at this season of the year, and taking into consideration the small amount of capital I have and independent of my character which stands first rate among the business in this community these last remains my love to be confidential. My love I am convinced that if we could arrange matters in such a way as to enable us to marry in a month or two it would be a decided advantage to us both in every point of view. You know well I never wish to deceive you heretofore neither do I in this instance my dear, far be from me of so doing, but my love I want you & as I have said before I shall not be contented until I get you as my own to love and cherish until death.

My dear with this I send the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Episcopal Record*, with a little candy for a change.

With my respects to your mother, Ann & Addie and all enquiring friends, at the same time an apology for this letter having written it almost in the dark

I remain in great haste

your truly devoted

Edward

P.S. The office of the *Saturday Evening Post* being closed when I passed I send you today's *Philadelphia Gazette*.

Edward

Miss Caroline Voigt  
Chester County, Penn.  
Politeness of Mr. Thomas Voigt

Philadelphia Wednesday morning  
July 21, 1841

My dear Caroline,

I received your letter of 18 from Ann Godwin on Monday evening last, having gone up town with the expectation of seeing her & of hearing from one from whom it at all times afford me so much pleasure to hear—

I observe by your letter that Miss Hood is on a visit to your house & do hope it will prove a pleasant one to you all as I believe her to be quite an agreeable pleasant young lady as far as my acquaintance with her extends which by the way is not very far but think if I was to spend one day in her company would be able to decide my conclusion which I shall endeavor to do on Saturday next, if business will allow. At present I am in daily expectations of the arrival of two large (illegible) one from the West Indies & the other from the British Provinces. If they should come in between this and Saturday, but shall endeavor to come under any circumstances. This morning I received by mail, from the British Provinces, remittances to the amount of \$3,500 in bills, Exchange Travel, & so on with advice of assignments of goods on board a vessel expected here, which are to be invested in goods and shipped on board one of the vessels I expect.— You will see from this my love that notwithstanding, Edward has commenced to existing unfavorable circumstances having but limited means for the conduction of the Mercantile Business, still, he is likely to prosper as well as some one can boast of their thousands, at the same time being entirely devoid of what will always insure prosperity a good character of this my dear your Edward could boast, not only within himself but by the opinion of those by whom he is well known, on this I can, my love, I do not wish to boast, but to be willing at all times, to render my feeble prayers to Almighty God, my Heavenly Father, that he has been pleased so to favor me with a constant desire that he will continue to give in His service, devotedly all the day of my life, at the same time pray to him on your behalf, that you may not be like (illegible) only tremble at their representations, but may be induced to give yourself entirely to his service.

My dear you ask me if "I said anything to your father about our being married shortly" to which I reply, I did not, from want of a favorable opportunity & on account of you having requested me not to say anything to him upon the subject away from home, although I think I should have been induced to have said to him if a favorable opportunity had offered—I am very sorry indeed he is so unwell and I am very apprehensive for him. I am pleased to notice however that he thinks of me occasionally & do hope he lives to see that I am not entirely unworthy of his good wishes.

My love any business matters I have communicated to you to be entirely confidential on your part as it is all important these things should be kept quite stated them to you very freely from a conviction of a deep interest you feel from my welfare.

With a tender of my respects to you mother and all enquiring friends I remain in haste

Your truly devoted  
Edward

Miss Caroline Voigt  
care of Mr. Thomas Voigt  
Chester County, Penn.  
Per Mail



Philadelphia August 17, 1841

My dear Caroline,

Your cousin Emily returned last Saturday afternoon from the Yellow Springs and I called upon her last evening. She looks much the better for her excursion she was by herself in the back parlor busily engaged in sewing, so that I had a favorable opportunity of conversing freely with her upon the Subject of so much importance contemplating at present. She said she would be very much pleased to have you stay with her when you come in and your mother and father can be accommodated when they come in. She will also give you some advice relative to arranging matters and things, previously. My love you suggest deferring our marriage until Mr. Clark's return home I would gladly do so if I thought my business would warrant it, but from present appearances there is every prospect of our being a good deal engaged during that month and it will be all important for me to be at home, indeed I have

made up my mind that if Mr. Clark is not home in time I shall have Mr. Suddards to officiate in his stead, knowing him to be a favorite with you I understood from a member of our church yesterday that Mr. Clark was on his return home through Penn. is his own convenience, and therefore, is not expected before 1st to 5th September I regret this very much indeed as I have always thought I would prefer him marrying me to any other minister, but don't think I can be induced to be upon it.—

I wrote Mag on Wednesday last that I would want my trunk next week and she must send it to me in time, but I have not yet received an answer to my letter I am in daily expectation of receiving one I think you may calculate upon it— My love do you not think you can come down alone in the car Thursday afternoon if I promise to meet you at the Depot your cousin Emily thinks there would not be the least imprudence in it, and I expect business will prevent my leaving for so long a time, as I have a vessel just arrived to me this morning with a cargo to be sold, and another to purchase for her. Do not think my love, for one moment that this suggestion is from a want of inclination on my part far from it my dear, nothing would afford me more pleasure than to come for you but you know as I am situated at present it will not answer to neglect my business try if you can sum up courage sufficient to venture this once— And in the meantime believe me

Your truly devoted,  
Edward

P.S. This evening I expect to spend with Miss Boyer in company with Leconey give my respects to your mother and father and all enquiring friends

Your devoted,  
Edward

Miss Caroline Voigt  
care of Thomas Voigt, Esq.  
Warren Chester County, Penn.  
per mail

Apparently the marriage was not "deferred", for the next letter which Edward wrote—September 18, 1841— began "Dear Carrie" and was signed "Your true loving and devoted husband."—With the conclusion of the courtship therefore, the Editor regretfully brings the extracts from this delightful correspondence to a close.





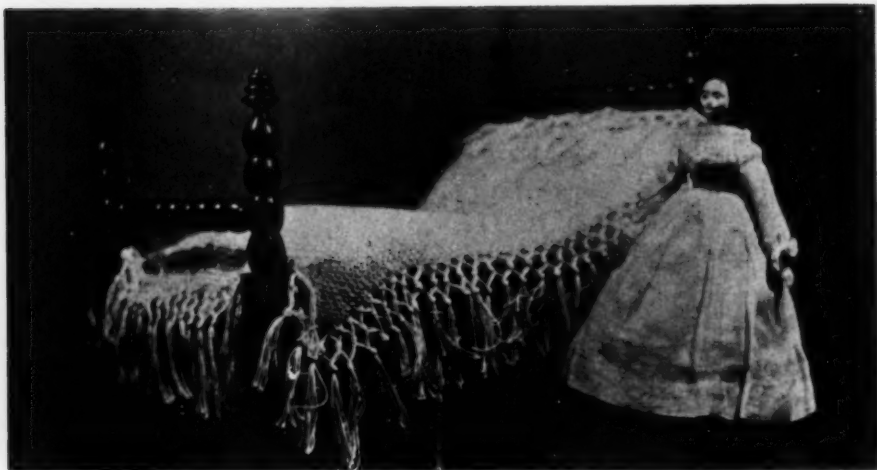
## Keepsakes

ANNE ROBINSON

How vividly alive old things can be!  
This rose between book-leaves, so brittle now,  
To me is fresh with dew and witchery  
Of lovers' dreams. With it a whispered vow  
Steals back; I touch again, far Junes restored  
From shadowland; joys tintured by romance,  
As covetously I compute my hoard  
Of memories, defying time's advance.

Yet time with them a constant warfare wages  
And they may lose. Tonight I cannot bear  
That unfamiliar fingers touch these pages,  
Violating dreams still young and fair;  
Too intimately tender to profane . . .  
How grey the ash . . . like an old remembered pain.





ABIGAIL IS USUALLY QUITE WOODEN ABOUT HER AGE

# The Spirit of the Hand-made

## III. The Romance of Old Dolls

HELEN SIEBOLD WALTER

**"JUST FOLKS"** Doll House treasures a permanent collection of antique dolls; preserved first, for the love of them; second, for the visual story they tell of the history of dolls and their period costumes.

The late Dr. Walter Hough, Head Curator of Anthropology of the National Museum at Washington, D. C., has said, "The story of dolls is the story of mankind. Their history is most complex and leads quickly back and away from childish hands to idols until their origin is lost in the mists of time." The significance of the word *doll* is seen in its derivation:

Greek: *ei-dol-on* (idol)  
Old Saxon: *dol*  
English: *doll*

The story of dolls begins thousands of years ago with the first crude image and leads up to present-day Charlie McCarthy, with doll history still in the making.

There are numerous doll collections in the United States, some showing a general

history of dolls, others a single phase. Of these latter are the collections of "Early American Dolls."

To students of Americana, a collection of Early American Dolls is a record of their ancestors; their ancestral costumes; and, in many instances, of their customs. When we say "Early American Dolls" we do not mean dolls made in America. Few dolls were made in the United States until the twentieth century. We mean wooden, wax, papier-maché dolls brought in by old Sailing Masters; we mean Fashion Dolls sent over by England and France to carry the styles before the advent of Fashion Magazines. Germany, France, England, probably in the order named, manufactured most of our old dolls. The actual history of early American dolls begins possibly with the traditional Elizabethan doll brought to Jamestown by the early settlers and given in all its extravagance of Elizabethan ruffs to an Indian maiden. We wonder if Anne Forrest may have brought such a doll.



TWO PERFECT TYPES OF EMPIRE PERIOD DOLLS ARE ACREE AND GERMAINE

Through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the "Fashion Baby" was much in vogue. Both France and England used this type of dolls, which, when costumed and coiffured in the prevailing mode, was sent over Europe and to the colonies. These dolls were welcomed by both men and women. Quaint were the announcements that a tiny fashion model had arrived in a colonial town and might be viewed by all and sundry. "Fashion Babies" preceded the publication of style books and were the forerunners of our present-day living manikins. When these dolls outlived their usefulness they became the prized possessions of children. It is noticeable that practically all old dolls represent adults, but it is not strange when we remember that the costumes of children were miniature replicas of those of their elders; that their use as playthings was incidental. That they finally suffered much youthful loving accounts for their scarcity; certainly it explains the fact of their threadbare condition—many entirely devoid of clothing or with later garments patently made by children and worthless from the standpoint of a collector.

It is definitely known that *Mary Hunter*,

the small wooden doll who lives at our Doll House, had at least one costume before her present ancient black silk trousseau dress, and that she antedates considerably her costume. Her undergarments are of particular interest because they illustrate the evolution of pantalettes from the original use of ruffles around the knee. Mary's yellowed lace ruffle has slipped down around her ankle and furnishes a clue to the complaints of the Empire Ladies that they were continually embarrassed by the loss of their ruffles. Chagrin finally developed the garment from mere ruffles around the knee until it fastened securely around the waist.

Two perfect types of Empire Period Dolls which belong to us are *Acree* and *Germaine*. French *Germaine* with her violet muff and considering eye gazed on Napoleon as he marched through Grenoble to reconquer a lost Empire. With his passing, she, too, retired to a life of memories and meditation until again the tramp of many feet stirred her from her dreaming. A century later "while Poppies bloomed in Flanders Field" a young Virginia doctor attached to the Medical Corps of the American Expedition-

ary Forces fell in love with the dark-eyed great-grandniece of Germaine's first mistress. When the soldierly doctor brought his French bride to his Old Dominion home, tucked away in her trousseau chest was this beloved heirloom doll. The body, arms, and feet are of wood, the head of French bisque.

*Slat-Bonnet Mary* and *Wax Alice* are also weighted down with years and mellow with memories of early Alexandria. In the museum rooms of Mount Vernon are preserved checked garments which attest to the use of plaids. *Slat-Bonnet Mary's* body is completely handmade, her head is of papier-maché; her rather threadbare dress is the original and is blocked in garnet and black plaid. *Alice* has a slight edge on *Old Mary* as to age. Her head, arms, and feet are of perfectly modeled and marvelously preserved wax. She is considerably more than a centenarian.

When the editor asked us if we would tell the story of some of our Antique Dolls in the "Just Folks" permanent collection, we replied that our ladies with a past would be thrilled to appear again in 1938 and that we'd gladly display them if she would also let us use several of her unusual dolls that illustrate in a particular way a given period. Her rare 1830 Costume Doll is such a one. She arrived at our hospital very ill, indeed with a stitch in her side. Dr. Patrick and Nurse Patsy gave the frightening diagnosis of general debility due to the loss of important internal organs through a ragged tear in her side and wrote the queer R: Careful restuffing with a grafting of

kid skin. Gradually she gained strength and could breathe without wheezing. With returning health she grew tired of only a night-rail. Glimpsing a scrap of dim-checked silk memories of her youth revived. Century-old memories have glamour. It was but natural then that she should choose

for her restoration costume the huge, grotesque leg-o'-mutton sleeve of the 1830's. Because, as she said, she still wore three curls on her right cheek and three curls on her left cheek and her back hair tragically tight. Her choice proved how right she was; when she pulled her leg-o'-muttons over her quilted sleeve extenders and circumspectly adjusted her tiny bustle she was clothed with the ease and contentment of long association.

*Abigail* uses her feminine prerogative by being slightly indefinite as to her age; in fact, she is generally quite wooden about it. She clings to her original muslin garments, now yellowed

with years, still distrustful of the mad stitches of this mad machine-age. Each night she rests in her four-post bed under the coverlet that her grandmother tied.

*Blonde Susan* of the modish coiffure has a composition patented head, leather hands and feet and gaily striped stockings. Because it is known that "Just Folks" Doll House has a permanent collection of beloved dolls, girls grown gray who cannot bear the thought that the cherished keepsakes of their ringlet days should pass into negligent hands and be destroyed have brought their dolls to our permanent collection and there these beloved playthings re-



BLONDE SUSAN CAME TO OUR HOUSE TO STAY

main, each a bit of history tied with lavender. And so Blonde Susan came to our house to stay.

Mattie is a "Covered Wagon Doll." Forth and back again from Virginia to Iowa she pioneered. Back and forth a second time she traveled, clasped even more closely in the arms of her young mistress. Blood-curdling cries of Sioux caused her small mother to crouch terrified and speechless under a corner box bed, Mattie held convulsively in her baby arms. It was due, however, rather to the overzealous ministrations of her little mistress than to the cruelty of Indian raiders that her sawdust life-blood ebbed away and only her china head remained hidden away in a rusty leather trunk—through countless dark hours she slept until a rummaging namesake discovered her and once more love found a way. Restored in a hand-pinked taffeta of the fifties she has an honored chair in the home of Mrs. Clara Hamrick of Staunton, Va., and is destined for her grandchild, Jean Hamrick Bickle.

The *Dixie Bridal Group* has indeed a fascinating history. Five years ago Mrs. Keyes wrote a most delightful short story founded on fact and called "The Dixie Doll." It was an 1860 tale, telling the love of a Northern Soldier for a Southern Girl—"When its apple-blossom time in Vermont, its rose-time in Virginia." The bitter feeling between the two sections caused Sally Blair to refuse John Gray although she loved him. She never married. But she gave as a parting gift to her Northern Suitor a white satin box containing a doll dressed as a Southern

Bride, the only bride he carried away from Dixie. The soldier returned North with only this memento and his memories. He eventually married another but continued to treasure the keepsake of his first sweetheart. Half a century later the Vermont grandson in searching through attic trunks

discovered the doll and heard of the old romance from his mother. The story continued and culminated in the World War. John Gray, 3rd, went to fight for France. There he met and married an army nurse, the niece of Sally, and the Dixie Doll returned to her Southern ancestral home.

The present Dixie Bride Doll in Mrs. Keyes' collection was originated and developed with Mrs. Keyes' cooperation after the idea of the doll in the story. Her wedding gown is of old brocaded satin accented with knots of ribbon and white lilacs. Her ivory lace veil falls softly from a bridal wreath of valley lilies and orange blossoms. Close to

her heart she holds the Stars and Bars. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Keyes this doll was first publicly displayed at a national convention in Cincinnati in 1935. The Doll House still treasures as one of its most prized possessions the gracious and generous card that the doll carried at that time: "The creation of this doll was inspired by a short story of mine, 'The Dixie Doll' which appeared in the November 1934 issue of the Home Magazine. I feel that by her interpretation Miss Walter has actually embodied an ideal which I had only visualized."

(Signed) FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES.



MARY ELIZABETH WITH HER DUSKY CURLS CAUGHT UP IN A DEW-DROP BEADED NET





MATTIE IS A "COVERED WAGON DOLL"

A year later Mrs. Keyes found a second old china-headed doll. Ruffled in apple-blossomed pink and green, she became the Dixie Bride's delightful Maid of Honor. A third letter came, "I'm sending you a miniature bisque head given me by Mrs. Rutledge Smith, State Regent of Tennessee. I hope you can do something with it, for I think it is charming!" It was indeed! A perfect blonde coiffure held intact by her moulded net of blue chenille. It was impossible to vision her as other than the Flower Girl at the Dixie Wedding. Shortly before Mother's Day a fourth doll arrived at "Just Folks" Doll House with Mrs. Keyes' note, "Don't you think we should have a Dixie Mother?" and our answer was, "It will be perfect." The next portrait of the Dixie Bride shows her in her "Second Day Dress," taking the air in her high-wheeled coach.

*Mary Elizabeth*, a Bustle Costume Doll, is a bisque beauty with bright brown eyes and lustrous lashes. Her dusky curls are caught up in a dew-drop beaded net such as her Mother wore. Her complete outfit even to the hand-tucked undergarments and the lace adorning them was made by the loving hands of a grandniece to whom the doll with a portrait of the Great Aunt descended.

"Just Folks" Doll House is filled with the

happiest recollections of days that were special occasions. Christmas was always one of these. Early on the Eve we children were sent to bed in order that Santa might not be embarrassed by inquisitive eyes and also that we might be able to arise at 4:30 to attend early church on Christmas. It seemed that the skies on those blessed mornings were radiant with stars as our childish eyes hunted eagerly for the Star of Bethlehem. In the church pew nearest the altar knelt the "Sisters" with their white-winged bonnets, "Angel Wings," and from the choir sounded the *Adeste Fidelis*.

In our young minds Santa Claus played a mighty close second to our Dear Lord. With the service ended we did not wait upon the order of our going but rushed home to find what he had brought down our chimney. We always had a certain form of procedure for the Christmas Tree celebration. Our Father sat at the piano and played the *Adeste Fidelis*—the rest of the family, and there were a number of little blonde heads, began to sing it; as we sang the tiniest one led us to the tree. Never shall I forget the mystery of the candle-lighted boughs, nor how nearly my heart burst with joy at the sight of "Helen's own little chair" filled with dolls; always there was a new doll and the old beloveds wore holiday clothes. Therefore, three springs ago when my sister and I unexpectedly came across an old religious doll with the white-winged bonnet, "Angel Wings," we were filled with the wildest joy.

Traveling home from a Doll Festival one twilight evening we were suddenly confronted with an unusual display of antiques in a shop window in the lower Shenandoah



DIXIE BRIDE DOLL HAS A ROMANTIC HISTORY

Valley. It took very few minutes to park "Susan Ann," our car, and step in to investigate the possibility of dolls. Luck was with us, for we found our lovely "Sister Angela."

An old Scotch family had come from Ancient Riddle and settled in the northern part of Virginia with a land grant from Lord Fairfax. Through generations the family held this estate. Finally, the immediate descendants died. Their ancestral rosewood and mahogany were put up for sale. Among the samplers we found our religious doll. In her arms she carried a miniature story of the Bible printed in 1824. The habit on the doll is black with a train and probably shows the original costume of the Dames de Charité, a group of Parisien women of the seventeenth century banded together for nursing and other charitable works. Later under the guidance of St. Vincent de Paul this organization developed into the well-known nursing order of the Sisters of Charity, when they adopted the more practical shortened French Peasant Costume and winged bonnets whose familiar appearance through many war-torn countries during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries won for these gentle nursing women the title, "Angels of the Battlefield."

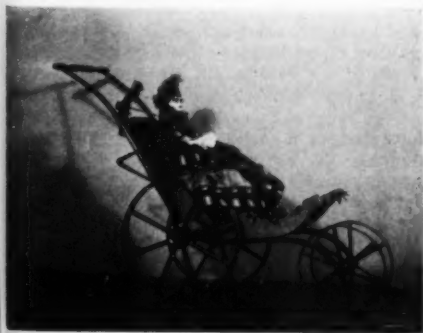
*Sister Angela* shows the older style of costume—our little New Orleans Sisters, the more practical costume that was later adopted as the habit of the Sisters of Charity.

No tale of Dixie is complete without the story of *Aunt Peachy*. The dolls that model Aunt Peachy are not old but they record a



SISTER ANGELA WITH HER MINIATURE STORY OF THE BIBLE PRINTED IN 1824

phase of the Old South that is fast disappearing. Peachy was a young slave darky during the War Between the States. After 1865 she continued to live her long life in Virginia. She became "Aunt Peachy" to many counties and was a familiar figure and a delightful one as she waddled through the streets of Staunton, a red bandanna knotted around her gray curly head, a spotless apron, her arms akimbo, and balanced on her head a huge wash-basket of immaculate stiff-starched clothes. "Showing off" from the handle would always be a beautifully fluted baby cap for one of her "white chilluns." Therefore with blissful memories stamped indelibly upon our childish minds of bruised knees kissed and countless juicy slices of bread and jam it was but natural that "Just Folks" Doll House should model Aunt Peachy and Uncle Hannibal, keeping in mind the characteristics of the old-time Southern Darkies with all their sweetness and faithfulness—striving to hear again the echo of Aunt Peachy's voice as she hurried around our kitchen on many frosty mornings crying, "For de Lord's sake, chilluns, aint yuh got no bottoms!—dis is de las skillet of buckwheat cakes!"



THE DIXIE BRIDE IN HER "SECOND DAY DRESS" TAKES THE AIR IN HER HIGH-WHEELED COACH

## FOREST BUILDING ♦

*By the  
Daughters of the American Revolution*

MARGARET MARCH-MOUNT

*United States Forest Service, Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

**T**HROUGH the founding of the Sarah Barton Murphy Chapter Memorial Forest about three years ago, the State of Missouri showed the way for joining a green network of little forests along the nation's highways in cooperation with the U. S. Forest Service under a country-wide program announced by Mrs. Avery Turner, then Chairman of Conservation. As far back as September 1936, Mrs. Turner wrote: "The work is so big, so inclusive and important that we need the help of our Government, and we need to assist it in every way possible. That is my job."

Mrs. Kossuth C. Weber of Farmington, the moving spirit in the founding of five cooperative forests in as many organizations, has reason to be very proud of her flock of baby forests in the Missouri Ozarks where there is desperate need for reversing the tradition of burning the woods and keeping forest smoke out of the air in the spring. In this flock is one funded entirely by the pennies of 10,000 school children in St. Francois County.

Last year two Constitution forests were established in the National Forests of Colorado, and in May of this year the Daughters of the American Revolution dedicated a white and red pine forest in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia in the George Washington National Forest, memorializing the framers of the Constitution.

In December 1937, the Sarah Caswell Angell Chapter of Ann Arbor deposited with the Forest Service the first four dollars for financing the planting of an acre of pinelings in a Memorial Forest to be established in one or more of the National Forests of Michigan. "We want a project that will cost little and be a whole lot of work," Miss Josephine A. Pattison, Regent, told us after a State meeting where the "pennypine" forest plan was explained to Mrs. Lloyd Hughes' Conservation Committee.

Mrs. William Hyslop, Conservation Chairman of the Michigan Society, is now conferring with Federal foresters, all of which helps them to take a long view.

In this "pennypines" plan, Mrs. Turner saw something tangible for the juniors, an opportunity to do a dramatic thing to a legitimate end. The Children of the American Revolution at Evanston, under the leadership of Mrs. Thomas Collier Gray, is the first to go into partnership with Uncle Sam in planting trees. Their tract is in the Shawnee Na-

tional Forest, in southern Illinois, and is a year-to-year venture.

All this is significant of the part youth is taking in planting trees, for to its forests as to no other resources our country owes its position among leading nations. A patriotic youth, they know denuded lands endanger the supremacy of the United States as a world power, for out of the forest came American independence.

Already 100,000,000 acres of the productive land that greeted the colonists has washed away, with millions of tons of precious topsoil clogging the waterways and leaving barren soils and dependent families in its wake.

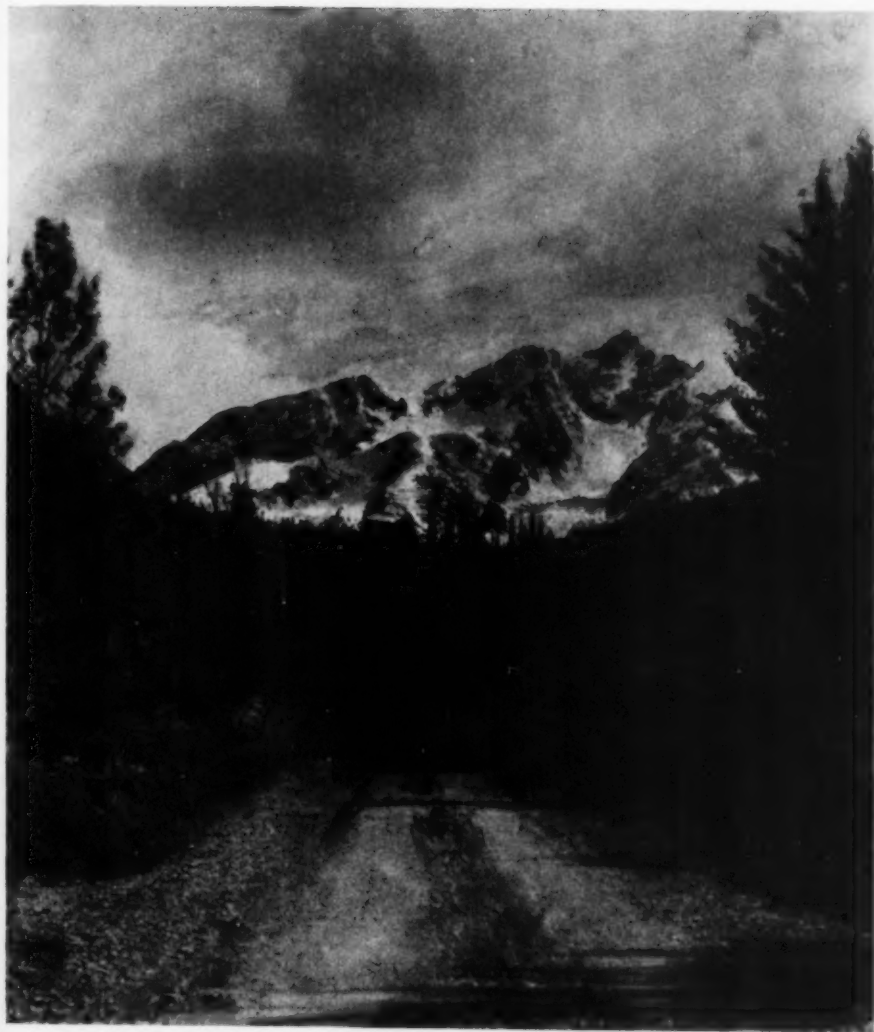
Along with getting trees into the ground, the founding of forests is a genuine defense measure, wholly in line with the D. A. R. conservation program annual reports of which have been distributed to foresters throughout the United States, Puerto Rico, and Alaska.

This Cooperative Forest Plan was the concept of Mrs. Edward LaBudde of Wisconsin, a conservationist of national note. U. S. Foresters consider it the most graphic of all educational projects, and woman's influence as "second to none" in the rebuilding of forests that were indiscriminately cut to build up the great treeless plains and the huge industrial cities. Now a great need is to bring back these forests for the recreation of overwrought populations in these large centers that need nearby outlets.

Another contribution of women is the lifting of conservation to a lighter but no less serious atmosphere. They like to have some fun in this technological world.

From State Ranger A. W. Stone at the source of the Mississippi River we have the Ancient and Honorable Order of Squirrels now gaining membership in many organizations pledged to keep the forests green. Show-Me caravans are part of modern forestry. Into the woods under the guidance of technical foresters women go for firsthand knowledge of the wooded parts of the country.

Those who have taken outdoor courses and climbed to the crow's nest in the top of the lookout towers are dubbed tree squirrels, while those conservatives who keep their feet on the ground are rated as ground squirrels. Membership is prized by men, women and children alike.



A SECTION OF THE RICHARDSON HIGHWAY, CONNECTING FAIRBANKS IN THE INTERIOR OF ALASKA WITH VALDEZ ON THE COAST. BLUEBELLS AND WILD ROSES AS WELL AS MANY OTHER BEAUTIFUL WILD FLOWERS LINE THE HIGHWAY, WITH BALM OF GILEAD, SPRUCE, BIRCH, TAMARACK AND COTTONWOOD TREES IN THE BACKGROUND. PERPETUAL SNOW ON MOUNTAIN PEAKS LENDS GREAT BEAUTY TO THE SCENERY AS WELL AS MOUNTAIN STREAMS AND COTTAGE DOTTED LAKES

## Alaska

*"Here is a land on which nature has heaped her beauty profusely, her riches prodigately, and her mysterious charm bewitchingly. Her beauty runs the gamut of the rugged, the pastoral, the landscape and the seascape, the beauty of soft daintiness and the beauty of hauteur and forbidding grandness."*



Courtesy U. S. Department of Interior

*Eskimos shooting from ice-floes in an Alaskan river*



Courtesy U. S. Department of Interior

*Leonhard Seppala and Siberian Racers. Winners Eighth, Ninth and Tenth All Alaska Sweepstakes*

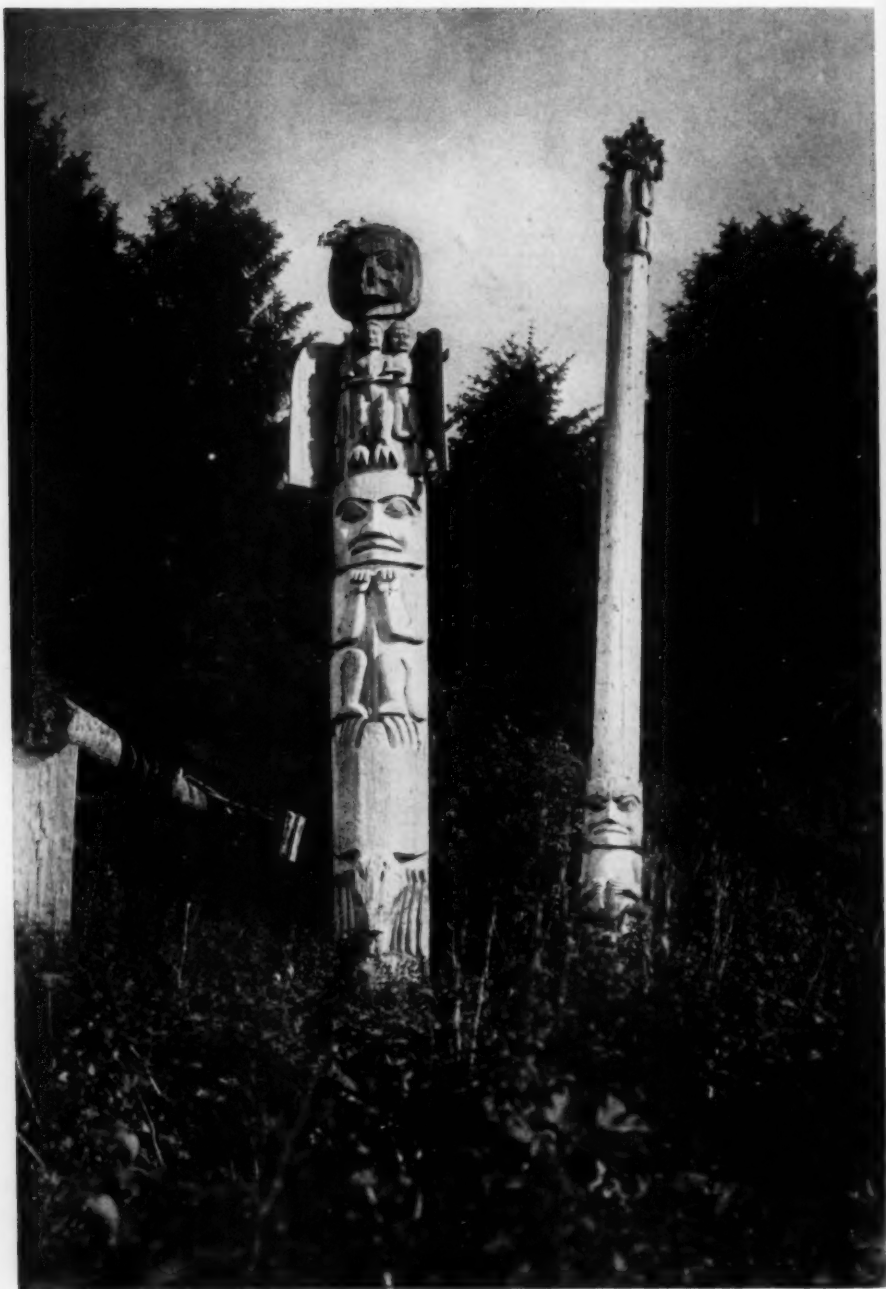




*Alaskan glacier*



*Milking reindeer in an Alaskan field*



*Indian Totem Poles, Tongass Island, Alaska*



*Classroom scene in Indian school at Juneau*



*Alaskan Chilkat blanket weaver*



*Midnight sun shining over an Alaskan river*



*General view of Sitka, Alaska*

# On the Dotted Line

## Some Episodes in Early Alaskan History

KENFIELD BAILEY

"LET us sign the Treaty tonight", were probably some of the most momentous words ever spoken by Secretary of State Seward. Officials of the State Department and Russian Embassy worked feverishly all night in the preparation of the Treaty of Purchase; it was signed at 4:00 o'clock on the morning of March 30, 1867. This was the culmination of negotiations which had been carried on for some time between Baron de Stoeckl, Ambassador for Russia, and Secretary of State William H. Seward, for the purchase of that vast area now known as the Territory of Alaska.

The mere signing of the Treaty, however, was not the final step in the acquisition of this territory. The urgency for the signing of the treaty so early in the morning, after working all night, was due to the fact that Congress being in special session, was expected to adjourn within a short time, and it was necessary that the treaty be presented as soon as possible, in order to obtain ratification of the measure.

Few people at that time were familiar with the area under consideration for purchase, and many misconceptions were rampant. After much debate and considerable opposition, the Treaty was finally confirmed by the Senate on April 10, 1867, largely as a result of a masterly address by Senator Charles Sumner in which he summarized all that was known at that time regarding the territory.

Articles were exchanged between the United States and Russia and the Treaty of Purchase was finally proclaimed by President Andrew Johnson on June 20, 1867. This, however, did not end the difficulties. An appropriation of funds was next in order and again considerable opposition was encountered in the Houses of Congress before the appropriation of \$7,200,000, the purchase price of Alaska, was finally passed on July 14, 1867.

It is interesting to recall the controversy which arose in the settlement of this purchase. Neither country was willing to pay

the cable expenses incident to the purchase. Russia refused to pay her share of the bill which was finally settled by the United States after the cable company had reduced the amount. The foolishness of the quibble over the purchase, appropriations and expenses, is more apparent now in view of the nearly three billion dollars' worth of commerce between Alaska and the United States. However, an idea of the general ignorance of most people with regard to Alaska at the time its purchase was being considered may be gained from the terms applied to the territory. The general conception was that Alaska was a land covered with ice and snow the year-round and that the purchase price was a magnificent waste of Federal funds. "Zero Island", "Polaria" and "Icebergia" were some of the epithets applied to this land, by the opposition.

We must take one other episode into consideration. The treaty of Purchase having been proclaimed and the appropriation for the purchase price passed, the formal transfer of Alaska to the United States finally took place at Sitka on October 18, 1867. Brig. Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau represented the United States Government, and Captain Alexei Pestchourff officiated for Russia. The Russian flag was lowered by a Russian sailor and the American flag hoisted by George Lovell Rousseau, son of the Brigadier General. The American flag used in this ceremony now reposes in the Alaska Historical Museum at Juneau, Alaska.

It is pleasant to contemplate, in view of world conditions as they exist today, that the largest acquisitions of territory made by the United States have been by peaceful purchase rather than by conquest. The purchase of the Territory of Alaska is similar in many respects to the Louisiana Purchase engineered by President Thomas Jefferson for the price of \$15,000,000, a little over twice the amount paid Russia for Alaska. The area of the Louisiana Pur-



chase amounted to 327,987 square miles, and Alaska 586,400 square miles. And certainly these purchases have paid dividends far in excess of any contemplated at the time they were made.

Although it is presumed that Michail Gvozdef, a geodesist or surveyor, touched the coast of Alaska in the year 1730, credit is generally given to Vitus Bering, a Danish Captain in the Russian service, who sighted and named Mount Saint Elias on July 16, 1741. It was chiefly on the voyage of Bering and Alexei Chirikof, second in command under Bering, that Russia based her claim to the ownership of northwest America.

The rich furs found by these explorers were the primary object for the exploration and colonization of Alaska by the Russians. In speaking of the part which furs played, Bancroft (*History of Alaska*, 1885), makes the following statement:

"Call it science or patriotism or progress, there is this to be said about the first Russian discoveries in America—little would have been heard of them for some time to come, if ever, had it not been for the beautiful furs brought back from Bering Island and elsewhere. Siberia was still sufficient to satisfy the Tsar for purposes of expatriation, and the Russians were not such zealots as to undertake conquests for the sake of conversion, and to make religion a cloak for their atrocities; hence, but for these costly skins, each of which proclaimed in loud-est strains the glories of Alaska, the great land might long have rested undisturbed."

The first permanent settlement was established at Three-Saints Bay on Kodiak Island in 1784, and the second permanent settlement in 1786 at Cook Inlet at the mouth of the Kasilof River near the present sight of Kenai. During the first twenty years of Russian supremacy, the fur hunters treated the native inhabitants with great cruelty and finally the Siberian authorities suspended free traffic in America and set up a system of privileged companies who derived their authority from imperial ukase very similar to the Hudson Bay Company which has become so well-known in the settlement of Canada.

The company which exercised practically absolute dominion over Alaska for a long period of years was the Russian-American Company originated by Alexander Baranof who introduced the first missionaries into the Territory and established a colony at Yakutat. He it was who discovered Alexander Archipelago and founded Sitka which was the headquarters for Russian activities in Alaska for the greater part of their occupation. His efforts, however, were little appreciated and he was replaced in 1818. Bancroft in his "*History of Alaska*", pays this tribute to Baranof:

"To him was due more than to all others the success of the Russian colonies in America; by him they had been founded and fostered and but for him they would never have been established, or would have had, at best, a brief and troubled existence. Here, amid these wintry solitudes he had raised towns and villages, built a fleet of sea-going ships and laid a basis of trade with American and Asiatic ports. All this he had accomplished while paying regular dividends to shareholders; and now, in his old age, he was cast adrift and called to render an account as an unfaithful steward."

In addition to these Russian explorations, English, French and Spanish explorers made their way from the western coast of the United States to Alaska in their search for a Northwest Passage. We know, of course, how unsuccessful they were. The French did little exploring, although an expedition under the command of La Perouse set sail in August, 1785, with instructions to visit and explore the Aleutian Islands. He made a few superficial investigations and abandoned the project.

Evidences of Spanish explorations still remain in the towns of Cordova and Valdez—the latter is the farthest north of any Spanish-named town in the world. Although two or three expeditions were launched for explorative work in Alaska during which several points were taken possession of in the name of Spain, their advantage was not followed up and nothing was gained.

Captain James Cook made the first English discovery of the Alaska coast near the present site of Sitka, on his voyage to

Alaska in 1778. He made extensive explorations of numerous inlets and islands, many of which still bear the names given them at that time. He mapped and charted the coastal region of Alaska from 58° to 70° North, and added much to the world's knowledge of this unexplored section of the North American continent. More extended and scientific investigations at later dates verified these discoveries of Cook. He in turn was followed by George Vancouver who sailed from England in 1791. Vancouver charted a large area of southeastern Alaska before returning to England. His observations satisfied him that no navigable passage connected the North Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean.

These explorations by Cook and Vancouver formed the basis of England's claim to the northwestern part of North America, which in turn probably played a large part in the determination of Russia to sell Alaska to the United States.

The question of why the United States purchased Alaska has never been satisfactorily explained. As early as 1857, Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Tsar, urged the sale of the holdings of Russia in America. Baron de Stoeckl returned from a trip to St. Petersburg in 1859 with instructions from his government to entertain any proposition that the United States might make. At that time, there was considerable unfriendly feeling between England and Russia, and in order to avert the possibility of England's encroaching upon the Russian preserves in Alaska, it was extremely desirous from their viewpoint to make the sale to the United States, especially as it was believed that the rapid expansion of the States at that time would eventually include Alaska.

If it had not been for the outbreak of the Civil War, we could have saved \$2,200,000 in the purchase price, because in 1859, tentative offers were made by representatives of President Buchanan, said to involve the payment of \$5,000,000. Although the view has been advanced that one reason

why the United States was friendly to the purchase of the Territory which was no longer useful to Russia was due to the moral aid rendered the northern forces by Russia which assisted in averting England's participation in the war between the States, it has proved untenable. Probably the best explanation, however, was the fact that a group of people in California were so impressed with the exploratory work that had been made in Alaska, which

aroused their interest to the extent they worked toward acquisition of that vast area by the United States. Members of a San Francisco concern reaped material benefits through the Alaska Commercial Company, which obtained the privileges of the Pribilof Islands and their wealth of seals.

Every one is familiar, of course, with what has happened in Alaska since its acquisition by the United States. Very little attention was lavished upon that area for the first fifteen or twenty years. Although this territory was purchased in 1867, it was not until 1884, seventeen years later, that legislation was passed creating the "District of Alaska". The "Territory of Alaska", as such, was created in 1912, by passage of what is known as the "Organic Act".

The high spots of Alaskan history are linked with the mining of gold. Authors have furnished the entire world with stories of the Klondike, Nome and Fairbanks gold rushes, and the narratives of the Yukon country have excited the imaginations of many adventurous spirits.





*Courtesy U. S. Department of Interior*

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SEWARD HARBOR

## Seward, the Gateway to Interior Alaska

KATHERINE RAGER

WHEN our forefathers were fighting for independence, the Russians on beautiful Resurrection Bay, bordering the Kenai Peninsula, were engaged in shipbuilding. Forty-odd years ago the Right Reverend P. T. Rowe, the Bishop of Alaska, found one white man living on the present site of Seward. This New Englander, who depended for his supplies on a boat plying between Cook Inlet points, gave his name to Lowell Creek, both a beauty and a menace as it roars down the canyon into the flume and out to the bay. Back of the altar in St. Peter's Church in Seward a striking painting may be seen, showing Von Empel's idea of the first Easter on Resurrection Bay.

Seward, The Gateway to Interior Alaska, is today a modern town of nearly a thousand persons. To its docks weekly boats bring travelers from all walks of life. So accustomed are the townspeople to seeing the great and the near-great of the financial, literary, and artistic world that many celebrities come and go practically unnoticed. Those who remain in Seward for a while seem to feel that they can let down all defensive barriers without being molested by the curious. Sewardites still speak with affection and pride of President Harding, who unattended paid leisurely calls at various homes and was as

unassuming and easy to approach as the friendliest sourdough.

Almost entirely surrounded by snow-capped mountains, Seward is the southern terminal of the Alaska Railroad. Despite its modern apartment houses, stores, hospital, schools, and churches, Seward will probably experience no great increase in population for many years. Its one beautiful highway to Lake Kenai is being connected by means of a large bridge over Snow River to small communities across the lake. Not only tourists but old-time residents find a never-failing interest in the fragrant spruce and hemlock trees and the frequent glimpses of wild life along this scenic road.

Loyal Sewardites challenge the world to show them a better water supply or purer milk. For years both water and milk have stood the high tests made by inspectors and have kept their standards as nearly perfect as such things can be.

Over a period of several years an interested minister kept the daily temperature of Seward and compared it with that of Seattle. He found Seattle but ten degrees higher.

Freedom from kidnaping and other major crimes enables persons to roam the hills and highways at all hours—a security found in few places in the world today. Truly, Seward is the "big rock candy mountain."

# Alaska and National Defense

HON. ANTHONY J. DIMOND

*Delegate from Alaska*

ALASKA, by reason of its geographical location, occupies a vital position in any sound plan for national defense. That can best be realized by looking at a world globe, rather than at the ordinary map in which the positions of the areas shown thereon are bound to be somewhat distorted. The defense of Alaska is necessary to our national safety by reason of its proximity to the United States and by reason of the fact that Alaska lies on the short line between the United States and the great nations of Eastern Asia. The most casual inspection of a globe will show this fact clearly. It will be seen that the Territory fronts for more than 2400 miles on the North Pacific Ocean. For much of that distance it offers unequaled opportunities, either for the defense of the United States, or, if in possession of a hostile power, for aggression against the United States.

Most people in considering travel to Japan, or China, or even to Siberia, are under the impression that the route to any of those countries by way of the Hawaiian Islands is the shortest route. But the facts are quite otherwise. The short line from the United States to the Orient, whether from San Francisco, Portland or Seattle, runs close to the Aleutian Islands, and that chain of islands, as you may know, extends out from the mainland of Alaska, approximately 800 miles towards Asia and is more than 2300 miles north of the Hawaiian Islands. And this short, Great Circle route from Yokohama to the United States, which touches the Aleutians, is about 1400 miles less in distance than the route which goes by way of the Hawaiian Islands. Fourteen hundred miles requires more than two days of sailing for a 25 knot vessel.

In view of recent developments in Asia, it seems tolerably clear that if this nation is again obliged to enter into armed conflict with any other, and to defend itself against aggression, the attack will come not across the Atlantic, but across the Pacific. And

for any attack coming across the Pacific aimed at our shores, if we hold possession—actual, fortified, defensive possession—of the coast as well as the main body of Alaska, we shall necessarily be in control of the interior, short line from the Orient and will thus be in the strongest possible position for the defense of both Alaska and of the continental United States. But if possession of Alaska be in the hands of an enemy, that enemy will occupy the most advantageous post to carry out offensive operations against the United States. Nothing is clearer, nothing more certain than the proposition, which is based upon the elementary principles of military and naval art, that possession in force of the short, interior line always gives strategic and actual control.

The Territory of Alaska at the present time has no defensive forces whatsoever, with the exception of 300 infantry stationed at Chilkoot Barracks, and approximately 6 naval airplanes which are located at Sitka, both in southeastern Alaska. In the event of hostilities in that area, our military and naval forces now in Alaska would be obliged to escape or surrender. They are not large enough to fight.

Yes, the possession of Alaska by foreign and hostile nationals would be a constant source of menace to the peace and safety of the United States. And this is true because of something not known when Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867. Just as the invention of gun powder destroyed feudalism, so the invention and development of the airplane has set at naught the former earthbound concepts of military and naval strategy. A few years ago Great Britain felt perfectly safe, because the Straits of Dover, and the English Channel, and the North Sea, intervene between the British Isles and continental Europe. But only the other day, in the British House of Commons, former Prime Minister Baldwin, made a statement which no one can doubt, that the defense line of Great Britain is no longer

at the Channel, but on the Rhine. The modern military airplanes can exercise their terrible striking power hundreds of miles away from their bases within the nation. And so if the defense line of England is no longer at the Channel but on the Rhine, then it is certain that the defense line of the United States is not on the actual shores of our Atlantic, or Pacific or Gulf coasts, but a long, long distance farther away out in the oceans which wash those shores.

In the Pacific that defense line can be considered only as embracing all of Alaska. It has been said that the Hawaiian Islands are the key to the Pacific, and that assertion I do not propose to dispute. But it is only a part of the fact, a part of the truth. Let us change the figure of speech and say that the Hawaiian Islands are, for defense purposes, a door to the United States—a door that has been locked and barred by the strong defensive works and establishments which now exist or which are under construction in that group of Islands. It is probable that the United States Government has spent more than 400 million dollars in establishing defensive works in the Hawaiian Islands; a splendid harbor for its fleet; a capacious base for a mighty air force; accommodations for a considerable part of the Army of the United States; and all of the facilities necessary to serve all arms of the services. Yes, we have locked the Hawaiian door, a door which undefended would give access to the United States; but the Alaska door is still wide open. It has always been considered folly to lock one door of a house and leave the other one ajar to be entered by thieves and vandals and marauders, and yet that is the precise situation which we find with respect to Alaska.

The sound reasons which justify the defensive works in Hawaii, call insistently for even stronger works in Alaska, thus to bolt and bar, and to wall with the masonry of our arms, the now open door to the United States through and along the coast of Alaska. Pearl Harbor is too far from both the United States and the Orient to be alone sufficient. Alaska is near to both.

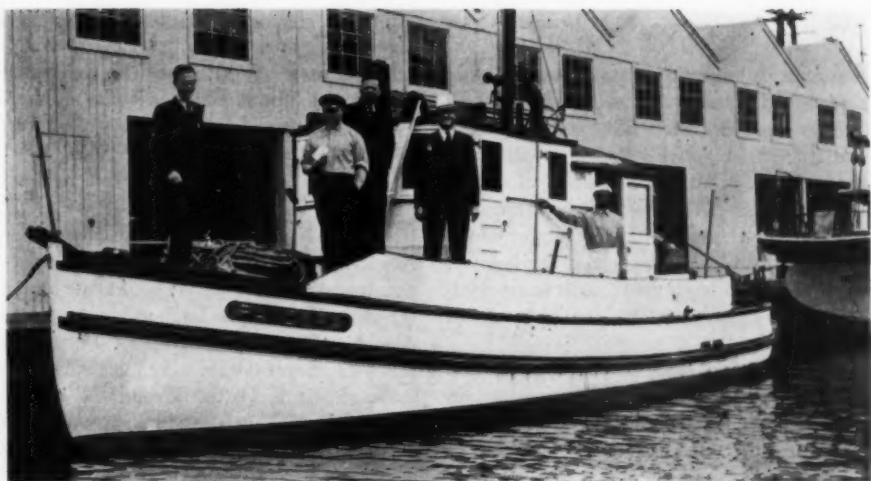
It is not an exaggeration to say that the control of Alaska—and by that I mean real control, control which has something more than naked land to depend upon, control

that is made effective by strong defensive works and installations,—means control of the North Pacific and control as well of the route across the North Pacific from the Orient to the coast of the United States.

Not only is it vital that Alaska be defended in order to protect the United States, but the Territory is well worth defense on its own account. Equal in area to all of the States east of the Mississippi River and north of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, Alaska contains almost illimitable resources. More than a thousand tons of gold of the value of more than 500 millions of dollars have been taken from Alaska. It has produced more than 200 millions of dollars worth of copper. It has given to the economy of the nation more than 100 million dollars worth of furs, and more than a billion dollars worth of seafood products, principally the rich and nutritious salmon. Its forest resources, although not now utilized, are capable of producing in perpetuity products worth at least 50 million dollars per annum. Its coal alone would supply the nation for 500 years. Alaska produces both platinum and tin as well as silver and other minerals. It contains vast resources of iron. Its oil lands are mostly withdrawn for the future use of the nation. And most valuable of all are the 40 million acres, and upwards, of agricultural lands of the Territory, capable of producing enough food to supply millions of people. The reindeer ranges of the Arctic could furnish sufficient meat to feed those people. In 1937 the total trade between the United States and Alaska amounted to approximately \$124,000,000. A large part of this wealth produced in Alaska does not remain in the Territory but is channelled into the pocket-books of people who reside in the United States. Moreover, the Territory possesses an intangible resource in its magnificent scenery, equal in grandeur to anything to be found in the world.

In truth, Alaska is a priceless asset, and if it were located in any other part of the earth, it would long before this have been the cause of half a dozen wars. Italy has spent hundreds of millions to acquire Ethiopia and that land now partially conquered, according to most reliable reports, is not one-fourth as valuable as is Alaska.





THE "PANDORA" FISHING BOAT IN WHICH MEMBERS OF THE WILL ROGERS-WILEY POST MEMORIAL EXPEDITION ARE MAKING A TRIP TO POINT BARROW, ALASKA

*Reading from left to right: John Kayser, Dr. Homer Flint Kellems, Rev. Roy Curtis and Wilmer Sims. In the background may be seen the colored cook who made the trip from California to Seattle but quit at that point.*

## Another "Pandora's Box"

*The Story of an Oklahoma Offering to Alaska*

GRACE M. KAYSER

THE people of the United States were horror stricken when, on the morning of August sixteenth, 1935, news flashed over the air that Will Rogers and Wiley Post had crashed the day before at far distant Wallakpa Lagoon about fifteen miles from Point Barrow, Alaska.

There were few families in the entire nation that did not feel a sense of personal loss in the tragic passing of these two men. For within the heart of every man and woman burns a spark of the spirit of adventure; of admiration for those who do and dare; and a genuine love for those who can look always on the bright side of life and find something to laugh about in even the simplest things. Thus Will Rogers, beloved humorist, and Wiley Post, adventurer of the air, had made a place for themselves in even the smallest hamlets of the country. The nation as a whole mourned its loss.

But it was in Oklahoma that the greatest grief was felt over the passing of these two favorite sons. Oklahomans had followed their careers with mingled pride and fear—fear that some day tragedy might befall these two blithe spirits as they gayly went their way through life, unafraid of what a new day might bring to them. And at last the blow fell! Stunned, the citizens of Oklahoma felt that theirs had been a loss too great to bear. But after the first shock had been dulled by the passing of months there came a reaction—a desire to erect some memorial which might show to the nation and to those of future generations that Oklahoma is indeed proud of these brave men and particularly of our own Will Rogers.

A Will Rogers Memorial Association headed by General Roy Hoffman of Oklahoma City was formed. It was decided to erect a beautiful memorial in honor of the

humorist, a rambling type ranch building typical of Oklahoma, the state in which Will Rogers passed his early life. It is now being constructed of native stone. It will stand through the centuries holding aloft the bright banner of the man in whose memory it was built, a banner of kindly humor which brought joy to all with whom the beloved humorist came in contact. It is to be dedicated November 4, 1938, the birthday of Will Rogers.

What is the especial interest of the Daughters of the American Revolution in this? We know Rogers did not hesitate to poke fun at us when he found a vulnerable spot. But who could feel hurt when he said he had always wondered why we feel such veneration for our ancestors who came over in the Mayflower. He said "Mine stood on the shore and watched them land." Yes, he made fun of us when he thought he had an opportunity yet no one had more reverence for those principles upon which our society is founded, no one was more willing to work for his country than was Will Rogers.

So the Oklahoma Daughters of the American Revolution feel honored in being asked to have a part in this Memorial. We are to plant a pathway of red bud trees—those trees which cover our state each spring with flaunting garlands of cerise flowers. They are to be planted on each side of a curved walk which leads up to the entrance of the building. There are to be twenty-nine trees, one given by each chapter in the state. A suitable marker will be put up showing they are the gift of the Oklahoma Daughters.

There is also to be a single tree of historical significance planted at some conspicuous spot on the grounds. This will be the gift of the Daughters as a state organization, who are now corresponding with the widow of the humorist, in an effort to secure

a tree from the Rogers ranch in California. If this can not be done a scion of some historical tree will be planted.

While all these plans were being made it occurred to Rev. Homer Flint Kellems, nationally known evangelist of the Christian Church and a personal friend of Will Rogers, that a suitable marker should be put up at the actual scene of the crash, far-away Wallakpa Lagoon in northern Alaska. But how could this be accomplished? Several trips were hurriedly made to Washington, D. C. Would the government recognize such a trip so it would not

be merely a fly-by-night affair with no background? Secretary Ickes of the Interior Department became interested in the project and after investigation gave his sanction to it. The government gave the backers of the trip permission to use the Alaskan railways if they needed them.

Then came another problem. Where could a boat be secured? A boat strong and sturdy enough to stand the pounding of the mushy ice after it passed Nome on the last five hundred miles of

their perilous journey. For the sponsors of this trip asked no financial aid from anyone. They preferred to buy their own boat, pay their own expenses, endure the dangers and hardships of the trip—all for the honor of erecting a memorial at the most northern point of Alaska to Will Rogers and Wiley Post, men they had loved and admired.

More trips were made across the country, this time toward the west instead of the east. Boats were inspected in Seattle and at other points along the Pacific coast. Finally, at Santa Monica, California, the "Pandora" was found. It was originally a small fishing boat only thirty-eight feet long. It was overhauled, a Diesel engine installed, some sails added in case the en-



WILL ROGERS

gine failed, life preservers were bought, and the trip became a reality instead of only a dream.

Rev. Kellems holds a license as a pilot for he was born with a love for the water and has many times piloted his own boat through ocean waters. He selected as his companions Rev. Roy Curtis and Wilmer Sims, both of Hillsboro, Texas, who had been with him on former trips. But they needed another. One who was younger. One who could take hardships with a smile. They finally decided upon John Kayser of Chickasha, Oklahoma, a youth of twenty-one years. He was graduated this spring from the University of Oklahoma with a degree in Journalism so he would be able to write newspaper accounts of the trip which would let the world know how the expedition was faring as it slowly crept along the Alaskan coast. He had fished the waters and streams of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He had climbed mountains and slept all night in the clouds. He had tramped paths too high for modern automobiles to climb. Yes, they believed he could stand the gaff so they invited him to go along. An engineer was found who was willing to make the trip. Another pilot was secured and the expedition was complete.

Not quite, however, for the problem of cooking presented itself. They persuaded an old time negro, a Southern darkey, to go along as cook. He embarked with them at Santa Monica but when the boat docked at Seattle he was the first one off. Sadly shaking his head he said, "I'se sorry, Massa Kellems, but I just never knew there was so much water anywhere. I just don't dare go on. Nothin' but water. I'se goin' back home." There was no time to secure another so the group sailed from Seattle hoping to pick up a Chinese cook somewhere along the way.

The expedition carries radio equipment so broadcasts may be made from time to time. The cargo consists of provisions for four months, a few clothes, still and mov-

ing picture cameras, guns, fishing rods, reels and lines, writing materials, and most precious of all, a box, silvery white on the outside with the letters D. A. R. painted in bright blue on the lid. A small box, only twelve by fourteen inches in size, but it holds much of interest to the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is to be placed in the cornerstone of the obelisk which the group will erect at Wallakpa Lagoon, there to remain until some future date many hundred years from now, perhaps, when curious fingers will open it, will take out its contents and will find inscribed therein: "This is the gift of the Oklahoma Daughters of the American Revolution placed here in memory of Will Rogers and Wiley Post."



WILEY POST

Further investigation of the contents of the box will disclose a beautiful photograph of the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., elected to her high office in April, 1938. She is lovely in her gown of white with the blue ribbon crossing her breast and the beautiful insignia of our society as it is set in the President General's pin fastened over her heart. Her message sent with the picture says in part, "It is with the greatest pleasure

that I send this note for inclusion with the records that the Oklahoma Daughters of the American Revolution will place in the cornerstone of the marker to Will Rogers. I consider it a privilege to share in this tribute to an American who did perhaps more than any other man of his day to create a wholesome humanitarian spirit in the hearts of his countrymen."

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

(Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr.),  
President General, N.S.D.A.R.

Other photographs include those of Mrs. Frank Hamilton Marshall of Enid, Oklahoma, past vice president general of the national society, and of Mrs. Luther Eugene Tomm of Tulsa, Oklahoma, past librarian general of the national society, together with messages from both.

Mrs. Andrew R. Hickam of Oklahoma City who was state regent at the time a contest was sponsored by the state Daughters for the adoption of a design for the Oklahoma flag also sent a message to be included in the box.

The design which was chosen in the contest mentioned was drawn by Mrs. George Fluke of Ponca City. She, too, is a member of our society. An Oklahoma state flag together with an account of the way in which the design was chosen and a description of the meaning of the symbols on the flag as prepared by Mrs. Fluke was also placed in the box.

Mrs. Frank Korn of El Reno, another Oklahoma Daughter, is "Mother" of the Oklahoma Memorial Association, an organization which once each year holds an elaborate ceremony at which sons and daughters who have brought credit to their state are inducted into a Hall of Fame. As her contribution to the Alaskan box Mrs. Korn sent a program of the meeting held in 1932 when Will Rogers was made a member of this illustrious group. With this was included her photograph, an account of the history of the association and the way in which it was founded.

Frances Parkinson Keyes, editor of our own magazine, sent the December, 1937, copy of the National Historical Magazine which includes that inspiring "Prayer For An Editor", in which she pleads:

"Lord, bless our work on this our magazine,  
And with thy blessing give us wisdom, too;  
Teach us to keep the pages fair and clean,  
Teach us to make its message strong and true."

The state regent of Oklahoma included a message and a short history of the work of the Oklahoma Daughters. She also told of the way in which Mrs. J. C. Hawkins of Blackwell, state conservation chairman, assisted by Mrs. S. I. Flournoy of Oklahoma City, is carrying forward the project of a red bud pathway and the planting of an historical tree at Claremore.

When careful hands place this box in the base of the marker at Wallakpa Lagoon, August 15th, it will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

The marker itself is to be on a base of concrete. Above this will rise an obelisk fifteen feet high topped with a round stone which has been taken from Claremore so it

is of the same material as that of the Oklahoma memorial. This stone represents the world which knew Will Rogers and Wiley Post so well. Two plaques sunk into the marker will be inscribed, one with the names, "Will Rogers, Wiley Post." The other, placed just below the first, will bear the words, "Ended Life's Flight Here August 15, 1935."

Naturally the question arises. How can the necessary cement, sand, rock, and other materials needed to erect such a marker be carried in such a small boat as the one in which the members of the expedition are traveling? This has all been sent to Point Barrow on the Coast Guard Cutter which once each summer visits this far away port. The materials will all be landed before the expedition reaches the spot.

The exact place where the crash occurred is about fifteen miles from Point Barrow, but it is on an inlet so a small boat can go within a few feet of the actual scene of the tragedy. The stone and cement will be carried from Point Barrow in this boat.

The expedition members sailed from Seattle June 19th. Because they travel very slowly they do not plan to reach their destination until about August 10th. They will then have long hours of daylight. Little time will be wasted so they feel sure they can easily complete the erection of the marker by August 15th. It will be dedicated that day. The men who put it up will leave at once on their return journey to the United States so as to avoid being caught in the ice which freezes very early at this northern point. They will reach Oklahoma in time to be in Claremore November 4th, for the dedication at that time. They will bring with them stones from Point Barrow and Wallakpa Lagoon to place on the grounds of the Oklahoma Memorial.

Thus Alaska and Oklahoma will be linked together even though they are hundreds of miles apart. Links which join the birthplace and the passing of one of the greatest humorists of all time. He, who had he lived in Shakespeare's time might have been the one of whom the great dramatist spoke when he said:

"He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men."



Harris & Ewing

*Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode*

DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN AND HERSELF A PERSONAGE OF  
MANIFOLD ACHIEVEMENTS AND GREAT NOTE

## Your Capital City—and Mine!

HAZEL WHITAKER VANDENBERG

WASHINGTON'S first Outdoor Fair was patterned after the outdoor marts of Paris, New Orleans, New York and Chicago, with the *Washington Herald* as sponsor. Madison Place, opposite the White House, and the sidewalks in front of the old conservative Cosmos Club and Cameron House were the centers of the exhibits which were supervised by the W.P.A. and the Office of Education in Washington. Over a hundred and fifty artists of various types set up their displays against the trees, along the grass—anywhere they could find a place. A conservative estimate placed the number of those who came to view these

displays in the two days at about eighty-five thousand. Even Howard Chandler Christy flew down from New York, and was very much impressed with the exhibit. The unknown and the well-known exhibited side by side. Some of Washington's top-notch social names were among the exhibitors but there was no partiality shown to anyone. For instance, a very successful and well-known Washington woman writer and painter, Miss Bessie Poe, displayed one of her "brain-children" entitled, "Dream Within a Dream," a really unusual painting. By way of explaining why she has



taken up painting, she says, "The urge came to paint and I could not resist it."

Right next to her display, a Texas Ranger in his ten gallon hat and gun in holster was showing one hundred of his cowboy and western paintings. 'Twas said he had been a Sheriff of the Old West and was now Captain of the Santa Monica Mounted Police.

It was an engaging experience to wander from one artist's display to another, some tragically amateur, others startlingly beautiful. Bizarre clothes seemed part of the cheerful Bohemian atmosphere. While the W.P.A. Orchestra played in the early afternoon, Mrs. J. Hamilton Lewis, wife of the Senator from Illinois, told fortunes, an accomplishment for which she is famous.

One youth, I'm told, had never even had an art lesson, but he sold seven of his eleven excellent pictures during the two days. An artist worked on flower plaques made of silk and fabric. A sculptor made statues. A chap in a black velvet tam was busy cutting out silhouettes like lightning. A couple of elderly women were exhibiting samples of their silver and copper work. Many artists with crowds looking on were working on pictures labeled, "to be sold when finished."

But the group in which I was most interested was that of the children's art display, a simply amazing exhibition of work done by children between the ages of eight and twelve. Animals, boats, houses and landscapes were the themes, work of which a master artist could have been proud.

I am told that in the two days a great many sales were effected and that all in all the fair was considered such a success that it will undoubtedly be repeated next year.

#### *Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode*

LATELY I EXPERIENCED one of those perfect days that you can never forget!

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode, our former American Minister to Denmark, has been a life long friend of mine, and when I heard she was speaking at National Park College Graduation Exercises, that date went down in my engagement book. Added to the pleasure of seeing her was that of seeing the President of the school and Mrs. Roy Tasco Davis, who are also good friends of ours. And was I glad I went! It was an inspiration in itself to see those lovely

young girls marching across that beautiful campus in their white gowns, carrying flowers in orchid shades. And it was even more of an inspiration to hear Mrs. Rhode, particularly because of the sentiment connected with the occasion. Twenty-five years ago her father, William Jennings Bryan, had spoken at the same place, so it was beautiful and fitting that after all these years, she should come back to talk on "Opening Doors." She is a magnetic speaker at any time, but on this very sentimental occasion she drew a never-to-be-forgotten picture of the old contrasted with the new. It was my privilege to lunch with her afterward and I found her the same sweet, genuine person she was of yore.

The history of National Park College reads almost like a fairy tale. Its buildings and campus are something rarely seen in a similar educational institution. And so, all in all, it was to go down in memory.

#### *Rumanian Legation Party*

OFTEN MY FRIENDS question the necessity of the formal etiquette of Washington. But after living here and realizing how many old world courts are represented by diplomats used to all this pomp and circumstance, the necessity becomes plain. Just as the British Garden Party was given to honor the King of England, so the new Rumanian Minister, Radu Irimescu, and his American-born wife honored the accession to the throne of King Carol II by a house-warming. It has been a long time since this Legation has had a chateau. The dashing, svelte Minister, Charles Davila, who preceded them, entertained on a very lavish scale. On one occasion we had fresh caviar imported directly from Rumania, arriving the afternoon of the dinner! But there was no hostess!

Like all good housekeepers, Madame Irimescu was anxious to have her house in order before giving a party. And the Legation certainly looked "refreshed." Lighter walls, moss-green carpets, new draperies, many new pictures completed the transformation. Naturally Washington was anxious to know this new hostess and her big, powerfully built husband. For much of their fame and history had preceded them. It seems that the Minister's father was a Rear Admiral in the Rumanian Navy, so it was

natural that as a youth the Minister himself should attend a military college. Just as he was about to complete his training, which included a course in a German war college, the World War broke out and he joined the Rumanian Army. In the course of his service he was transferred to the Air Corps, in which he became a commanding officer, receiving many high awards. Almost immediately after the armistice he came to New York to represent the Bank Chrissoveloni of Bucharest. Busy as he was he found time to attend engineering classes at Columbia and in 1920 received his degree. Meanwhile he had also found time for romance. And so he married a widow who was formerly Henrietta Moech of Buffalo.

During the following twelve years he proved himself a successful business man, representing his country in the United States. In 1932 he went home to become manager of the Electric and Gas Company of Bucharest. Just a few months later came his appointment as First Undersecretary of State for Air. While Minister of Air and Navy, he placed many large contracts for American-made aircraft for use in Rumanian transport service. Then came another big job—that of manager of the country's greatest industrial enterprise, the Resita Iron and Steel Works, which employs 16,000 people.

Though Radu Irimescu has held all these positions, yet he has never been a member of a political party. So after the fall of Goga, he was free to accept the Washington appointment as Minister. With his experience and background and the able assistance of his charming blonde wife, his success in Washington is assured.

#### *Cuban Embassy Party*

MY CONCEPTION of an exotic evening was fulfilled at the Cuban Embassy party which was in celebration of the 36th Anniversary of the founding of the Republic of Cuba. The fiesta marked the anniversary of the day when the flag of the Cuban Republic was first unfurled from Morro Castle, at the time the first Cuban President was inaugurated, when, you will remember, Cuba was freed from the Spanish rule by the Spanish American War. The United States protectorate continued until May, 1902,

when Cuba became an independent Republic. The present Ambassador, H. E. Senor Dr. Pedro Martinez Fraga, is one of the many attractive bachelor diplomats in Washington. Though he has been absent a great deal this season, yet when he entertains his parties are something to remember.

The Embassy is truly a palace patterned after a villa in Italy—to me it is the most imposing Embassy in Washington. It is practically all white glistening marble and as you climb the broad, red-carpeted, marble stairway to the second floor, it is impressive beyond words. The only other building that is comparable is the Pan American Union.

Dr. Fraga received with the Counselor of the Embassy and Madame Baron at the top of the red-carpeted stairway. After we greeted our delightful host, we "mulled" around among the crowd past the upstairs American buffet laden with Virginia ham, turkey, a multitude of sandwiches, hot dishes and ice cream, to the ballroom where an orchestra played American dance music. From here we wended our way downstairs into the garden, where the famous Granet Cuban Band of New York played in a temporary pavilion. Flood lights concealed among the flowers illuminated the garden, giving the effect of moonlight. Beds of blooming roses and peonies belied the fact that they had been planted that very morning by florist experts. A myriad of colored lights, strung among the trees, added to the glamour of the whole picture. The native blue and white costumes of the orchestra were very bizarre, with enormous white satin sleeves, wide belts and embroidered trousers. Literally over a thousand people enjoyed this amazing hospitality. All South America seemed to be present!

Besides the upstairs buffet, downstairs was a real Cuban buffet. A little roasted pig centered the table. I found it stuffed with all sorts of spicy things. The chicken and rice dish, "*arroz con polo*," has always been one of our favorites from the first time we went to Havana. Latin Americans seem to have the trick of combining chicken and rice in a way with which we cannot compete. I tasted some of the *frijolas* (black beans) which I learned to like last winter in Arizona. Besides all this there



Harris & Ewing

### *Madame Irimescu*

AMERICAN BORN WIFE OF THE RUMANIAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES

was delicious, hot, clear soup called *agaico* (I may be wrong in my spelling).

Even out in the garden, refreshments were being served at the small tables which had been placed around the edge of the dancing pavilion.

The Cuban Ambassador had started his celebration of the Anniversary at midday when he received the members of the Cuban colony in Washington and presented diplomats of the Order of Carlos J. Finlay to

three very prominent doctors from Cornell University. This order was established to perpetuate the memory of the famous doctor who discovered the mosquito to be the carrier of the dread yellow fever.

It is to be hoped that this hospitable Cuban Ambassador will remain much longer than his predecessors. There has been such a succession of changes in the Embassy during the last ten years that it has been difficult to become acquainted with the various representatives.

*British Embassy Garden Party*

HOW WE ALL really do love Pomp and Circumstance—and how the English can create this atmosphere! From the time we stepped out of our car at the entrance of the palatial English Embassy on the day of the June Garden Party, everything was impressive. A Highlander bedecked majordomo, kilts and all, “checked” us—and that meant we turned in our invitation to him which was engraved—“Please present this card at the door.” Of course when you realize that over four thousand people were invited to the two Garden Parties you can understand the necessity of this checking system, originated by Lady Lindsay.

This garden party was given by T. E. Sir Ronald and Lady Lindsay, His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, and his wife, in honor of His Majesty King George VI in celebration of his birthday. But the English are nothing if not practical, and long ago set this date to be celebrated arbitrarily throughout the Empire because it is the ideal time of year for Garden Parties. It makes no difference that the present King's birthday really falls on December 14th. The Lucky Lindsays had beautiful days for both parties, and when I tell you that at nine out of ten garden parties this last month the rain has come down in torrents, you can understand why they're considered lucky. Even in all the eight years since the Embassy was built, only the Jubilee Celebration last year had to be postponed.

To return to the majordomo—after passing his scrutinizing eye, innumerable lackeys seemed to pop up on all sides to guide you on your way. Their costumes of scarlet knee breeches, white stockings and black pumps with enormous silver buckles still further accentuated the Pomp and Circumstance. Up and Up those unforgettable marble steps of “giant width and midget height” you climb with barely time to glimpse Queen Victoria, King Edward, Queen Alexandra, King George and Queen Mary looking down on you a bit stiffly—on past the salon with its famous paneled black glass mirrors, out onto the broad veranda overlooking the terrace. Here it is that Their Excellencies always receive their guests with a gracious handshake. Apparently the steady stream that had begun at

four and would last until seven was not proving too much of a strain though I noticed they exchanged places every once in a while—(I found this was because they became a bit dizzy).

The view as you descend those broad marble steps is like something out of a book. I never cease being thrilled by the magnificent vistas—the velvety lawn—the magnolias—the clipped box—the brilliant roses—which are Lady Lindsay's specialty (you may not know she is a real landscape gardener and designed the entire Embassy garden, which is under her direct supervision).

The whole place was originally plotted on a blue print so that blooms could be constant from March on through the summer and fall.

Strawberries with Devonshire cream are always the order of the day at these fetes—in fact, 'tis said the whole town's supply had been depleted for days. Quantities of sandwiches, cakes and iced tea were served from one orange colored marquée at the foot of the garden.

We walked past the big blue-tiled swimming pool to the tennis court which Dr. Rowe says is the best in Washington—and he ought to know from the way he plays! Near here we found more refreshments being served from another marquée—a mild sauterne punch swimming in strawberries.

All in all it was decidedly the most formal of all Washington garden parties especially as far as the gentlemen were concerned. Where else have grey toppers appeared in the capital? And yet here was H. E. the new Brazilian Ambassador, Senor Brandao, wearing one and eyeing the crowd from his monocle. And here, too, was the South African Minister, Mr. Ralph Close, grey-topped. There were also many black toppers and impeccable morning clothes.

The diplomatic camera “fiends,” the Swiss Minister, Mr. Marc Peter, and the Portuguese Minister, Mr. Antonio de Bianchi, were having great fun snapping friends here and there. So even though there was a decided air of formality in some respects, yet everyone seemed to be having a very good time.

Lady Lindsay always dresses simply—very conservatively in fact—and this day was no exception—a dull bottle-green floor-length gown—a dark brown hat, gloves. As we were saying our goodbyes (the party was nearly over), she asked us to sit down for a visit with Irene Robbins (Mrs. Warren Delano Robbins, the widow of the President's cousin). There's a sparkle in her brown eyes, a sense of humor that is irresistible, and as we "rehashed" some of the events of the afternoon, we all relaxed into a good laugh.

Right at the stroke of seven, the orchestra, which had been playing all afternoon, struck up the strains of "God Save the King"—all stood at attention and the party was over. But here's hoping "the Lucky Lindsays" will still be with us next year!

*The Closing Hours of the Seventy-Fifth Congress*

THE USUAL PYROTECHNICS were lacking at the close of the turbulent seventy-fifth Congress. Instead one felt a rather tense undercurrent in both the House and Senate, an atmosphere not conducive to the back-slapping and hi-jinks that often mark the closing hours. Everyone was so anxious to get away that controversial legislation was avoided for the most part. Discussion of the work of the Committee appointed to investigate campaign expenses was dropped like a hot potato. But Senator Minton (Indiana New Deal Democrat) could not refrain from trying at the last minute to get an added appropriation for his Lobby Investigating Committee that has met up with such criticism. The news gallery listened agog while Senator Burke (Jeffersonian Democrat from Nebraska) who was still going strong, finally won the day, so that hurdle was passed. When you realize that all of the 435 Representatives, as well as 32 Senators, are up for re-election this fall, you can understand their anxiety to get home to "mend their fences." One lawmaker said to me, "Our work is just like a housekeeper's, never done, so don't say *vacation* to me."

Senate wives to the right and left filled our gallery, most of them packed and ready to run home at the stroke of the gavel. Not much impassioned oratory that June evening; in fact, the air-conditioning system

makes so much noise that speakers can scarcely be heard in the galleries. Confusion reigned; Senator Pittman in the chair called order in vain. Though this Congress may have come in like a lamb, it went out more like a caged lion. There was the Attorney General on the floor nodding to Mrs. Homer Cummings in the gallery, looking very smart in a blue-cape outfit with a snappy feather toque. And there was Dixie Bibbs Graves, the former Senator from Alabama, who resigned after a very brilliant but brief term, visiting with the only woman Senator, Mrs. Hattie Caraway from Arkansas, who is up for re-election. (Let me digress long enough to repeat one of her campaign experiences which she tells so inimitably. It was at the time the late Senator Huey Long came to Arkansas with his sound truck to campaign for her. As he became more and more eloquent and exaggerated her virtues to the point of embarrassment, one old matter-of-fact farmer in a low voice admonished, "Shush, Huey, don't go on so tellen' thum lies 'bout her, 'cause we's all er-going to vote fer her anyhow." No better storyteller can be found than this apparently shy little woman from Arkansas.)

As is customary at the close, Majority Leader, Senator Barclay, paid his compliments to the Senate. The Speaker of the House, Mr. Bankhead, lauded the "Patriotism, intelligence and high character of the House." President Roosevelt sent a letter of good wishes to both Chambers, and is said to have remarked that Congress ended in a "blaze of glory" despite the fact it had denied him a few things.

Maybe a group of Senators did get together after adjournment for a songfest, and maybe the House did put on a synthetic love-feast, but the story sounded rather hollow and strained to anyone who had sat through those last few hours.

Our bags were all ready in the car and we dashed right from adjournment to the train. Back to good old Lake Michigan with no campaign ahead! I hope you are all staying this summer in as lovely a spot as we have the good fortune to enjoy.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Since Mrs. Vandenberg is now absent from the capital on her vacation, her series will not be represented by an article in the September issue.





## The Beauty of Belvoir

GERTRUDE TUCKER AND PAULINE HOPKINS

(Conclusion)

### XVII

THE silence in the Assembly Chamber at the Capitol could have been exploded by the dropping of a hat.

A little earlier in the session Governor Lord Dunmore had read aloud the order of the British Parliament closing the Port of Boston and removing the capital of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay from that city to Salem, thus abrogating the charter granted many years before, which had assured to the people their liberty.

Now the members of the House of Burgesses might speak against this measure, and the walls of the capitol in Williamsburg had rung with their eloquence. Patrick Henry's voice had risen in protest; George Washington had sounded a strong appeal for the support of Boston. Following the speeches, the clerk had read in his calm, unflexed voice, the resolution drawn

up the evening before when a few members of the House had first received secret information of the dilemma of their sister colony.

"And we, the members of the House of Burgesses in this Commonwealth of Virginia, in session, do ordain that June 1st, 1774, be set aside as a day of solemn fasting, humiliation and prayer, devoutly to implore Divine Interposition for averting a heavy calamity which threatens the civil rights of America."

The clerk stopped speaking. Only the hum of a great bee against the window-pane broke the silence. A moment, and the clear voice of Lord Dunmore cut through the tenseness:

"Call a vote on the resolution."

The clerk began: "Ambler," "Armistead," and so on, through the list of eighty-nine names of those men elected to office

by the people of Virginia. As each name was called the representative's "Aye!" came back determinedly. The resolution was passed.

Lord Dunmore rose and, with customary courtesy, the House rose with him. He spoke:

"In the name of the King and the Parliament of Great Britain, I direct that this Assembly stand dissolved and that this resolution and its subsequent vote be stricken from the records."

A small man, possessed of great dignity, he descended from the dais; slowly, with his powdered head held high, he walked down the aisle between rows of silent men, standing straight with eyes forward and giving him no recognition.

Not a member moved; not one spoke. Through the open door came the sound of the footfalls of the horses, came the sharp clap of the coach door, came the quick order to the footman: "Drive to the Palace." The clanking of the harness told the members that the Royal Governor had been driven away.

Even then there was no outburst against the insult; nothing more than the heavy tramp of men as the Assembly broke up into little groups for discussion, for over these men hung the pall of insurrection.

"This is the first straw that may mean war," Peyton Randolph said to Richard Bland as they emerged into the May sunshine. Mr. Bland did not reply.

A few carriages waited in the Square. Nancy Harve, who had recently returned from the western journey, was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison at their town house and was doing errands for her hostess. At the moment, she was waiting before the house in which Richard Bland had been born. Harrison, catching a glimpse of her there, joined with Richard Henry Lee and walked across the green.

"What's happened to make you adjourn so early?" she asked curiously.

Mr. Harrison told her.

"And the people of Boston cannot get food?" she asked.

"Neither food nor money; in fact, they can get nothing unless it comes from the other colonies. Governor Gage has ordered that all shipping in and out of Boston be stopped."

"Here come Colonel Washington and Hugh Mercer," Nancy said. "Call them over, will you Ben?"

They came without summons. No one thought of trite greetings.

"The Governor took drastic action, George," Mr. Lee said. "It puts us all in the light of traitors. What do you think of calling together the members of the Committee on Correspondence?"

"I'm dining with the Governor tonight. Let me talk to him first," Colonel Washington suggested.

"Meantime, what is to be done about the people of Boston?" Mrs. Harve demanded, flicking the horses with the whip.

"Why don't you organize a relief committee, Nancy," Mr. Harrison suggested. "Of course they don't need help yet but you can begin your arrangements."

Mrs. Harve was thoughtful. I'll go back to your house and tell Elizabeth, Ben. Sally and Mr. Fairfax got to town a little while ago, on their way to Ceelys to some sort of a reunion. They'll probably be spending the night with Robert and Anne Nicholas."

Mr. Lee spoke to her: "Get Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Randolph interested in your plan, Nancy, and I'll come in late this evening and see what you've got for an organization."

With a sober gesture of farewell, Mrs. Harve turned the gig and drove away.

Richard Lee spoke to the other men: "I will take steps toward getting the committee together; I'd like to see Peyton Randolph made chairman. But the news of this must go north to John Adams. . . ."

"There is no such need for hasty action," warned Colonel Washington. "Ascertain that your members are in Williamsburg, but do not ignore the fact that from now on every action we take will be censored by Lord Dunmore."

"Will you sit in at the meeting, George?" Mr. Harrison asked. "We'll meet in secret in an upper room at Raleigh Tavern."

"That would be unwise—at least, not until after this dinner."

Lee turned to Harrison: "If you've nothing to do, Ben, help me to get the members together. I think they're all in town."

"Certainly. Let me see . . . you want . . ." Harrison took a sheaf of papers

from his pocket but Lee recited the names from memory.

"Dudley Diggs, Peyton Randolph, Robert Carter Nicholas, Richard Bland, Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry, Dabney Carr, Tom Jefferson, Archibald Cary and, of course, you and me."

"Nicholas isn't here. He and Anne have gone to Ceelys."

"Then we can't have the meeting; there must be a full committee. Well, call it for the night of the twenty-seventh and I'll send an express to Ceelys to get Nicholas. Be sure that the rest of the men don't leave. God knows what's happening in Boston. Another thing, we'd better consult with Patrick Henry about that gunpowder that's stored over at the warehouse. We'll need that if trouble breaks out and Dunmore will claim it for the Crown."

Silence fell upon the little group but their attention was diverted immediately by a stir in the crowd around Raleigh Tavern.

"There's an express rider now!" cried Ben Harrison and ran across the street.

From every direction men came quickly, eager to hear news. The messenger pulled his horse to a stop in the midst of a seething crowd. Windows flew open and the women were clamoring for the message. The boy called loudly over the heads of the people.

"Message from Robert Carter Nicholas!"

"Give it!"

"British frigate *Fowey* landed this morning with the Countess of Dunmore and her daughters aboard. They're on their way here now, about ten miles behind me on the Hampton Road."

The mumblings of the crowd became audible.

"Send her back to the frigate!"

"Ship the Governor with her!"

"Get rid of the whole damn business!"

The man who was a born orator jumped into the fray. He cried from the Tavern steps.

"Gentlemen of Virginia!" called Patrick Henry. "We have no quarrel with the women of Great Britain. The Countess is our visitor. We cannot refuse her the hospitality of Virginia!"

But the crowd was not so easily swayed.

"Not the Governor!" someone cried.

"By no means the Governor!" Henry shouted. "He's not a visitor; he's a nui-

sance. Let our own women entertain the Governor. They can handle him! Fellow-members of the House of Burgesses, which of you will ride with me to greet the Countess of Dunmore!" Across the mob ran a ripple of laughter. "Eighty-nine men! Will the men who were insulted in the House this morning ride with me to meet the wife of the Governor!" His voice rose to a high pitch.

"Aye!" "Yes!" "Aye!"

"Colonel Washington will lead us. Get your horses and assemble here in half an hour!"

By the time the half hour had passed the street was packed with people. The mounted men rode cautiously along Duke of Gloucester Street. The horses champed at their bits, the swords of the militiamen clanked against the saddle gear. Colonel Washington, the weight of responsibility slipping from him, waved his sword and shouted: "Ride!"

The men fell in behind him, four abreast, along the Hampton Road where the dust lay like ribbons of flour, thick and soft. Beneath the outward festivity, it was a grim company. Each man carried with him the thought of war—the thought that this might be the last time they would ride together without the boom of a battle to spur them on.

Robert Carter Nicholas was appalled when he met them. Something had happened! A dozen men might ride to act as escort to the wife of the Governor but not such a cavalcade as this. Such an honor would be reserved for Queen Caroline! The riders lined the sides of the road and let the coach, drawn by six white horses, pass between them. The top of the coach had been folded back and the three ladies were lovely to look upon, with their heavily plumed hats and their slender throats swathed in silken scarves against the dust. The escort, holding their hats against their breasts, kept their horses at attention, then fell in behind the coach, reining in their mounts to keep to the slow pace of the carriage horses. A second and less pretentious vehicle followed the first one. Mr. Nicholas fell in behind Mr. Lee.

"What is the reason for all this grandeur?" he demanded.

"It's a gesture of defiance," Lee said.

"I'm fearful that we're making her Ladyship pay a price, but at least we're doing it like gentlemen. Dunmore dissolved the House this morning."

"God Almighty!" said Mr. Nicholas reverently. It was his habit to call upon the Deity in any emergency. "Don't the people realize the seriousness of a clash with the Governor now?"

"Williamsburg would have run him out but for this message of yours," Lee said. "Nothing can be done now until the Countess is cared for. Where's Anne? I thought you went to Ceelys for a reunion."

"The Carys postponed it when the *Fowey* came in. Anne's in the second coach. Her Ladyship invited Mrs. Nicholas to ride with her, but my wife refused with the remark that the family meeting would be a happier one if no strangers were present!" Nicholas let forth a deep chuckle. "You should have seen them. Anne never forgets that she's a Cary and patronage is not the best approach to make to that family. The ladies will make this an interesting visit for the Countess."

"Trust them for that!" replied Lee. "Sally Fairfax is in Williamsburg!"

The steps of the houses along Duke of Gloucester Street were filled with pretty girls and gay young men. Back of the low fence-palings their mothers were gathered on the green grass, their pastel-colored gowns with the wide skirts making them look as though a garden had come suddenly into bloom. Not a window of Raleigh Tavern was empty and on the portico stood Anthony Hay, the host, keeping open house for his many distinguished guests, while on the broad steps of the Royal Residence, beneath the drooping British flag, the little pompous Governor waited alone.

The cavalcade went by, the Countess bowing low to her subject people, revelling in the thought that she was a replica of the Queen riding through London.

Around the whist table that night in the home of Mr. Robert Carter Nicholas the discussion followed closely upon local matters. The ladies were playing while their husbands talked over the situation beside the bowls of punch. All the news had been related to Anne, who had been out of Williamsburg for two days.

"When Mrs. Bassett dropped in for tea this afternoon and we finished planning the relief work, we set out to gossip," Mrs. Peyton Randolph said, as she dealt the cards. "She told us all about the wedding of Jack Custis to Eleanor Calvert. Is it true, Elizabeth, that Mr. Washington opposed the marriage?"

"Uncle George thinks Jack is too young," Mrs. Benjamin Harrison replied. "Mother is inclined to agree with her, but Aunt Martha feels that he is happier married."

"Eleanor is a lovely thing, and Jack very unstable . . . begging your pardon, Elizabeth, for such a remark about your cousin," Mrs. Harve announced lightly.

"It's your lead, Sally," Mrs. Randolph said.

Mrs. Fairfax picked up her cards: "I understand that the Washingtons are not opening the Six Chimney House this season," she volunteered. "Patsy is too lonely since her daughter died to live there. Is it true that they will stay with your mother at Eltham, Elizabeth?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Harrison. "Aunt Martha will miss you terribly when you go abroad, Mrs. Fairfax."

Sally led the king of spades very carefully.

"Is George William still holding to that idea, Sally?" asked Mrs. Nicholas, who was playing against her sister. Her tone showed a slight disrespect for her brother-in-law. "Just what does he think he'll gain?"

"He wants to establish his claim to the Fairfax succession," Sally answered calmly. "It may seem foolish to you when both Lord Fairfax and Robert, his heir, are still living. But Robert is a bachelor and, I believe, in delicate health. My husband is quite right to secure his claim."

Mrs. Harve, who was not playing, looked sidewise at her friend.

"Another point that you overlook, Anne," continued Mrs. Fairfax, taking the trick with her king of spades, "is that my husband is a man of high idealism and he holds the thought that he can bring about some sort of arbitration between the Crown and the Colonies."

Mrs. Nicholas cleared her throat: "If that can be done, you'll have your finger

in the pie, Sally," she said. "You have a way with men, as they say."

"The Earl of Chatham took a great liking to George William when he was over there last time, and so did Mr. Burke. If you will recall, the Carys were once people of importance in both Bristol and Bath. I shall make influential friends through my husband and through Germaine Durfree with whom we will stay."

"When do you go?" asked Mrs. Randolph.

"Not very soon, Bettie. Belvoir has to be properly closed and that means waiting for the harvest of this year's crops. Play your ace, Sister, and get it out of my way, so that I can lead clear through your spades."

Rather nettled, Mrs. Nicholas took the trick.

"Well, Lady Fairfax . . ." she began, but whatever caustic reply she intended was never spoken because Mr. Richard Henry Lee entered the room with gusto and came over to the card table.

"It's all set, Sally," he cried. "Gad! that's the greatest idea a woman ever had! I tell you, Anne, your sister is the top for brains."

"What is this all about?" asked Mrs. Nicholas as the other women laughed.

"All arrangements are made," Mr. Lee told them. "I'll leave the telling to the ladies. Sally, you turned the trick. Tomorrow morning messengers will ride through the countryside bidding the gentry to the greatest ball the capital has ever seen. The Countess of Dunmore is a great lady and we must mind our manners. The night of the twenty-seventh, at Raleigh Tavern, the members of the House of Burgesses honor the Countess with a ball."

### XVIII

The ball was a great event. Handsome gowns, packed away since the last Assembly, were taken from their chests and overhauled; the shops in Williamsburg were depleted of their new fineries. By noon the hairdressers were in such demand that it was impossible to secure an appointment.

As night fell, the entrance to Raleigh Tavern was ablaze with colored lanterns as coaches, carriages and sedan chairs dis-



charged guests at the foot of the steps. Every family that could be reached in the short time allotted sent a representative. Even Mrs. Washington laid aside her mourning for her daughter and appeared with the Colonel. The walls of the Apollo Room were lined with mirrors; Lady Dunmore, from her seat on the dais, thought that not even a Court Ball brought out such a display of jewels nor such a general charm of manner as these Colonials offered.

During the presentation of the guests to the Countess, the violins and hautbois gave forth melodies from across the sea, the most popular of them being the selections from an opera by Gluck which was all the rage in Paris. The evening was half spent before the formal dancing began. When the clear notes of the flute gave the signal for taking partners for the minuet, George Washington bowed low before the Countess of Dunmore; Richard Henry Lee and Thomas Jefferson offered themselves to her daughters. When the dance was over, the same partners formed for a quadrille. There was room for another couple to complete the foursome.

Governor Dunmore bowed low before Mrs. Washington. As she rose from her deep curtsy, Thomas Nelson was beside her, offering his arm.



"Permit me," he said, ignoring the presence of the waiting Governor.

With a graceful twist of her body, Mrs. Washington turned toward Mr. Nelson, took his arm and walked away. Another group stood waiting for the quadrille to begin. The Governor, slightly confused, bowed before Mrs. Bernard Moore, she who had once been Kate Spotswood.

"Permit me," said Mr. Archibald Cary as Mrs. Moore rose from her curtsy and, with the same little turn that Mrs. Washington had given, Mrs. Moore went away to dance with Mr. Cary.

A faint color was creeping over the face of Lord Dunmore. Rapidly other squares were being formed in the long room. In a moment the dancing would begin. The laughing face of Mrs. George William Fairfax came within the line of vision of his Lordship. She was chatting with Mrs. Bassett and Mrs. Harve in the most conspicuous position in the room, which was only waiting now for the Royal Governor to find a partner. Lord Dunmore acted quickly; he would make one more attempt. Mrs. Fairfax was a woman of breeding and would know how to mind her manners.

Mrs. Fairfax accepted graciously with a low curtsy, only to be spirited away on the arm of Mr. Patrick Henry, but before she went she paused a moment to say with her lovely smile:

"Alack, your Excellency, I am honoring only the members of the Assembly!"

With much dignity, Lord Dunmore resumed his seat on the dais. Whatever rudeness these women might commit, they should not have the satisfaction of seeing him make a retreat. He awaited the close of the dance. Colonel Washington brought the Countess back to the royal chair and the irate Governor faced him.

"This is a direct insult," he sputtered, but Colonel Washington merely bowed and returned to his wife.

Not once that night did the Royal Governor step-off a dance. Not once did the guests directly address him. As the evening passed he grew more and more indignant. Several times he suggested leaving, but the Countess would not listen.

"You must admire their spirit even if you condemn their manners," she said.

When he reprimanded his eldest daughter, she replied: "I intend to dance with these gentlemen, Sir, for I must be able to say when I go home that I have stepped off a quadrille with every one of the rebels."

Several incidents that were of no moment to him escaped the Governor that night. He did not notice the absence of Patrick Henry when that gentleman slipped away; he was totally unaware that around a certain warehouse in the town—used now as an arsenal—a large group of citizens were gathering, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Henry. Neither did the Governor know that certain gentlemen, meeting in the figures of the dance, whispered the insignificant words: "Midnight at the back door. Hay will admit you on recognition." So, under the very eyes of the Governor, eleven men slipped from the front door of the Inn to the rear one, heavily cloaked, and were shown to an upper room from which they sent but one messenger who departed long after all sound of music was stilled below.

And, when midnight was passed, he took little cognizance of a disturbance in the street; of the sound of men crying the name of "Henry!" and of protracted cheering. It was nothing but the townspeople entering into a brawl.

A few minutes after this the Governor retreated to the rear room where the gaiety about the punch bowl was most hilarious. Here were gathered a group of young men, not yet members of the Assembly. Before he addressed any of them, Lord Dunmore partook of several glasses of the fragrant refreshment so that his resentment would not be dissipated. Then he directed his attention to a handsome young chap whose name he never did recall.

"This evening has been a direct insult to the Crown, Sir; I shall make the results of it far-reaching!"

The boy was most courteous: "I regret, Sir," he said, "that any insult is beyond my knowledge since I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

The Governor's face was purple with anger. The sound of firing in the streets was not to be ignored now; nor the quick running of horses, nor the shouts of the voices of a mob. The young men in the room burst into a cheer: "Patrick Henry!"

"Patrick Henry!" they shouted and drained their glasses at each calling of his name. But Patrick Henry himself was nowhere to be seen.

"What is the meaning of this!" Lord Dunmore cried.

"The meaning, Sir, is obvious," the same boy answered. "Patrick Henry, with the assistance of the Virginia militia, has seized the store of gunpowder and carried it away to safety." He bowed to the Governor. "The first shots to be fired in protest against your crown, my Lord."

A few minutes later a very angry gentleman escorted the Countess to her coach. She walked superbly, with her head held high, down an aisle made by the crossed swords of the members of the House of Burgesses, resplendent in their velvets, satins, lace and jewels. During the short drive to the Palace no words were spoken, for the Countess was aware of the value of silence. As the door of the official residence swung open, the butler spoke to his master.

"Your Excellency, a gentleman is waiting with an important message."

"Let him wait!" roared the Governor.

But the gentleman was in evidence, standing before them. His black cloak but illy concealed his uniform of the Virginia militia; across the upper part of his face was a small black mask. He saluted:

"Sir, I am directed to give you this message. At eleven o'clock in the morning, the gentlemen who escorted the Countess of Dunmore on her journey to this city, will ride again with her Ladyship, this time to Yorktown, to which port, for the convenience of her Ladyship, the *Fowey* has been brought to anchor. The Countess and her daughters are advised to board the frigate for their safety. The ship will then drop down to Hampton and wait there until you board her. In the event that you decide not to depart from Virginia, you will be held as hostage until such time as the British Parliament sees fit to rescind the order closing the Port of Boston."

Lord Dunmore stood as though rooted to the spot.

"Your Excellency, you have heard the message?"

"He has heard it," responded the Countess.

The officer was gone into the night.

It was close to dawn when Richard Henry Lee descended the main stairway of Raleigh Tavern. He gave a silent good-night to Master Hay and passed out onto Duke of Gloucester Street.

A pale moon was setting, coating with silver the peaked roofs of the dark, silent houses. A breeze stirred the huge leaves of the catalpa trees into sinister whisperings, but from the heavy foliage came the rapturous melody of the mocking bird. Garden perfumes scented the air. The night-watch, with his lanthorne swung across his shoulder, tramped toward the Palace Green. Richard Henry Lee loitered in the shadows until he had passed, giving his resonant call: "Five of the clock and all's well with the world!"

Upon the door of the Capitol, Mr. Lee posted a notice.

Come morning, all the people of Williamsburg knew that the House of Representatives would convene at Raleigh Tavern.

Before another day fell into candlelight, express riders were urging swift horses toward the North and toward the South, bearing a message to the leaders of the other colonies, calling for the convening of a colonial congress.

## XIX

The fresh green grass and feathery trees were turning the yard of St. John's Church into a living symbol of spring. In the hot sunshine carriages and coaches lined the roadway; saddled horses were tied to the hitch-racks or held by Negro boys lolling on the turf. The floor of the Church was crowded with the men of the colony and the gallery was filled with the women and their guests.

"There's your protégé," Sally whispered, nudging Mrs. Carlyle.

"Yes, I spoke to him as we came in," the other Sarah whispered back. "It seems like a generation ago that I fed him cookies in the kitchen at Alexandria." She gave Patrick Henry a quick glance.

"It is a generation ago," responded Mrs. Fairfax, leaning over the railing. "There's Tom Jefferson. What a nuisance he was when Jane and Peter carted him around to house-parties."

"Carter Braxton is better looking since



his hair has turned so gray. There's Jacqueline Ambler on the floor. . . ."

"And Rebecca Burwell in the gallery. It's nip and tuck between Tom Jefferson and Ben Harrison which one she will marry. . . ."

"Shove over a little, Sarah, and let Betsy Fauntleroy sit between us. . . ."

"I saw you from the other side," said Mrs. Bowler Cocke, squeezing her slight figure into the space. "I hear you're going to England, Sally. Is it true?"

"Very much so. I'm going down to Naylor's Hole to bid you a fond farewell."

"How long will you be gone?"

"That's according to the will of my lord and master," replied Sally with a shrug.

Betsy whispered excitedly: "It's a goodly gathering, is it not? There's your one-time admirer. Do you ever see him now?"

"Which one?" asked Sally indifferently. "They were like petals on the apple-blossoms."

"Flirt! I was mentioning Colonel Washington."

"How can I help but see him. He lives next door! He is as staid a husband as I am a wife."

"Of course," said Betsy lightly.

The solemn gathering of men came together at the tap of the gavel; the fluttering in the gallery quieted. Mr. Fairfax came to sit beside his wife.

As man after man spoke, he came to feel that his hopes for peace were being shattered. These men were not taking a stand for honorable adjustment by way of arbitration. Fairfax held a strong feeling of allegiance to the Old Dominion and the last thing he wanted was to see it devastated. Had the convention taken a different tone, he would gladly have offered to do his part in England where the power of his name and his friendship for the earl of Chatham, William Pitt, might bring about the accomplishment of some of his ideas. Now he saw with disappointment the frustration of his dreams, and the old bitterness of his life swept over him. Resolutions were being offered and passed. Virginia was to import no more slaves, no tea; in fact, no goods at all of British manufacture. The way to peace was not by declaration of an embargo.

Suddenly Fairfax felt the figure of his wife stiffen. The Fire-eater, wearing his ridiculous red wig that was brought out on important occasions, was on his feet, demanding recognition from the chair. The members of the convention were all attention now, the visitors were straining forward to listen, for Patrick Henry was the foremost orator of the Colony.

Sally Fairfax whispered to Sarah Carlyle who was already keenly attentive, leaning forward against the rail before the bench, remembering the time when she had tried in vain to make a little boy articulate.

Patrick Henry won the recognition.

He spoke, with a great purpose, against compromise. He raised his voice, gestured with his slender hands, became more eloquent. The tenseness spread and before his audience fully realized the import of his speech, he was presenting a resolution that the Virginia militia should be armed! Should be made ready for war! His voice, echoing through the church, rang with fervor:

"Gentlemen may cry for peace, but there is no peace. The war has actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brothers are already in the field! Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery! Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may

take, but for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

The shock brought an instant of silence. Then the members came to their feet as one man. Cries, applause, triumphant shouts rang out. Surrounding Henry in a rush, men raised him on their shoulders, shouting together the portentous words: "Give us liberty or give us death!"

The crowd spread out into the sunlit churchyard forming groups of debaters. Sally stood alone by the steps, her face as white as the building. Seeing her, Colonel Washington came quickly.

"You look ill," he said. "What can I do?"

"I cannot endure this another moment. Please get my husband."

"I do not like to leave you," he answered and asked Mr. Bland, who was close by, to be good enough to summon Mr. Fairfax.

When George William came, he peered closely at them both.

"I must get away from here, George William; you must take me away. This is magnificent but it means war! War!" Sally's voice faltered, pitched high as it was with hysteria.

"Nonsense! England is not going to fight just because that fool radical blew off his head. Calm yourself, Sally, you'll be safe whatever happens."

"I do not want to be safe! I want to stay in Virginia with my people. George, make my husband understand that I cannot go to England!"

Colonel Washington spoke quietly:

"You will be more comfortable in your carriage. I'll get it."

The people pressed more closely. Mr. Fairfax put his hand beneath his wife's elbow. She was weeping now, but slowly, quietly, like a worn and weary soul.

"I cannot listen to any more," she said. "Take me away from it all. Where is Sarah? Sarah will help me."

Mrs. Carlyle was pushing through the crowd.

"Colonel Washington tells me you are ill, Sally," she said. "He is bringing the carriage to the gate. We will rest at the Inn until you are better . . . there is George coming back. . . ."

"I am better now and properly ashamed

of myself," said Sally. "George, tell me, do you think this means war?"

"The situation is serious, but not inevitably warlike," Colonel Washington replied. "Do not worry."

She spoke in a low tone, as though she meant the words for his ear alone.

"I lived through one war in agony. I cannot endure another." She raised her head and looked at him. "Will you come home with us, George?"

"I cannot do that, Sally. I am a delegate to this convention. But as soon as I return, I will bring Patsy over to Belvoir and tell you all about it."

And with that she had to be satisfied.

A week passed and he did not come. Sally knew he was at home for Patsy came over to relate the outcome of the convention. April was winging its way into the calendar and Mr. Fairfax set the seventh day for their sailing on the *Scuttle*, which would drop anchor at the Belvoir wharf on the sixth to take the owner on board. Sally made a round of farewell visits to the neighbors, going to Ceelys to bid her sisters and Wilson farewell. This parting was almost more than she could bear and when she reached home again it was to hear of the sudden illness of Mrs. George Mason. She ordered her horse and rode over to Gunstan Hall. In the subdued drawing-room she found Patsy Washington.

"We heard only this morning. What is the trouble, Patsy?"

"Dr. Craik does not know yet; it all happened so quickly. Yesterday she was up and about as usual. She has a very high fever and Dr. Craik has bled her but he cannot name the ailment for another day or so. I am taking the children to Mount Vernon, so the house will be quiet. Oh, Sally, pray for her recovery. Her husband needs her so!"

Mrs. Washington's face was troubled. Sally thought, as she had so often thought before, of the many kindly acts of this woman. Truly she was a good neighbor. . . . With a little more anxious conversation, she departed.

Never had Ann Eilbeck's garden been more lovely. The cherry trees, covered with a million star-like blossoms, bent slightly in the river breezes, their white petals

showering across the smooth grass. The tulips along the fence had withered and Sally broke their stalks feeling that Ann would not like her garden to fade. Over the whole of Gunstan Hall hung a deep peace that resembled the cessation of a great, throbbing activity. She mounted her horse at the block and walked him slowly lest his footfalls break the silence on the gravel path. She rode home slowly.

The Carlyles were dining at Belvoir that night, perhaps the last time for many months that the four friends would break bread together. Through the open windows came the sound of a fast-ridden horse. For an instant Sally recalled another night when she had listened to the sharp rat-tat of a gallop along the Alexandria Road . . . then the expressions on the faces of the other three roused her, chilling her heart. Before the night messenger stopped at the gates of Belvoir with his news, they knew that Ann Eilbeck Mason would never again walk with her husband beneath their bridal trees.

When the *Scuttle* was waiting in the river, and the shadows from the poplar trees made long, pencilled stripes across the lawn, George Washington came once more to Belvoir. All afternoon Sally had been sitting in the garden, watching the changing lights upon the Potomac, watching the white-rigged boats from George Town tacking back across the river to catch the fitful breeze. Thus had she watched so many afternoons as a part of the river life, even from those early days when she had looked upon the more austere panorama of the Roads where lay a contact with the outside world not known on this quiet river. She felt this day that never again would the Potomac flow through her experience; that on the morrow when the *Scuttle* unfurled her sails, even Belvoir would be but a deep and glowing memory. It seemed to her that when she bade George Washington farewell, her real life would be over.

He walked slowly through the lower garden where the roses were just showing their pink-tipped buds. Both smiled as he sat down on the circular bench beside her, but for a long time neither spoke; then, without preliminaries, Sally said:

"This day seems to be the end for me . . . the end of time. . . ."

"You have much to do in the years ahead and you will do it well."

"No. Not I. You will. You have Patsy and her children and your interest in the affairs of the country. I have nothing."

"Your work is by no means done." He spoke slowly, with such a serious intonation that she was startled.

"Why do you say that? When will it be done?"

"The day that I am dead."

"What do you mean!" she cried, tremulously.

He pondered before he spoke again, tracing with the end of his walking stick a fanciful pattern in the gravel.

"Sally . . . perhaps unconsciously and I know, unwittingly, you have been the inspiration for every act that I have ever done. You and the Fairfaxes are intertwined in my life. Long ago, when I was nothing, merely to have you ask me to be near you thrilled me; then, your father told me I might not marry you, and some deep, fundamental emotion changed within me. From that moment, when any crisis has confronted me, I have always thought first of taking the action that would satisfy the Carys, and the Carys, of course, centered in you. I've made mistakes and I'll make many more, but I've tried to think along the lines of the traditions you upheld. Lord Fairfax gave me my first start; I regret that his ideals and mine are so wide apart now, but he encouraged me to think for myself and you taught me to express those thoughts. He did a great deal for me. . . . And you. . . ." He looked out across the river.

She spoke softly: "Will I continue to inspire you?"

"I know you will. It is not probable that Lord Fairfax and I will ever come together again. William Fairfax is dead; your father is dead. You are deeply rooted in my life."

"Patsy is so much to you now," said Sally, and the tone of her voice was one of complete resignation.

"Patsy is everything to me now," he answered, "but she was not a part of my formative years. Without my wife I could



never carry to completion the ideals I hold, but without you I would not hold them. I told you once that you hold a place in my heart forever; that is still true, if you will have it so."

"I am overjoyed to have it so. . . ."

Least he see the mist in her eyes, she turned her face to the wide sheet of silver river touched with blue. Upon its smooth surface were reflected the glowing tints of the clouds. Against the emerald slopes of the Maryland shore cloud-shadows threw into high relief the fallow fields that lay at rest from seeding. She felt a little stirring in her heart, as though upon the barren waste of it he had planted an incentive. She leaned toward him and the light upon her face was very lovely to remember.

"I will go on," she said.

"Yours will always be the inspiration, mine the act." He spoke with a strong affirmation; then, presently, he added more casually: "You and Patsy will correspond, so that you will always know what is happening here. Should many years pass before we meet again, remember that I hold you in my heart forever."

She spoke brokenly: "The watchword of our friendship is loyalty."

A ray from the low, western sun struck the masts of the *Scuttle*, turning them into gold. The ship held her now. No longer would it take her, a prisoner to an alien shore. Now it was a silver bond between the old country of traditional faith and the new one where that faith might come into a realization, and the bond between her heart and his would hold forevermore.\*

### EPILOGUE

The summer of 1798 brought a welcome brightness to Sally Fairfax as she sat in her walled garden at Bath, gazing over the low parapet that protected the river side of the enclosure, to where the Avon wound between overhanging willows and through green meadows where the white sheep grazed—a scene intimate of home and security. Far different from the broad sweeping curves of the Potomac; far different indeed from the turbulent events in her native land.

\* In reality Mr. and Mrs. George William Fairfax left Virginia to reside permanently in England in 1774, but for purposes of story-value, this date has been changed to 1775.

Quietly resting there in her garden of memories, her thoughts of the past years formed a continuity that was personal only to her. She could remember with a deep joy that the last years of George William's life had been ones of contentment with the bonds of affection growing ever stronger between them. She could remember with a high pride, the achievements of George Washington, who had fought a war successfully, founded a nation established upon a reliable constitution, and spent eight years in the administration of it.

She thought fleetingly of a line that she had read somewhere: "Love is as near to you as your life but you can never know it." True perhaps that that applied to her for never had she won the highest form of love in all her years, and yet—"there is a destiny that controls our fate," Washington had once written to her, and destiny had granted her the great honor of helping mold the life of a man who would live long in the hearts of his fellow-men, growing greater with the broader understanding of the coming generations.

Now, in the time when shadows became her better than lights, she was content at last—content in the shelter of her lovely garden. Bordering its wandering paths were low hedges of boxwood from Belvoir; over the south wall clambered the fruit trees George William had planted there. Above the little white gate set in the red brick wall waved plumes of the lilac bushes that George Washington had sent her from Mount Vernon. And across it all, her valley lillies wafted their fragrance on the heavy warm air.

At home in Virginia the mocking birds were singing now for this was the mating season; the shadows of great clouds were sweeping over the young green of the second-crop tobacco; above the glistening holly trees, free birds were cleaving the sky; the light was bright upon the hills of Maryland and up and down the sunlit river white sails of tobacco boats were bellying in the wind.

Old Joseph came from the house, his silver tray holding a letter. She took it from him with a word of thanks. When he had gone, she held it gently in her hand, holding in abeyance the pleasure of the moment when she would share this message with George. She knew his superscription



and she had not seen it since the death of her husband. Finally, with a little sigh, she broke the seal and read the familiar penmanship.

"Mount Vernon, 18th May 1798

MY DEAR MADAME:

Five and twenty years have passed away since I considered myself as a permanent resident of this place or have been in a situation to indulge myself in familiar intercourse with my friends by letter or otherwise. During this period so many important events have occurred and such changes in men and things have taken place as a compass of one letter would give you but an inadequate idea of. None of which events, however, nor all of them put together have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, *the happiest of my life*, which I have enjoyed in your company. Worn out in a manner by the toil of my last labour, I am again seated under my own vine and figtree and I wish that I could say that there were none to make us afraid but those whom we

have been accustomed to call our friends and allies, are endeavoring, if not to make us afraid, yet to despoil us of our property and are provoking us to acts of self-defense which may lead to war. What will be the results of such matters, time, that faithful expositor of all things, must disclose.

My wish is to spend the remainder of my days which cannot be many in rural amusements, free from the cares from which public responsibility is never exempt.

It is a matter of sore regret when I cast my eyes toward Belvoir, which I often do, to reflect the former inhabitants of it with whom we lived in such harmony and friendship no longer reside there and that the ruins can only be viewed as the mementoes of former pleasures.

Permit me to add that I have often wondered, your nearest relations being in this country, that you should not prefer spending the evening of your life among them rather than to choose a sublunary scene in a foreign country, numerous as your acquaintances may be and sincere as the friendships you may have formed.

I am, my dear Madame,

With genuine regard,

GO. WASHINGTON."

The papers slipped from her hand onto the thick greensward. She rested her head against the back of the chair. He had remembered her—he wanted her to come home—

She did not feel that she had earned the right to be remembered and yet, he had not forgotten. "Your place is in my heart forever," he had told her. She would hold him in her heart as well. After fifty years of friendship the bond between them was not lessened. She had heard that he had once said: "Life is to be lived and not remembered!" They had both lived life and he had performed the act with grandeur. Thank God now that she had his life to remember—

[THE END]

## A Quiet Room

EDITH HARLAN

*I hate a quiet room.*

*Once these four walls were like a hive of bees  
Now there are books and pictures and perfume  
Of gathered flowers. Curtains in the breeze  
Flutter against the warm, cream-tinted walls,  
Chintz curtains gay with little clustered flowers.  
Soft rugs are on the floor. No footstep falls  
To mar the quiet of the dragging hours.*

*Sometimes I think this room is like a ghost.*

*Girls—in my memory—sit upon the floor.  
One—with her hair flung back—I loved her most—  
Leans all rose clad, against the open door.  
One, round her slim young throat, is clasping pearls,  
Another's all in silver and in black.  
The walls are ringing with their laughter. Girls  
Whose memories can turn the pages back.*

*Sometimes their scattered powder and their things  
Such as small evening slippers flung aside  
Made me forget that youth has golden wings.  
Ah, I've remembered since their laughter died!  
I think sometimes I never wish to hear  
My small clock ticking in the twilight gloom;  
When I remember all the sounds I loved  
I hate a quiet room.*

# GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT



LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

*Genealogical Editor and Reference Consultant*

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## Genealogical Extension Service

The temporary employment of two assistants in this department was authorized at the June meeting of the Executive Committee. This was necessary because of the many unreported orders on file. An effort will be made to bring the reports up to date by October 15, 1938.

Those sending orders are urged to place the lineage, dates and residence on charts similar to the outline published on page 77 of the July issue of this Magazine. This arrangement serves as a basis from which research must extend. In order that all may know of this reference department the scope of the work and the cost, a copy of our new Leaflet of Information follows:

*Purpose:* To make available to the public genealogical information in the D. A. R. Library and other sources in Washington.

*Reports:* Typed reports giving lists of books, etc., examined: title, volume and page of material reported, given in full: suggestions for further research. Reports are made in rotation unless earlier consideration is advisable, such as admission to membership, organization of chapters, etc. Research is confined to the United States from Colonial times to the present. All orders will eventually be reported. No refunds of fees are permitted after an order is filed.

*Requirements:* Lineages should be arranged on charts giving location of the family in each generation. (See July 1938 Magazine). A definite statement of information desired must be given.

*Cost of Research:* At rate of approximately \$1.00 per hour; no orders are ac-

cepted for less than \$2.00, and a limit of ten hours is placed on research on each lineage for which the fee is \$10.00.

The \$2.00, fee covers excerpts from any designated book of reference when title, author, volume, page is given; or from record of a Revolutionary service from designated indexed material.

A minimum charge of \$3.00, for Census or Pension records; \$5.00, and over, covers general search through all available sources within the time paid for.

All fees are payable in advance. All checks must be made payable to the Treasurer General N. S. D. A. R., Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

All letters should be addressed to the Genealogical Extension Service, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

(MRS. LUE R. SPENCER),

*Reference Consultant in Genealogy.*



## Family Associations

Kopp Family Association, Betty Warfel, Secretary, Pequea, Pennsylvania.

Kready Family Association, Esther W. Kready, Secretary, Mountville, Pennsylvania.

Kreider Family Association, A. R. Kreider, Leola, Pennsylvania.

Krumbine Family Association, Elvin C. Grumbine, Richland, Pennsylvania.

Kulp Family Association, Paul Graybill, Bareville, Pennsylvania.

Kurtz Family Association, Esther M. Kurtz, Secretary, Leacock, Pennsylvania.

Landis Family Association, H. Landis Shank, New Danville, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Lausch Family Association, Mary Kreeder, Secretary, Lancaster, R. D. No. 3, Pennsylvania.

Layser Family Association, Herbert Kintzer, Secretary, Richland, Pennsylvania.

Leinert Family Association, A. D. Hoover, 704 Franklin Street, York, Pennsylvania.

Long Family Association, John C. Long, Secretary, Cleons, Pennsylvania.

Lorah Family Association, Mrs. J. L. Shimp, Secretary, R. D. No. 2, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Longenecker Family Association, Secretary, Aaron S. Longacre, Brookline, Delaware County, Pennsylvania.

Martin Family Association, Vice President, John M. Marks, 27 S. Ann St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Martin-Myers Family Association, Secretary, Mrs. Ezra Bair, New Holland, Pennsylvania.

McCardle Family Association, Treasurer, Faber McCardle, 653 Lehigh Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

McConnell Family Association, Vice President, Jacob Phillips, Cochranville, Pennsylvania.

McGallicher Family Association, Historian, Amos Singer, Lancaster, R. D. No. 6, Pennsylvania.

McKinsey Family Association, Vice President, Dred E. McKinsey, Coatesville, Pennsylvania.

McKinstry Family Association, Secretary, Mrs. Frank S. Landis, Lancaster, R. D. No. 1, Pennsylvania.

McQuate Family Association, Secretary, Graybill Pfautz, 801 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Messner Family Association, Secretary, Sherman Frankhouser, East Earl, R. D. No. 1, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Metzger Family Association, Secretary, Chas. Manuel, Cola, Pennsylvania.

Miller Family Association, Secretary,

Mrs. Mary Miller Bair, Spring Garden, Pennsylvania.

Miller Family Association Historian, C. Oscar Miller, 332 S. Ann St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Moore Family Association, Secretary, Mrs. Irvin Moore, New Holland, R. D. No. 2, Pennsylvania.

Myer Family Association, Historian, Miss Rebecca S. Schaeffer, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania.

## Queries and Answers

It is deemed advisable to begin a new system of numbering in the Queries and Answers section of the Genealogical Department. In the future each issue will have a permanent alphabetical designation. January will be A, February will be B, etc., with the year represented as '38, '39 and so on.

Therefore, August material is "H, '38" and followed by the number of the Query or Answer. All August material will be filed under that designation and will be easily available for reference.

Queries and answers are limited to sixty (60) words, submitted in duplicate, double spaced and typed on sheets of paper separate from other material or letter. The name and address of the sender will be published unless otherwise requested. Any unpublished queries and answers may be submitted anew and will be taken care of in the order filed. For the present not more than two queries at a time may be submitted by the same person and the location of the family in the period requested is desirable. All letters for this department should be addressed to Mrs. Lue R. Spencer, Genealogical Editor, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

## QUERIES

H-'38-1. DYE.—Wanted any infor. concerning the ances. of James Dye, b. 3-24-1784, d. 11-27-1869 & mar. 4-19-1812 to Lucy T. Thorn, b. 8-18-1785, d. 7-24-1869. They lived "Deestricht", South Carolina. James Dye had brothers Weldon, Lewis & sister Wilhelmina & the following children, Lewis Green Dye, b. 1813; Weldon S. Dye, b. 1815; Emaline, b. Apr. 1817; James Thorn Dye, b. 1819 & Luezas H. Dye, b.



1825. Above infor. taken from our Bible. Wanted also given name & Rev. Rec. of his father.—*Mrs. Alleyne Drake Dye, 1115 Oak Ave., Ashland, Ky.*

H'38-2. GOULD.—Wanted ances. of Rachel Gould, who was b. 1762 or 1753. Mar. June 11, 1776 in Claremont, N. H., Nathaniel Goss. Died 1840 or 1849 in Claremont, N. H. & is mentioned in "Claremont, N. H. Gravestone Records from The Ancient Cemeteries by C. B. Spafford" under "Goss".

H'38-3. MOODY.—Wanted ances. of Joanna Moody. History of "The Chase Family" by Coffin, says she was b. at Exeter, N. H., Oct. 21, 1752; d. at Amity, N. H., Mar. 22, 1806. Mar. at Charleston, N. H., Oct. 16, 1771 to Abner Chase.—*Mrs. Effie W. Thoms, 25 South University St., Vermillion, S. Dak.*

H'38-4. MATTOX.—Wanted parentage & all infor. possible of ances. of Thomas Mattox, Rev. Sol. of Virginia, b. 1755. On Nov. 13, 1780, he mar. Sarah Elizabeth (Sally) Harrison, dau. of Robert Harrison of "Bicars" Prince George Co., Va. He lived in Prince George Co. till his death in 1811.—*Mrs. Mary M. Mack, 135 Holbrook Ave., Danville, Va.*

H'38-5. GUMP-FOX.—Want information of Frederick Gump, also proof of service in War of 1812; also, of Frederick's son, Philip, who married Mary Fox; also want parentage of Mary Fox. Res. was Monongalia Co., W. Va.

H'38-6. NEPTUNE-MEREDITH.—Want parentage and all information possible of Davis Meredith and wife, Rachel, and their daughter, Rebecca, who married Henry Neptune 10-9-1908. Res. Monongalia Co., W. Va.—*Mrs. Clem Wilson, 108 8th St., Hot Springs, Ark.*

H'38-7. COCHRAN(E).—Want information of Edward Alexander Cochran(e) who came to Murfreesboro, Tenn., from Terre Haute, Ind., about 1818. Was an undertaker; married Elizabeth Wade of Rutherford Co., Tenn.; was partner of Isaac C. Brown who married Jane Wade. Jane and Elizabeth Wade were daughters of John Wade, a Rev. soldier from Md.

H'38-8. RICHARDSON - RATCLIFFE. — Want information of Robert G. Richardson, b. in Va. Sept. 7, 1804, and of his wife, Eliza Ann Ratcliff(e), born Nov.

15, 1809, married Dec. 17, 1825. Moved from Williamsburg, Va., to Williamson Co., Tenn., in 1825. Children were: Jno. Wesley, b. 1827; Thos. S., b. 1829; William F., b. 1832; Mary S., b. 1834; Gideon Ratcliff, b. 1836; James H., b. 1838 and Robert Newton, b. 1841.—*Mrs. Thos. J. Shockley, 929 West 7th St., Columbia, Tenn.*



## Bible Records

### GIFFORD BIBLE RECORDS

#### Marriages

Hubbard Gifford married Jane M. Adams at Ogden, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1825.

William K. Catler to Ellen E. Gifford, at Rochester, N. Y., March 28, 1850.

Edwin R. Armstrong to Martha Gifford, at Rochester, Aug. 13, 1851.

Charles N. Simmons to Jane M. Gifford, Rochester, N. Y., May 19, 1853.

William A. Sheldon to Bella Gifford, at Rochester, N. Y., March 13, 1860.

Ellen E. Gifford Cutler to William /aydon at San Francisco, April 17, 1867.

Bert Gifford Simmons and Margaret Hood Taylor at Baltimore, Md., May 9, 1923.

#### Births

Hubbard Gifford born July 13, 1800, Lima, N. Y.

Jane M. Adams, Dec. 31, 1804, East Bloomfield, N. Y.

Francis Gifford, May 12, 1827, Batavia, N. Y.

Ellen Eliza Gifford, Nov. 30, 1829, Rochester, N. Y.

Martha Gifford, Dec. 24, 1831, Rochester, N. Y.

Jane E. Gifford, July 3, 1834, W. Mendon, N. Y.

Bella Gifford, Sept. 2, 1842, LeRoy, N. Y.

Willie Gifford Sheldon, Aug. 9, 1862, Rochester, N. Y.

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Willie Gifford Cutler, Sept. 22, 1854, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Ella Gifford Cutler, Sept. 3, 1856, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Herbert Gifford Simmons, Nov. 2, 1857, Rochester, N. Y.  
Rosalie Martha Armstrong, Aug. 13, 1858, at Rochester, N. Y.  
Bella Gifford Armstrong, Aug. 19, 1860, Rochester, N. Y.  
Lenore Armstrong, Sept. 1, 1864, Rochester, N. Y.  
Jennie Armstrong, Lyndonville, N. Y.  
William K. Cutler, Rochester, N. Y.

#### Deaths

Hubbard Gifford died March 18, 1875, at Rochester, N. Y.  
Jane M. (Adams) Gifford died Holley, N. Y., August 1887.  
Francis Gifford died Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1828.  
Ellen G. Haydon died Douglaston, L. I., Aug. 2, 1891.  
Martha G. Armstrong died Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1909.  
Jane M. Simmons died "Twin Oaks," Maryville, Tenn., June 24, 1927.  
Bella Gifford died at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1862.  
Willie Gifford Sheldon died at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1862.  
Herbert Gifford Simmons died Philadelphia, Pa., April 4, 1927.  
William K. Cutler died at Chicago, Ill., of cholera, Oct. 10, 1865.  
Eliza B. Wearer (two last letters uncertain) born, 1808; died, June 11, 1867.  
Bible records of C. N. Simmons, 1867. Portland, Me. Published by Hyde, Lord & Duren, 1848.

#### THARP BIBLE RECORDS

##### Births

Andrew Tharp, son of Thomas Tharp and Elizabeth (Pegg), his wife, was born March 25th, 1781.  
Rebecca Hawkins, daughter of Samuel Hawkins and Christina, his wife, was born May 22nd, 1788, "and had issue":  
Elizabeth born Tuesday, June 2nd, 1807.  
Solomon born Sunday, September 25th, 1808.  
Thomas born Sunday, January 28th, 1810.

Lydia W., born Friday, April 12th, 1811.  
George W., born Tuesday, February 16th, 1813.  
Maria born Tuesday, April 4, 1815.  
Lutishia M., born Friday, April 4th, 1817.  
Sarah E., born Saturday, July 11th, 1818.  
Martha A., born Wednesday, November 29th, 1820.  
Nancy J., born Monday, February 24th, 1823.  
Eliza W., born Sunday, May 30th, 1825.  
Hawkins Cesor born Friday, May 25th, 1827.  
Written by George W. Tharp June 24th, 1831.  
"Sons and daughters of Nide Pettyjohn and Elizabeth, his wife:  
William Alexander born September 15th, 1825.  
Washington T., born January 3rd, 1827.  
Lydia Ellen born January 5th, 1828.  
Susan Ann born April 25th, 1829.  
Rebecca Jane born June 23rd, 1830.  
Columbus born Sept. 11th, 1832.  
Solomon Bigger born June 22d, 1840.

#### Marriages

Nide Pettyjohn and Elizabeth Tharp were married August 12th, 1824.  
Andrew Tharp and Rebecca Hawkins were married September 17th, 1806.

#### Deaths

Andrew Tharp deceased June 5th, 1830.  
Rebecca Tharp deceased June 3rd, 1831.  
Solomon Tharp deceased Nov. 19th, 1834.  
George W. Tharp deceased July 24th, 1841.  
Solomon Bigger Pettyjohn dec'd Oct. 3rd, 1872.  
Nide Pettyjohn dec'd Jan. 1st, 1882.  
Elizabeth Tharp Pettyjohn died Oct. 4th, 1886.  
Copied by Edna Smith Wellen, Excelsior, Minnesota, Rt. 3. The Hawkins, Tharp and Pettyjohn families lived in Ohio, Indiana and Missouri, always pioneers, having come "West" from Virginia, New Jersey, North Carolina and thru Kentucky.

## ASHFORD WALKER BIBLE RECORD

Ashford Walker, born Sept. 27, 1781, Orange Co., N. C.; died May 1863, Haywood Co., Tenn.

*Marriages*

Ashford Walker and Nancy Cantrill was married the 30th of August 1804.

Ashford Walker & Phebe Bird was married ye 18 of July 1811.

*Births*

Ashford Walker was born on Thursday ye 27 of September 1781.

Nancy Cantrill was born on Fryday ye 28 of September 1781.

Esther Walker daughter of Ashford Walker & Nancy his wife was born on Monday ye 5th of May 1806.

John C. Walker son of Ashford Walker and Nancy his wife was born on Fryday ye 17th of June 1808.

James M. Walker son of Ashford Walker and Nancy his wife was born on Tuesday ye 8th of May 1810.

Phebe Bird was born ye 17 of January 1792.

Nancy Walker daughter of Ashford Walker and Phebe his wife was born on Fryday ye 26th of June 1812.

(Blurred) Walker was born on Thursday ye 28th of October 1813.

Phillip Walker was born on Fryday ye 17th of March 1815.

Anne Walker was born on Sunday ye 8 of December 1816.

Freeman Walker was born on Tuesday ye 6th of April 1818.

Thomas B. Walker was born on Thursday ye 14 of September 1820.

Martha Walker was born on Saturday ye 27th of July 1822.

Elizabeth Walker was born on Thursday ye 6th of May 1824.

Minerva Walker was born ye 14 Feb. on Tuesday 1826.

Susan Walker was born on Monday the 21 April in the year of our Lord 1829.

Mary Walker was born on Monday the 26th day of September in the year of our Lord 1831.

February 14, 1828. This was a son born to Ashford Walker & Phebe his wife and departed this life the same day.

William W. Tate was born July 24, 1856, a son of Thomas and Mary Tate.

James Walker departed this life. (This entry was at bottom of page. No date.)

*Deaths*

Freeman Walker son of Ashford Walker & Phebe his wife departed this life October 1820.

Esther Walker wife of Elisha Evans departed this life October 10th 1838.

Elizabeth Walker departed this life December 1—1842 at Doct. Campbills in Jackson (?).

Martha Walker wife of John Currea departed this life March 16, 1846 at my house.

Clavay (?) Walker wife of Samuel Whorten departed this life June 14, 1850.

Susan Walker departed this life December 9, 1851 at 6 oclock in the morning.

Anne Walker wife of Washington Currie departed this life April 26, 1852.

Nancy Cantrill wife of Ashford Walker departed this life February 14, 1811.

Minerva Walker departed this life December 19, 1852 on Sunday 3 oclock aft.

Thomas B. Walker departed this life March 14, 1854.

Mary Walker wife of Thomas Tate departed this life July the 28th 1857.

Minerva E. Whorten grand daughter of A. Walker departed this life May the 23, 1858.

Phebe Walker departed this life April 1871.

Ashford Walker departed this life May 1863.

This Bible is now the property of Mrs. J. W. Warren, Gates, Tennessee.

**War Pensions**

YOUNG, JOHN. Widow, Rebecca. (W. 4719. Certificate No. 13,971; issued July 3, 1819, act of March 18, 1818, at \$20.00 per month, from May 12, 1818. Massa-

chusetts Agency. Rhode Island Naval Service. Surgeon.)

Application for pension May 12, 1818. Age. Residence at date of application, Quincy, Mass.

He entered the service June 1775, served as a surgeon for 1 year, part of the time in Col. Benjamin Church's Regt. and part of the time in Col. Varnum's Regt. R. I. Troops under the command of General Greene.

May, 1780, he enlisted and served aboard the Continental Ship "Gen. Mifflin" of twenty guns, commanded by Capt. Daniel McNeill, of Boston, for one year.

John Young died June 19, 1820, in Quincy, Mass.

JOHNSTON, LAUCELOT. Widow, Zerniah. (W. 5114. Certificate No. 4372; issued June 23, 1846, act of July 4, 1836, Sec. 3, at \$600.00, from Sept. 20, 1832, ending Nov. 20, 1838, when she died. Georgia Agency. North Carolina Service. Surgeon.)

#### WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

Application for pension March 19, 1846. Abe, born March 15, 1784. Residence at date of application, Madison, Morgan Co., Georgia.

William Johnston applied for the pension that was due his deceased mother, Zerniah Johnston, widow of Laucelot Johnston, for himself and his brothers and sisters.

His father, Laucelot Johnston, enlisted Dec. 1776, served as a surgeon in the 9th N. C. Regt., was commissioned May 10, 1777, by Congress, John Hancock, President, resigned March 15, 1779.

Laucelot Johnston was married Jan. 17, 1774, to Zerniah (maiden name not stated).

#### List of their Children

Thomas, born July 16, 1777.

John, born Dec. 12, 1778.

Mary, born Sept. 1, 1780.

Jane, born Aug. 8, 1782; married — Slade.

William, born March 15, 1784.

Zilpah, born Jan. 22, 1786, married — Yancey.

Milbridge, born Feb. 28, 1788.

Laucelot, born March 29, 1790.

David, born Jan. 14, 1792.

Elizabeth, born Jan. 25, 1794; married — Jones.

Mildred (no date given), married — Harrison.

Dr. Laucelot Johnston died in Caswell Co., N. C., Sept. 19, 1832, and his widow, Zerniah died at the same place Nov. 24, 1838.

In 1846, one Alrisha Slade was Clerk of Caswell Co., N. C. (no relationship stated).

In 1846, the following children were allowed the pension that was due their mother;

In 1846 William Johnston resided in Madison, Morgan Co., Ga.; John Johnston resided in Caswell Co., N. C. Mary Johnston, Mrs. Jane Slade, Laucelot Johnston, Mrs. Elizabeth Jones resided in Madison, Morgan Co., Ga.; Mrs. Mildred Harrison resided in La Grange, Tennessee; David Johnson resided in Tuskegee, Alabama.

The following grand-children:

Children of Thomas Johnston, Laucelot, Richard.

Alfred and Mrs. Nancy Motley.

Children of Zilpah Yancey, James M., Albert G.

William I. or J. and Mildren A.

There are no further family data on file.

S30924. CHILDERS, GOOLSBERRY or GOLDSBY. Cert. No. 7094. Issued March 5, 1819. Act of March 18, 1818. At \$8.00 per annum. From Aug. 11, 1818. Kentucky Agency. Virginia Service. Private.

Application for Pension August 11, 1818. Age, born January 1, 1757. Residence at date of app. Garrard County, Ky. Residence at date of enlistment.

He was born January 1, 1757 (place not stated). He entered the service of the United States November 1777, served two years as a private, under Capt. William McKee in Col. James Wood, 12th Regiment, Virginia Troops. (Place of enlistment and discharge not stated.)

August 22, 1820 Goolsberry Childers resident of Garrard County, Kentucky, his wife age fifty-six years (no name given).

They had thirteen children, ten of whom grew to manhood and womanhood, only two of them were living with their parents in 1820. A daughter age nineteen years and a son born April 1807.

There is no further family data on file.

# Heraldry

JEAN STEPHENSON

*Drawings by Azalea Green Badgley*

## Using the Coat of Arms to Identify an Immigrant Ancestor from England

**T**O be entitled to a coat of arms one must be descended from an ancestor who bore it. So the first step is to trace one's ancestry. Conversely, if one has proof that an ancestor bore a coat of arms, that can be used as a means of identifying him in England. Thus the use in Colonial days of a coat of arms, or the designation of one as entitled thereto, helps to overcome the greatest difficulty facing an American of Colonial descent—that of establishing the English origin of the immigrant ancestor.

If one is fortunate enough to find a representation on a legal document prior to 1776 of what purports to be an heraldic seal, or has an heraldic emblem, either crest or coat of arms, on a ring, silver, or other heirloom, which it can be established was in existence prior to 1750, it offers a very good clue. The first step is to have a greatly enlarged photograph or photostat made of the heraldic representation. Then if the family is supposedly English, consult Papworth's *Ordinary of British Armorial*s. An "Ordinary" is not an encyclopedia of heraldry; it is, instead, a classified description of arms, giving the names of families bearing them. The volume referred to is the most comprehensive one in print, but contains only a small percentage of arms in use between 1100 and 1800. However, if a description of the arms is given, the family bearing it will be noted; if the exact description is not given, all those nearest it will be noted. Then one turns to an encyclopedia of Heraldry, such as Berry's, or Burke's, to see the counties in which the family was seated. If the name does not appear in these, other works on Heraldry, to be referred to in the next article, will be consulted. When the various counties in which lived the family bearing those arms have been identified, the next step is to trace the history of that family, back from the date of emigration to America, generation by generation, and tracing all descendants

of each generation down past the date of migration, to see if the immigrant ancestor can be located on the family tree.

If the arms do not appear in the *Ordinary*, consult Berry, Burke, and other references to see whether families of that name, bearing arms the description of which agrees with the ancestor's, are listed. If not, look in Guppy's *Homes of Family Names*, to see in what counties the family name was prevalent in 1880, and then look in the Visitations of that county, the Victoria County History (if the volume for that county has appeared), or other county histories, etc., to see if the family is mentioned and if arms are given for it. Once a family has been located bearing those arms, it will be necessary to trace that family genealogy thoroughly, to see if the immigrant ancestor can be found on the family tree.

If you do not have a coat of arms of Colonial use, but in a Colonial deed or other legal document prior to 1750, the ancestor is called "Gentleman," or "Armiger," the inference is that he at least claimed to be entitled to a coat of arms. Unfortunately there is no list available of those using coats of arms during the 17th and 18th centuries; nor is there a census from which one can learn where families lived then. However, refer to Guppy, and see where, 200 years later, the name was common; look in the various encyclopedias of heraldry, and the various works on landed gentry and see in what counties families of the name lived when the ancestor came to this country, or search all the printed visitations. Next month various reference works to be consulted will be given.

*References:* Papworth, John W.: *Alphabetical Dictionary of Coats of Arms belonging to Families in Great Britain and Ireland*; forming an extensive *Ordinary of British Armorial*s.

Burke: *General Armory of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales*; *Encyclopedia of Heraldry*.  
Berry, Wm.: *Encyclopedia Heraldic*.  
Guppy: *Homes of Family Names*.

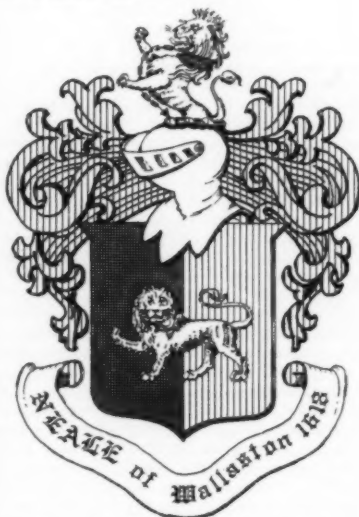


# Steel



*Arms:* Argent, a bend chequy sable and ermine between two lions' heads erased gules; on a chief azure three billets or.

*Crest:* A lion's head erased or.



*Arms:* Per pale sable and gules, a lion passant guardant argent.

*Crest:* A demi-lion argent collared and chained sable.

## Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures

Or	Argent	Sable	Gules	Azure
Gold	Silver	Black	Red	Blue

THE fourteen or more coats of arms borne by families named Steel or Steele can be grouped into two main divisions, the larger being those having some variation of the bend chequy and the lion's head, and the other that having for the principal charge three furisons. The latter may have had a Scotch origin, although it appears south of the Border at an early date.

The first group seems to have been chiefly in the north of England, spreading to the southwest. Branches bearing variants of these arms were in Scotland and Ireland before the middle of the seventeenth century.

The arms shown are those borne by Steel of Co. Cumberland. It is interesting to note that the tombstone of Capt. John Steel, who died 1768, in Kings Chapel Burying Ground, Boston, shows these arms, although without the crest.

THERE are at least thirty coats of arms used by English families named Neale or Neal, all different. The one shown is that of the family which was settled in Co. Stafford soon after the Norman Conquest. By 1600 there were branches of this family in Buckingham, Bedford, Northampton and neighboring counties.

As early as 1790, Jonathan Neal, descended from John Neal, who settled in Salem, Mass., at an early date, stated he descended from this family. The Neales who were in Burlington, New Jersey, prior to 1700, and in western Pennsylvania and Tennessee soon after 1800, come from the Massachusetts family.

James Neale of Maryland was a grandson of the John of Wallaston who reported these arms to the Heralds during their Visitation (1618). But strange to say, on the tombstone of his daughter, Henrietta Maria Neale Lloyd, there is shown a totally different coat of arms, one that had been granted in 1573 to a Neale family of Hampshire. The only explanation is that the stone was ordered from England with instructions to carve on it the Neale arms, and by some accident the wrong Neale arms were carved thereon.

Another interesting point is that the present-day representative of the elder branch of the family in England uses a different crest.

# PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE



## VIII—The Presiding Officer

IN the July number of our Magazine I answered certain questions in the article I wrote, pertaining to the duties of a Secretary, and during the past few months questions have come to me from newly elected Regents asking for information, and also from Regents in office, seeking help in unraveling their problems, and I have decided this month to devote my article to some of the simple duties of the Presiding Officer.

The fact is that a Presiding Officer, through ignorance, very often fails to avert trying situations, and then just as often does not realize that it is a great deal better to acknowledge the error and correct it immediately than to let the matter become a "dividing question" creating before long, factions and serious trouble. "Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, from which we must first erase," is a very true old saying indeed, and how much easier it is to take that "blank sheet" in the first place, and prepare to learn the simple lesson of the fundamental principles of leadership in the right way. A "Leader" is one who precedes, and is followed by others in conduct, opinion, undertaking, etc., hence, there is a certain amount of responsibility attached to the office of one who would lead any group—no matter how small it is.

We are told that the President of any group should first of all have the ability to command others. A leader should have good common sense; should be impartial in every way, so much so that all members would feel confidence in her fairness, and above all, be tactful and courteous at all times. A Presiding Officer MUST BE familiar with the simple fundamental principles of Parliamentary Law and with the By-Laws of the society. If one accepting the office as Regent is not willing to take the time to become informed then she should decline the office.

It is a simple matter to learn how to state and to put questions before the Chapter. To ascertain which motions are debatable and which are undebatable and which of these motions cannot be amended. It is very much better for a Presiding Officer to have on her table a Parliamentary authority to which she can quickly refer than to make gross mistakes, and try to cover them up.

A Regent is responsible for seeing that the business of the Chapter is transacted in proper order and expedited as quickly as possible also

that members observe the rules of debate and that the rules of the Chapter are enforced with as little friction as possible.

Robert tells us in his "Parliamentary Law" that "If the assembly is disorderly, in nine cases out of ten it is the fault of the Presiding Officer. A nervous, excited Chairman can scarcely fail to cause trouble in a meeting. A Chairman should set an example of courtesy and should never forget that to control others it is necessary to control one's self." Robert also gives us this injunction: "There is nothing to justify the unfortunate habit some Chairmen have of constantly speaking on questions before the assembly, even interrupting the member who has the floor. The Chairman should rarely take part in debate, turning the chair over to someone else, and nothing can justify this action in a case where much feeling is shown and there is a liability to difficulty in preserving order. One who expects to take an active part in debate should never accept the chair, or at least should not resume the chair until after the pending question is disposed of."

There is *one motion* which a Chairman may make. It is known as the one giving "*general consent*." The Regent may say, "If there are no objections," we will do thus and so, and in this case "*silence gives consent*" and hearing no objections the motion is accepted. One negative vote, however, defeats a motion to make a vote unanimous and one single opposition defeats a request for general consent. By "*general consent*" many things can be done and much time can be saved.

It is the duty of the Presiding Officer to enforce the rules and the question of order must be decided by the chair, unless in a doubtful case, and she prefers to have the assembly decide it. A question of order, like all other questions, or inquiries put to the chair, cannot be debated or amended or laid on the table or have any other subsidiary motion applied to it. When the order of business is deviated from, instead of raising a point of order the proper course is to "call for the orders of the day." It is a mistake to be constantly raising points of order in regard to little irregularities and it may be declared a nuisance to have the time of the assembly wasted by a member raising points of order on technical points when no harm is done by the irregularities. In other words use good

common sense and don't take every little irregularity too seriously!

The Regent has not by virtue of her office the power to create or appoint committees, nor is she ex-officio member of any committee. If a Chapter wishes to place upon the Regent these duties it is necessary to provide for it in the By-Laws or in a special case by the adoption of a motion to that effect. The Regent of a Chapter should never appoint the nominating committee nor be a member of same. (A Regent is not required to attend committee meetings and is not regarded as a member in counting a quorum.)

When a member rises to make a motion she should state her name after addressing the chair so that the Regent may announce it correctly. If the motion is not in order the Regent courteously rules it out of order. If a member makes a motion without addressing the chair or waiting for recognition, the Regent is under no obligation to recognize it. The Regent should be very careful to state a question clearly and after a vote has been taken she should clearly state the result.

A Regent should never put the negative of a complimentary motion unless it is called for. A frivolous motion which is made to confuse and retard business should not be recognized by the Regent at all. The member desiring to ask a question of privilege should choose a time when no other business is before the assembly and the chair has the right to decide whether or not it is a "question of privilege." Of course, two members may appeal from the decision of the chair. The Regent, when in the chair, does not lose her rights as a member of the organization when the exercise of these rights would effect the organization. She should not vote unless the vote is by ballot or unless her vote will effect the result. In the act of voting by roll call her name is called last. If there is a tie vote she may abstain from voting in which case the motion is lost. Or if she wishes to vote for the motion she may do so and the motion is adopted. The chair may have the deciding vote by creating a tie which means that the vote is lost. (When the vote is taken by ballot, the Regent is entitled to vote before the tellers begin to count the ballots, but not afterwards.)

A motion that is personal and relates to the Regent should be stated and put to vote by the Vice Regent or the Secretary or by the maker of the motion. The maker of the motion or the Vice Regent should stand and put the question wherever they are. If a motion censoring the Regent with others is made, she should call to the chair someone not included in the motion. It is considered out of order for an officer to preside while a motion is pending requesting her resignation. She should vacate the chair and leave the assembly. If she does not do this someone should make a motion requesting her to do so.

A Regent should remember never to try to avoid debate by hurriedly stating and putting the question and if it is proven, even after the vote has been taken and announced, that a member arose with reasonable promptness to take part in the debate, then this member must still be recognized for members cannot be deprived of their rights by such an action.

When the Regent is absent any other person acting as Presiding Officer may be called "Regent pro tem" or "Chairman pro tem." However, the "pro tem" is not used in addressing her. A Vice Regent is the alternate of the Regent or the one who acts in her place.

Whenever, from any cause, the Regent is unable to act in the capacity of Presiding Officer, unless the By-Laws provide otherwise for filling the vacancy, the Vice Regent automatically becomes Regent. Chapter By-Laws should have provision covering this matter.

It is considered a general rule that no temporary officer can countermand or in any way change the rules or customs established by the permanent officer. The Vice Regent while acting in the Regent's place cannot write the annual report of the Regent unless the Regent has failed to perform that duty. The Vice Regent is only the temporary alternate of the Regent and cannot take advantage of the temporary absence of the Regent to modify in any way a report that the Regent has prepared. The duties of the Regent should be specifically outlined in the By-Laws of the Chapter.

Make note of the following suggestions:

1. One stroke of the gavel is sufficient when calling a meeting to order, and the tap should be loud enough to be heard throughout the assembly. It should not be necessary to make use of the gavel very much. Never noisily. On the other hand, when a meeting is called to order by the Regent it is the duty of everyone there to be seated immediately and to cease conversation.

2. When you put a motion which has been duly seconded and stated before the Chapter for action, do so in as few words as possible. "You have heard the motion"—"Are there any remarks?"—"all those in favor say I; opposed No"—"it is carried (or lost)." Do not under any consideration neglect to put the negative vote. Many Regents forget to do this.

3. Make it your business to know which of your committees have their reports and do not take up time to call upon the Chairman of committees who merely take the time to say they have "no report" and make excuses for not having it.

4. Have the outline of the business to be brought before your Chapter in writing before you, then you won't forget the important things you want to bring up for action.

5. Correspondence pertaining to the work of the organization should be taken to the Executive Board and discussed and recommendations may be brought to the Chapter from the Board. This will eliminate a great deal of discussion and save time.

6. Don't forget to adjourn your meeting. If your Chapter is small, "If there are no objections we will stand adjourned," is sufficient; but if the Chapter is large it is better to have a motion to adjourn and then put both the affirmative and the negative and announce definitely "We are adjourned."

A pleasant summer vacation, Madam Regent!

ARLINE B. N. MOSS,  
Mrs. John Trigg Moss,  
Parliamentarian.

# BOOK REVIEWS



**Oklahoma Wildcat. Augusta "A. B." Weaver. The Macaulay Company. New York. \$2.00.**

If the reader happens to be an oil-man or woman, he will call this book mighty. If he happens not to know of oil, its workings and surroundings, he will, if possible, be even more interested. For if ever an oil well has been drilled on paper, Augusta "A. B." Weaver has done so in this novel.

"Wildcat," of course, in oil vernacular refers to drilling for oil or gas in an unproven field or territory. The author's main character, the son of a Pennsylvania preacher accustomed to being immaculate in all ways at all times, one day accidentally "gets his feet wet" in oil. From then on there is no going back for this young man. To the new fields drilling in Ohio he comes and then on to those across the Mississippi into the Indians' land, now Oklahoma. Here he lays off not just another one coat of his original immaculateness but many; not all, however. The conventions of living that are absolutely grounded, he keeps inviolate. When he marries Rose, the half-Cherokee Indian girl, he is the one who instills into the home, while only an oil-field shack, some of the Pennsylvania Dutch order and system into which he had been reared and can not now forget nor forego. When Rose succumbs, under extenuating circumstances, to some of the lower standards of life in the oil field, the "wildcat" driller which he has now become, keeps above the mire.

Though not only his feet but his whole body has been immersed in oil by this time, yet valiantly he never fails to keep faith. To his little black-eyed daughter he becomes both mother and father, under the most adverse circumstances imaginable.

Action, action there is a plenty in "Oklahoma Wildcat"! It is the exact counter-

part, so far as the action element is concerned, to the Pulitzer prize novel of John Marquand's, who has his main character say, "There has been too much talk in my life. There has been too little action." "The Late George Apley" is also a counterpart in its elegance, in its living according to traditions, its luxury, all of which is very beautiful. But there could, perhaps, be no greater contrast in portrayal of life lived differently in these same United States than is depicted in the 1937 prize novel and Augusta "A. B." Weaver's novel of action, "Oklahoma Wildcat," where not only wildcat territory is proven but human character; it either comes in (above the ground, the ordinary level) or else it doesn't. It's there or not there.

ANNA CHURCH COLLEY.

**Gallant John Barry. William Bell Clark. 503 pp. The Macmillan Co. New York. \$3.50.**

One of George Washington's last official acts as first President was the issuance on February 22, 1797, of commission No. 1 in the American navy to John Barry, making him ranking captain and commander of the frigate *United States*. Captain Barry had waited twenty years for this.

That the Irish-born sailor fully deserved the honors bestowed on him by his adopted country is well demonstrated in Mr. Clark's interesting story of an adventurous life. The biographer went to original sources for every line of this volume, and in so doing found Barry a much greater man than he had believed him to be.

Shipping as a cabin boy at the age of ten, John Barry was happy to leave ashore the poverty and misery of a small landholder's family in the Ireland of 1755. His hatred of England, born in the hungry days of his childhood, undoubtedly accounted for

the persistence with which he pursued British ships during the Revolution.

At the age of twenty-one Barry became the master of a sailing vessel trading between Barbados and American ports, and spent several years in that service. The fastest sailing he ever did was in a merchant ship, the *Black Prince*, owned by Willing, Morris & Co. of Philadelphia. When the first Continental Congress issued the Non-Importation Agreement merchants hastened to dump goods in England. In nine months Captain Barry took two enormous cargoes to England in the *Black Prince*, and on his second trip home—in October 1775—made a run of 237 miles in 24 hours, the best record by a sailing ship in the 18th century, as far as the author knows.

Mr. Clark has taken pains to disprove the tradition that Barry was the first captain appointed to the first ship-of-war purchased by the Continental Congress. In his own words, "I was employed by the Congress to fit for Sea the first fleet that sailed from Phila." and later,—"I was employed by the Committee of Safety to superintend the Building a State Ship." His own first commission came on March 14, 1776, when he was given command of the brigantine *Lexington*. From then until after the Revolution he was in almost constant service at sea.

Without benefit of schooling, but thoroughly trained in the seafaring man's habit of setting down every detail of his life, Barry's spelling and use of capital letters is highly picturesque; however, his command of English is excellent and his spelling improves as the years go by. Mr. Clark has wisely included many interesting excerpts from the captain's journals. Perhaps the most fascinating chapter in the book is the account of a trading voyage to Canton in 1787.

John Barry was twice married but childless. However, his beloved country home, Strawberry Hill, near Philadelphia, seemed always full of the children of his relatives, so there was never a lack of young people in his life.

Mr. Clark's bibliography covers eight pages. He has also included a genealogical chart of the Barry-Hayes family, beginning with John Barry's father and mother. His book is a masterly presentation of the de-

velopment of a self-educated young Irishman into one of the great men of early American history.

RUTH ROBINSON COOLEY.

**Wind Over Wisconsin. August Derleth. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. \$2.50.**

"There are few chapters in the settlement and development of the Middlewest so full of thrilling and dramatic events—and so little known to most American readers—as the early history of the vast territory which is today the state of Wisconsin. It is with Wisconsin in the 1830's that Mr. Derleth is concerned in his new novel—a time of impending change, when the tide of white settlers, avid for farm land, was slowly pushing the Indian out of his old hunting grounds, and distributing the balance that had existed for so long between the earliest pioneers, who engaged in the fur trade, and the Redmen. The story centers around the 'Place of Hawks,' home of Chalfonte Pierneau, on the edge of the great prairie of the Sacs. . . . There are many other fascinating characters—Zachary Taylor, later President of the United States, Jefferson Davis; Black Hawk, the great Sac chieftain—all of them playing their part in a big, sweeping, eventful story, which recreates vividly not only the men and women who played a leading part in the winning of the 'Empire of Wisconsin', but the natural background against which they moved."

Thus runs the announcement made by the publishers on the jacket of "Wind Over Wisconsin" and for once a "blurb"—as such an announcement is called in the trade—is not an overstatement. Here is an historical novel which really is "different" from most books of its type, which does not merely claim to be. To begin with, instead of attempting a "forceful" style, the author has chosen a quiet and restrained manner of presentation, which is permeated with a grave and rather wistful quality, and which imparts a sense of infinite tranquillity. His dialogue is free from the coarseness which many writers seem to consider necessary in order to give the ring of reality to historical novels and enhance their local color; and his descriptions, especially his descriptions of nature, are permeated with



quiet beauty. "In March the south wind begins to blow," he tells us. "Gradually the snow gave before it; the river ice became brittle and broke away; and in lowland places the grey catkins of pussywillows split their brown sheaths, the mauve alder buds lengthened and revealed the yellow beauty cradled there all the long winter, the dogwood was more red, and a mist of green came among branches of birch and aspen. In midmonth, before the snow had gone, the first song-birds came; meadow larks crying before dawn on the prairie lulled now by the south wind, bluebirds chuckling and chortling around the out-buildings, redwings swaying on vines and reeds in the lowlands and bringing the March days to spring fullness with the variety of their chatter and song. From the high sky came again the shrill whicker of ospreys coursing along the river, and from underbrush at the river's edge rose the full-throated song of the vesper sparrow, last fading notes of the ruby-crowned kinglet and the imperative cries of marsh wrens, while on the sandy bottoms ran the killdeer, crying all day shrill lonely cries, and all night flying aloft among the wood-cocks."

That political feeling, like other aspects of history, repeats itself is proven afresh in this book through the conversation between the hero, Chalfonte, and the old Sac chieftain, Black Hawk:

"President Jackson is not an unreasonable man."

"Perhaps that is true," conceded Black Hawk. "But there are others around him who are not good."

"Chalfonte thought fleetingly of Peggy Eaton and the Kitchen Cabinet, and he marvelled that Black Hawk should know, but the Indian was turning from the window in preparation for leave-taking, and he thrust all thought from his mind but the necessity of gaining time before the disastrous war which was now certain."

Another example of this historical repetition occurs in a bitter reference to broken treaties. I have seen such exemplification well carried out before. But never have I found the longing which the colonists must have felt for the lands they had left better interpreted than through the personality of Chalfonte's mother, a fine old French

woman who dominates the story from start to finish. Over and over again she reveals her pining for France. "You can't know how the Loire gleams in the morning sun," she tells Chalfonte, "nor how quiet and soothing it is to hear the stream; how the sun rises over Brittany, and the old houses . . ." . . . "Maman," he broke in, his voice deeply reproachful, "this is home; this always will be home. I have never known any other and I want to know no other." But the old lady, as the reader well knows, remains unconvinced.

The interpretation of the "vanishing race" is also unique; never has it been depicted more sympathetically. "The white men despise the Indians and drive them from their homes," Black Hawk says to a paleface friend. "The white men speak bad of the Indian and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; the Indian does not steal. Black Hawk is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty—his Father will meet him and reward him. The white men do not scalp the head, but they do worse—they poison the heart; it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will in a few years become like the white men so that you cannot hurt them; and there must be, as in the white settlements, as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order. Farewell to my nation. Farewell to Black Hawk, I loved my people and my corn-fields; I fought for them." His words seemed detached but they struck deep into Chalfonte. They were heavy with a thousand things unsaid, they bore the burden of life and of a race."

We would be bowed down ourselves with the weight of this burden as we close the book were it not for the fact that our minds are uplifted by its wisdom and our spirits soothed by its quietitude.

F. P. K.

**Old Historic Churches of America.**  
Edward F. Rines. The Macmillan Company. \$6.00.

Those who have considered that America possesses but a few historic churches, and who believe that these are located for the most part along the eastern seacoast will

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be pleasantly surprised by Edward F. Rines' book on this subject. For this book includes descriptions of a greater number of such edifices than any other book on the same subject which the reviewer has examined.

In spite of certain faults the book will serve an excellent purpose if it arouses its readers to the realization of the great number of creeds and nationalities which have gone into the making of American history, and should make us more zealous in guarding our inherited freedom of worship.

It was interesting to learn of the Huguenot Church in South Carolina which held its services in the French language until far into the nineteenth century, when it was forced to adopt English as its parishioners could no longer understand French. While one of the most fascinating paragraphs in the book concerns the early Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic Church in our own California.

"While the Roman Catholic Church progressed westward across Europe and the Atlantic to Mexico, with a string of missions northward in California, its most westward outpost being the mission in Sonoma County—the Greek Catholic Church on the other hand, was working eastward, from Russia through Siberia to Alaska and down the western coast, the tiny chapel at Fort Ross, Sonoma County, being its most eastern outpost. Thus the two churches, in their respective journeys around the world, met and lingered for a time in this historic country of California."

Here is history and romance, here is a sense of the strangeness of God, working eastward and westward to meet at a focal point. Here is a paragraph which suggests more than it describes, and lets the reader take up the suggestion and follow his own thoughts. Somehow one cannot help wishing that the rest of the book were up to this standard.

C. C. C.

### Other Books Received

JOHN ANDREWS, BOSS. *John Philip Barnhart*. The Stratford Company. Boston. \$2.50.

THE DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM IRWIN OF NEW YORK. Genealogy of that Branch

of the Irwin Family in New York founded in the Hudson River Valley by William Irwin, 1700-1787. Compiled by Ralph Sheldon Hosmer and Martha Teller (Irwin) Fielder. Privately printed for Dudley Marvin Irwin. Ithaca, New York. 1938.

STORIES OF THE REVOLUTION. Containing The Lost Child of the Delaware, and Wheaton and the Panther, and others. Josiah Priest. As printed in 1838. One Hundredth Anniversary of the Original Printing. Lithographically reproduced, 1938. Price \$2.50. Eliza Ellsworth Brownell, 1418 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

ACTS, ORDERS AND APPOINTMENTS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE ENGLISH COLONY OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS IN NEW ENGLAND, IN AMERICA, MAY, 1766. \$3.00. Elijah Ellsworth Brownell, 1418 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

JOHN MARSHALL. Our Greatest Chief Justice. Belle Moses. D. Appleton-Century Company. New York. \$2.

THE STORY OF GEORGIA. Walter G. Cooper. Four Volumes. The American Historical Society, Inc. New York.

ANNALS OF SOUTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA. Lewis Clark Walkinshaw, A. M. Four Volumes. Lewis Historical Publishing Company, Inc. New York.

EAST TEXAS. Its History and Its Makers. Editor, Dabney White. Four Volumes. Lewis Historical Publishing Company. New York.

### Suggested Reading on Alaska

IN THE ALASKA-YUKON GAMELANDS. J. A. McGuire. Stewart Kidd Company. Cincinnati.

UNCLE SAM'S ATTIC. The Intimate Story of Alaska. Mary Lee Davis. W. A. Wilde Company. Boston.

TOTEM LORE and the Land of the Totem and Through the Ten Thousand Islands of Alaska. H. P. Corser, M. S. The Nugget Shop, Juneau, Alaska.

# ★ NEWS ITEMS ★

## *Dedication of Markers:*



MARKER COMMEMORATING THE ANCHORAGE-MATANUSKA HIGHWAY

A marker, commemorating the opening of the Anchorage-Matanuska Highway, was recently dedicated by the **Alaska Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Fairbanks, Alaska. The marker was presented by the chapter and accepted by Governor John W. Troy, the impressive ceremonies taking place at the junction of the new and old roads, eight miles from Anchorage. It was through the tireless efforts of the Anchorage members that this marker was made, the first of its kind to be given by the Alaska Chapter in Alaska.

The **Illinois chapters** of the Daughters of the American Revolution brought to a fitting consummation the dreams and labors of four years when, on June 14, a beautiful new historic shrine, commemorating Abraham Lincoln's first entrance into the state of Illinois, was formally dedicated.

The dedicatory services were in charge of Mrs. Julian S. Goodhue, who conceived the idea of erecting the shrine while serving as state regent of the Illinois D. A. R. five years ago. Dr. Louis A. Warren, noted Lincoln authority and the director of the Lincoln Life Foundation of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was guest speaker.

For many years historians have waged a mild battle concerning the exact point at which the Lincoln family crossed the Wabash during the Indiana-Illinois migration. Consequently, the high point of Dr. War-

ren's address was the presentation of the first documentary evidence to come to light substantiating the contention that Vincennes was the point of crossing. This evidence was an old letter recently discovered in Springfield, Ohio, and was written by an Illinois farmer to a friend in Springfield in 1860, shortly after Lincoln was first nominated for the presidency. Peter Smith, the author of the letter, recounts for his friend, J. Warren Keifer, a personal meeting with Lincoln at the Illinois state convention in 1860. In a reply to a question concerning the family migration, Lincoln is quoted as saying to Mr. Smith: "About thirty years ago I did drive my father's ox wagon and team moving my father's family through your town of Lawrenceville and I was afoot but not barefoot. In my young days I frequently went barefooted but on that occasion I had on a substantial pair of shoes—it was a cold day in March and I never went barefooted in cold weather. I will remember that trip through your county as long as I live. I crossed the Wabash at Vincennes. . . ."

The Illinois Daughters of the American Revolution deserve the appreciation of the entire country for this beautiful new shrine. It makes the Lincoln Memorial Bridge, already one of the most impressive, now one of the most historic in America as well. At the Indiana end of the bridge stands the national memorial to George Rogers Clark, in commemoration of his conquest of the Northwest, while now, on the Illinois side, stands this impressive new shrine to the memory of a man, who, though not born great, achieved that state in the finest American tradition and grew to be one of the mighty men of all time.

The **Battle of Elizabethtown Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Clarkton, North Carolina, has recently unveiled a highway marker designating the site of the girlhood home of Anna Mathilda McNeill Whistler, the mother of James A. McNeill Whistler, noted American artist whose portrait entitled "Whistler's Mother" has become famous throughout the nation. Ambassador

Daniels paid high tribute to the McNeills and to the mother of James McNeill Whistler.

Following the addresses, the assemblage moved from the high school auditorium to the site of the marker, which was presented by Mrs. D. S. Currie, the local regent, and accepted by Mrs. Eugene Davis, the State Regent, after it had been unveiled by the Misses Janice McNeill and Janet McRee Burroughs. The new marker is not many yards from the ruins of Anna McNeill's girlhood home. The marker bears the words:

1804—1881

WHISTLER'S MOTHER

ANNA MATHILDA McNEILL WHISTLER,  
MOTHER OF THE NOTED PAINTER,  
JAMES ABBOT McNEILL WHISTLER,  
LIVED IN A HOUSE WHICH STOOD  
1300 YARDS EAST OF THIS POST.

Erected by Battle of Elizabethtown Chapter  
Daughters of the American Revolution  
and County of Bladen, May 1938.

The **Carrollton Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Carrollton, Missouri, has placed a large stone marker with bronze tablet to the memory of Lewis and Clark. Addresses were made by Mrs. Henry Clay Chiles, State Regent, and Mrs. William Rock Painter, former Chaplain General. The tablet bears the following inscription:

LEWIS AND CLARK  
SENT OUT BY THOMAS JEFFERSON  
TO EXPLORE THE GREAT NORTH WEST,  
SPENT THREE DAYS NEAR HERE  
MAKING NEW OARS FOR THEIR BOATS  
JUNE 17-18-19-1804

Erected by  
The Carrollton Chapter  
Daughters of the American Revolution  
June 13, 1938

Many gathered at the Fillmore cemetery in Fillmore, Missouri, to mark eight graves, a Revolutionary soldier, a wife, and six daughters, with the official bronze markers bearing the D. A. R. insignia and to recognize John Tuttle for his untiring efforts in collecting and preserving the many valuable historical incidents that came to him

while he was sexton of the cemetery. The dedicatory services were under the sponsorship of the **St. Joseph Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Fillmore, Missouri, and Mrs. W. L. Smith, chairman of the department of Revolutionary soldiers, presided. Mrs. Frederick O. Cunningham of Kansas City, state chairman of Americanism and a member of the national committee, paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Tuttle.

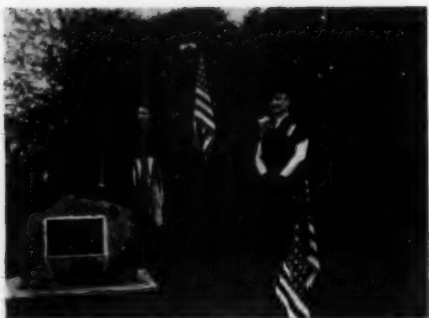
Mr. Tuttle, now ninety-two years old, has spent many years compiling data on the history of Fillmore, which in the days prior to the Platte Purchase, was known as Newark Station.

**Colonel Jeduthan Wellington Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Belmont, Massachusetts, recently dedicated an Organizing Regent marker on the grave of Mrs. George H. Carleton (Abbie I.) in the Belmont cemetery. Prior to this exercise an appropriate program was presented at the home of Mr. Carleton, at which time a resume of the work of Mrs. Carleton was given by the remaining charter member. An address by Rev. H. W. Foote was another feature of the program. National and state officers were among the guests.

**Old North Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Boston, Massachusetts, has planted, marked, and dedicated a memorial tree to one of its deceased members. The tree was planted in the park adjoining the Old South Church and cemetery in Andover, the birthplace and resting place of the departed member.

A marker, the government's first, of a Revolutionary soldier to be allotted to Elkhart County, has been erected to the memory of Jacob Lear, a native of Pennsylvania, who came to Elkhart county at the age of sixty-nine, in 1827, with his two eldest sons, Abraham and Jacob, Jr. Shortly after reaching their destination, the father died from fatigue and was buried in the Bainter plot, which has been long neglected.

Mrs. F. C. Wherly of Elkhart, regent of the **William Tuffs Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Elkhart, Indiana, has been instrumental in having the cemetery cleared and a marker erected bearing the following inscription:



MRS. BLACKLEDGE AND MRS. SCHNELL BESIDE THE  
BRONZE TABLET RECENTLY DEDICATED IN FRONT OF  
THE AMES TAVERN

JACOB LEAR—PVT. 4 BN. PA. TR. REV. WAR  
DIED MAY 1827.

ERECTED BY WILLIAM TUFFS CHAPTER, D. A. R.,  
MAY 8, 1938.

The marker was unveiled by Mrs. Sabina Madlem of Goshen, a granddaughter of Jacob Lear.

On a large, sandstone boulder, which has borne a Daughters of the American Revolution marker in honor of Governor Gaspar de Portola, that organization recently unveiled another bronze plaque in honor of Juan Batista de Anza. The ceremony was under the sponsorship of the **Santa Barbara Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Santa Barbara, California. Dr. William H. Ellison paid a tribute to the man whose memory was being honored by telling of his life which had to do with the discovery and use of an overland route from Sonora to Santa Barbara. At the close of Dr. Ellison's address, Miss Mary Steele and Mrs. Harrison Ryon unveiled the bronze marker carrying Anza's name, the date of his Santa Barbara visit, and the nature of his journey.

Impressive ceremonies accompanied the dedication of the bronze tablet and marker in front of the historic Ames tavern, now the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Alvah McMaster, by the **Asa Cotrell Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Belvidere, Illinois. Mrs. Dorothy Porter Blackledge, a great-grandniece of Landlord Ames, the

founder of the oldest Boone county hostelry, was the principal in the unveiling of the marker. The dedication was performed by Mrs. George Schnell, the local regent. Mrs. Alvah McMaster presented a brief history of the tavern, dating from its construction in 1835 through the Civil War. Quoting from the records of the original proprietor, William Ames, she summarized methods of operation and price scales and sketched the community highlights during the early years. Mrs. Samuel James Campbell, honorary state regent of the Illinois D. A. R. and a member of the Federal Commission, Northwest Territory Celebration, was the guest of honor.

### *Flag Ceremony at Annapolis*

It was fortunate for the **Alaska Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Fairbanks, Alaska, that Mrs. Peter Grandison was in the States last fall. She was able to attend the impressive ceremonies held on Navy Day at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, at the time the state and territorial flags were presented to the Academy. Mrs. Grandison presented the Alaska flag which was received by Cadet Walter Hering, the son of Mrs. Agnes Hering of Fairbanks, Alaska.

The recently elected President General of the National Society, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., of Annapolis, Maryland, was honored by a reception at the quarters of Capt. and Mrs. F. Shafroth, Jr., on board the Naval Academy Station Ship, *Reina Mercedes*. Mrs. Shafroth, who is a member of the Army and Navy Chapter, was very generous and gracious in offering the use of her quarters to the **Peggy Stewart Tea Party Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Annapolis, of which she is an associate member.

The reception room, interesting with its pilot wheel and many windows looking out over the Severn River and Chesapeake Bay, was decorated beautifully and gave a charming and unusual atmosphere to the reception.

Those receiving with Mrs. Robert were: Mrs. Frank Madison Dick of Cambridge, Vice President General from Maryland; Mrs. Wilbur B. Blakeslee, of Baltimore, State Regent of the Maryland Society; Mrs.



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James J. Cresap, one of the founders of the local chapter, and Mrs. Charles H. Rawlins, Jr., regent of the local chapter. Beautiful old-fashioned bouquets of flowers were carried by those receiving.

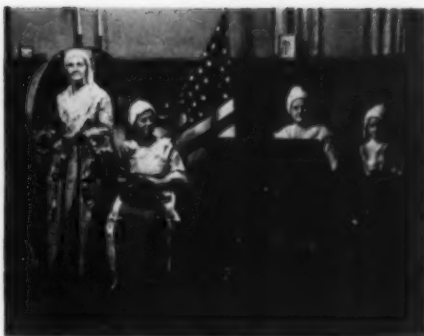
As an expression of appreciation of the honor which has come to their chapter through their illustrious member, the Peggy Stewart Tea Party Chapter presented Mrs. Robert with a beautiful guest book, exquisitely bound in blue leather, having the D. A. R. seal embossed in gold on the cover, and an inscription on the fly leaf. Miss E. Nyce Feldmeyer made an appropriate and graceful speech of presentation. Mrs. Robert expressed her gratitude in well-chosen words, and the party was a huge success.

### **Historical Pageant**

The **General John Gibson Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Princeton, Indiana, recently participated in an historical pageant given by the Parent Teachers Association of Princeton. The local chapter presented two colonial scenes—one depicting beauty and the other showing hardship. The brass kettle which is visible in the picture is one hundred and seventy-eight years old. The candlesticks stood on either side of the chimney on shelves in the Bedford, New Hampshire, home of Esther Merrick Kittredge, more than one hundred years ago. The spinning wheel came to Indiana from Newport, New Hampshire, with Nabby Wilcox Hurd in 1854. Several large pieces of the homespun linen, which she spun in the home of her daughter, Miriam Wilcox Hurd Kittredge, in Marshall County, are still in good preservation. The melodeon, a Mason and Hamlin make, was purchased in Boston by Leonard Kittredge and transported to Lawn Ridge, Illinois, in 1860 for his only daughter. It was the first instrument on the prairie. A brown leather-bound song book was given the daughter, Samantha Eunice Kittredge, with the melodeon. In the front of the book Leonard Kittredge inscribed:

"It will give your father and mother delight  
To hear you sing and play these hymns at night."

This melodeon is in excellent condition still, and all those who hear it marvel at its tone and volume.



THE SCENE "DEPICTING BEAUTY" AS ENACTED BY MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL JOHN GIBSON CHAPTER

### **District of Columbia Flag Bill**

With the passage of a bill "To create a commission to procure a design for a flag for the District of Columbia, and for other purposes" the adoption of a distinctive banner for the District of Columbia is at last assured. Twice the Senate has passed a similar bill, but heretofore the House has not seen fit to complete the action.

The idea first took definite form in a bill presented to Congress in 1920 at the request of the Washington Board of Trade. The bill was not reported favorably because it asked no appropriation. In 1924, **Our Flag Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of the District of Columbia, originated another flag bill, which was endorsed by the District Commissioners and several other organizations, and caused it to be introduced in Congress. Although promptly passed by the Senate, the bill was not acted upon by the House during 1925.

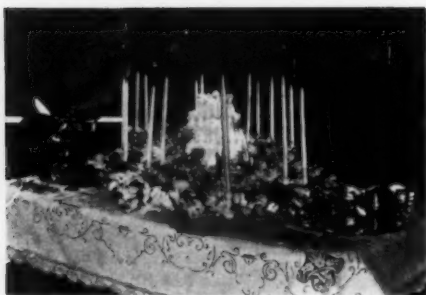
Several designs for the proposed flag have been suggested, although the final decision rests, of course, with the commission which has been created, and which is composed of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and the President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia. The present bill also provides: "That in the selection of such design the commission hereby created shall have the advice of the Commission of Fine Arts."

The District of Columbia National Guard flag, designed by officers of the Guard in 1933, has depicted thereon the dome of the

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MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED GUESTS WERE PRESENT AT THE HOME OF MRS. JASPER BLACKBURN IN WEBSTER GROVES, MISSOURI, WHEN THE WEBSTER GROVES CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R., CELEBRATED ITS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY. THE TEA TABLE, IN WHITE AND SILVER, HAD AS ITS CENTERPIECE THE ANNIVERSARY CAKE SURROUNDED BY LILIES OF THE VALLEY AND SNAPDRAGONS

Capitol, which typifies the District, the rising sun, which was taken from the District seal and is symbolic of ascendancy, and red and white twists of a wreath.

Another design has been submitted by Maj. Albert M. Walker. On a background of Colonial buff appears the blazing sun in gold behind the dome of the Capitol. This is supported on a wreath showing three bands each, beginning dexter with metal argent, followed by color, red, three turns each. These colors appear again on the shield supported on the eagle's breast. The shield is the Washington coat-of-arms. The eagle is from the great seal of the United States. From the seal of the District is the motto, "Justitia Omnibus."

Mrs. George T. Hawkins of the **American Liberty Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of the District, offers a design whose colors are Colonial buff and blue. The seal of the District is used in the center of a large star composed of thirteen alternate buff and blue stripes, symbolizing the States which formed the Union, when, by act of Congress, the Capital was placed in the District of Columbia. Converging on this central figure are forty-eight solid buff stars, one for each of the present forty-eight states.

William Russell of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, has designed a banner in which the field is buff, the District seal in the center blue, and a wide border of blue is separated from the field

by a narrow strip of white. This is a true George Washington flag, since buff and blue were the colors the Commander-in-Chief preferred for uniforms, and his statue comprises the principal figure on the copy of the District seal.

The District Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, deserves much credit for the passage of the flag bill. Without their interest it would never have been reintroduced in the Seventy-Fifth Congress with the backing of the District Commissioners. We can and shall look forward with great interest to the day when the District Flag is first displayed in our Capital.



MRS. WM. PHILIP L. DAVIS, PICTURED AT THE CELEBRATION OF HER GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. MRS. DAVIS IS THE ORGANIZING REGENT OF THE DARLING WHITNEY CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R., OF PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

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# STATE CONFERENCES

## DELAWARE

AT the State Conference of Delaware Chapters, National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, which was also their observance of the anniversary of the adoption of our Flag, held on Saturday, June 11, 1938, in the Hotel Henlopen, Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, Delaware Daughters were happy and proud to welcome their President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., their guest of honor.

State Regent, Mrs. James H. Scott, presided at the business meeting, which was opened with prayer offered by the State Chaplain, Mrs. L. Lee Layton, and the pledge of allegiance to the Flag led by Miss Ella J. Holley, State Chairman "Correct Use of the Flag." This was followed by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

New State Officers and chairmen, chapter regents, and Junior Group chairmen, State Directors, Children of the American Revolution, and presidents of C. A. R. Societies were presented and each responded briefly with plans for her work.

Several members of the newly organized Mary Vining Chapter of Seaford were introduced.

The President General congratulated the State Regent and Delaware Chapters on having nearly half of their membership present and on the enthusiasm and interest displayed. In a very clear and helpful manner, she presented plans and interesting facts concerning the work of our society.

The State Chairman, Good Citizenship Pilgrimage Committee, Mrs. Paul A. Day, introduced three Pilgrims who had represented Delaware in the past years. These young women were the guests of the Conference at the luncheon. Mrs. Day reported that Good Citizenship pins had been presented to each of the girls selected by the High Schools throughout the State as their candidate for the 1938 Pilgrimage.

Following the luncheon, the President General gave a very delightful and interesting address, presenting plans and objec-

tives of the National Society. She announced that the fiftieth anniversary of the organization is to be celebrated in October 1940, and all chapters and State organizations are asked to plan to participate in this celebration.

The afternoon program included the singing of "Our Delaware" and other patriotic numbers led by Mrs. J. Raymond Frederick, regent of Caesar Rodney Chapter, accompanied by Mrs. Charles E. Griffith, State Chairman, Committee for the Advancement of American Music.

Solos by Mrs. Frederick, and readings by Miss Dorothy Russell, were followed by an address given by the District Governor of 184th District of Rotary International, Mr. George S. Williams, whose topic was "The American Way."

This enjoyable program was closed with the Mizpah Benediction led by Mrs. Walter S. Williams, State Vice-Regent.

Two members of the Blue Hen's Chickens Society, C. A. R., Dorothy Frederick and Florence J. Reynolds, were Pages for the Conference.

After the close of the Conference, many remained to enjoy a week-end at this resort, where ocean waves meet pine woods.

BERTHA HARRAR,  
State Recording Secretary.

## IDAHO

THE 26th annual session of the Idaho D. A. R. Conference was called to order by Mrs. W. W. Brothers, State Regent, at 10.00 a. m. in the Idaho Power Building.

A beautiful processional led by Color Guards and Color Bearers, Mr. Earl Hall, Commander in Charge; Mr. Paul Stratford, Commander Color Guard; Mr. Reed Howell, Color Guard; and Mrs. Vere Campbell, Color Bearer. Pages, Miss Patsey Coppock, Miss Shirley Stowell, Mrs. Lois Corey and Mrs. Fern Hicks; State Regent, Mrs. W. W. Brothers; State Officers, Past State Regents and Chapter Regents.

A pleasing welcome was extended by

Robert M. Terrill, Mayor of Pocatello and by Mrs. Edgar Ragan, Old Fort Hall Chapter of Blackfoot, one of the hostess Chapters, and was responded to by Mrs. T. F. Warner, Vice State Regent.

A solo, "At Dawning," was beautifully sung by Mrs. Sherman Hawley.

Partial report of the Credential Committee, Mrs. C. R. Galloway, showed present 5 State Officers, 5 Chapter Regents, and 22 delegates. Two State Officers were also Chapter Regents, making 30 delegates. One Past State Regent, Mrs. S. C. Winters, of Pocatello, was also present.

Minutes of the Executive Board Meeting were read and approved as read, followed by the address of Mrs. Brothers, State Regent.

Mrs. Brothers gave a very pleasing address and report of her various activities and stressed the resolutions adopted by the Resolution Committee, among the most important being the following:

1. Certain changes in the State By-Laws in regard to membership.

2. That each chapter in the State be asked to contribute \$1.00 to the fund for the furnishing of Surrender Room in the Moore House.

3. That the 26th Idaho Conference send Maxine Sower of Nampa, winner of the Good Citizens Pilgrimage contest to Washington, D. C., and that the State Conference award medals to the two runners-up in the contest, Virginia Kerlin of Twin Falls, and Lois Porrer of Pocatello.

4. That the 26th Idaho Conference instruct the Idaho delegation to the 47th Continental Congress to vote for Mrs. Henry M. Roberts, Jr., for President General; for Mrs. Grace Noble McMartin of Arizona, and Mrs. Clarence Henry Adams of Colorado as Vice Presidents General.

5. Whereas the toll of traffic accidents has become so heavy that it has aroused every State to a proper sense of traffic laws and a rigid enforcement of them, the State Conference recommend that a national standard of driver's signals be adopted.

6. Recommended that Genealogical Blanks be used in the high schools of the State for the work of carrying on the Genealogical research.

The reports of the State Officers and of

the Chapter Regents were read and accepted.

Miss Clara Wood, former State Historian of Idaho, expressed her thanks in a letter for the D. A. R. Recognition Pin sent her in appreciation of her great service to the D. A. R. in compiling the history of the Idaho D. A. R.

A beautiful Memorial Service in charge of Miss Mabel Guption, the State Chaplain, for the following members who had been called in death during the year: Mrs. Ethel Dougless Miller, Mrs. Charlotte Belle Corner, Mrs. Emma Warren, Miss Barbara Gray Hollbrook, Mrs. Emma Coutts, Mrs. Lillian West Hewett, and Mrs. Francis Whitman Monteith. Mrs. Monteith was a grandniece of the immortal Marcus Whitman.

Thursday morning, March 17, the second session of the Idaho State Conference was called to order by Mrs. W. W. Brothers, State Regent. After the usual formality of opening, letters were read from Darline Werner of Twin Falls, the 1937 Good Citizenship Pilgrim, describing her trip to Washington, and from Maxine Sower of Nampa, the pilgrim for 1938.

Reports from State Committee Chairmen were read, accepted and ordered filed.

An interesting letter from Mrs. Kate De-Kay concerning historical facts and data of the Blackfoot Community was read by Mrs. Furchner. A letter was read from Mrs. H. P. Blodgett of Gooding, describing two valuable Indian relics, a pipe from Red Cloud's band of Sioux Indians and a bowl taken from an Indian grave at Taos, New Mexico, estimated to be 700 years old. Mrs. Blodgett sends the two pieces to the Idaho State Conference for inspection and then presents them to the D. A. R. Museum in Washington. It was ordered that Mrs. Blodgett be sent a letter of thanks by the Conference.

A telegram was read from Mrs. Thomas J. Campbell, Regent of Alice Whitman Chapter, extending an invitation for the conference to meet at Lewiston March 26-27, 1939, as the guest of Alice Whitman Chapter.

A motion was made by Mrs. Lea that the 27th annual Conference meet in Boise March 1939 as the guests of Pioneer Chapter. The motion was seconded and carried.

ELIZABETH WHEELER,  
State Historian.

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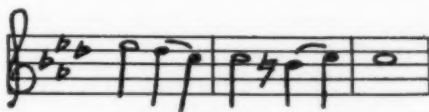
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## COMMITTEE REPORTS

### Advancement of American Music



#### *Through the Year With American Music*

"MUSIC," said Longfellow, "is the universal language of mankind." Believing this, we may well rejoice in any opportunity offered to participate in the world-wide development of music so extensively shared at the present time by our own country where music is attracting the attention of the most prominent European musicians.

We have a national heritage in music that dates back to pre-Revolutionary days. George Washington believed in the promotion of the arts and enjoyed music. He often asked that the compositions of his friend, Francis Hopkinson, be performed in his hearing. He recognized the ability of this first native born American composer who was also a Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Since that time the United States of America has produced many native composers who have given us outstanding music in their respective fields that is worthy of our consideration. Why should we not become acquainted with these composers and give their music a place on our programs?

We enjoy reading the works of our authors and rejoice in an exhibition of American painting and sculpture. Likewise should we be pleased to give audience to the music written by our composers. Its performance should be encouraged because of its merits and in order that music by our own composers may be given its rightful place beside the worthy music of the rest of the world, both past and present. Only through her music being heard can the United States of America expect to con-

tribute anything to the future library of the world's best music.

We often hear it said that we do not have music with an idiom that produces an atmosphere of national individualism as does the music of European countries. Our nation is too young for such an idiom and furthermore, our composers have a very diversified inheritance. Our music is characteristic of the freedom of thought in our country. Our composers are expressing the musical truth as they themselves see it. Some choose Indian themes as an idiom, while others select mountain songs or Negro melodies. Many composers have a particular interest in tonality; some look to the musical structure and others tend toward writing music with a descriptive title.

Among the compositions of worth that have come from the pen of our own composers, we find music appropriate to each month of the calendar year; also a great deal that is suited to special occasions. There is music descriptive of the passing of summer and the coming of autumn. There are compositions that sing of the falling snows of midwinter, the freshness of spring, and of the joys of summer. There are In Memoriam songs, music with Washington and Lincoln for a theme, toasts to the Flag, music depicting the landing of the Pilgrims, music expressive of the Spirit of 1776, love songs for St. Valentine's Day, birthday songs and music for children.

So satisfying is the music of our American composers when taken month by month that the subject "Through the Year with American Music" seems quite adequate for a program to be used for the Advancement



of American Music. Such a program carried through the year would prove of definite value in promoting the work of our American composers.

Since the majority of organizations open their year's activities in September, it is

time now to consider music that might be used on a program during next month.

From the very great number of compositions suited for various reasons to performance in September, the following suggestions are offered:

#### I. SEASONAL MUSIC

Farewell Summer, for Piano ..... *Mrs. H. H. A. Beach*  
(A. P. Schmidt Co., Pub.)

#### II. OCCASIONAL MUSIC—CONSTITUTION DAY, SEPTEMBER 17

Chorus:

The American's Creed ..... *Edgar Stillman Kelley*  
(C. C. Birchard & Co., Pub.)

America ..... *Arr. by Mrs. Crosby Adams*  
(Additional verses by Henry VanDyke; Onward Press, Richmond, Va., Pub.)

#### III. MUSIC BY COMPOSERS BORN IN SEPTEMBER

Charm of the Night, for Piano ..... *Charles Dennee*  
(A. P. Schmidt Co., Pub.) (Sept. 1, 1865)

La Captive, for Violin ..... *Mrs. H. H. A. Beach*  
(A. P. Schmidt Co., Pub.) (Sept. 5, 1867)

Natchez-on-the-Hill, for Two Pianos ..... *John Powell*  
(G. Schirmer, Inc., Pub.) (Sept. 6, 1882)

First Symphony, for Organ ..... *Edward Shippen Barnes*  
(G. Schirmer, Inc., Pub.) (Sept. 14, 1887)

Chorus:  
Moonrise ..... *Horatio Parker*  
(C. C. Birchard & Co., Pub.) (Sept. 15, 1863)

The White Peacock (Roman Sketches for Piano) ..... *Charles Griffes*  
(G. Schirmer, Inc., Pub.) (Sept. 17, 1884)

Six Songs from "First American Composer" ..... *Francis Hopkinson*  
(Arr. by H. V. Milligan; A. P. Schmidt Co., Pub.) (Sept. 21, 1737)

The Crystal Gazer, for Voice ..... *A. Walter Kramer*  
(Boston Music Co., Pub.) (Sept. 23, 1884)

JANET CUTLER MEAD, *Chairman.*

## In Memoriam

The National Society records with deep regret the death on June 13, 1938, of Mrs. Lillie Tyson Page Taplin, who served the National Society as Registrar General in 1897 and Vice President General in 1898; the death on June 14, 1938, of Mrs. John M. Carey, Honorary Vice President General, who served the National Society as Vice President General 1904-1906, and Honorary Vice President General from 1916 until the time of her death; and the death on June 17, 1938, of Mrs. Drayton W. Bushnell, Honorary Vice President General, who served the State of Iowa as State Vice Regent 1905-1906, and the National Society as Vice President General 1906-1908 and 1908-1910, and Honorary Vice President General until the time of her death.

## Junior

### *Eschscholtzia Juniors Busy*

**F**AR out on the Pacific Coast, Eschscholtzia Juniors of Los Angeles are closing the year's affairs with a whirl of activity.

Miss Anita Hege and her gracious mother, Mrs. Henry A. Hege, opened their spacious home on South Hobart Boulevard to the Juniors when they entertained with a bridge-luncheon for members of the Junior group.

Bidden as guest of honor was Miss Cristina Welles, lovely young star of the historic California pageant, "Ramona." Miss Welles is an active member in the Eschscholtzia group and her admirable performance has brought commendatory letters from other chapters.

Entertaining with a tea at her home, Miss Margaret Peasley was a recent hostess to Eschscholtzia Juniors.

As they chatted over the teacups, the attractive young hostess and her guests put finishing stitches into garments being prepared for needy children of their "adopted" school. This institution, which is located about 60 miles from Los Angeles, has in attendance a number of young children who require assistance. Eschscholtzia Juniors, working in cooperation with the instructor, have been supplying both material and scholastic aid for the last six months.

RUTH BUMPAS,  
Historian.

### *History of the Junior Group, Old Blake House Chapter*

It was an unpretentious little group of girls who met in the living-room of Mrs. John Clapp's home in Dorchester, Massachusetts, November 4, 1933, to form the Junior group of Old Blake House Chapter. Previous to this date, they had met as Homemakers, but interest waned, and col-



JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP  
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

## Membership

lege and the cares of matrimony had claimed so many devotees that Mrs. Clapp, then Regent, conceived the bright idea of having a younger group within the Chapter. The first year Mrs. Clapp acted as Senior Counsellor.

The following year Mrs. John Stenberg became the first Chairman and although new to the group, her executive ability and wise foresight were soon recog-

nized. There were four meetings in all, but money was raised through a

puppet show and chain luncheons proved an easy way to fill the coffers with shining coin. Two debates, one on the "Teachers' Oath" and the other on "National Defense," aroused interest.

In May of 1936 the gracious and versatile Elizabeth Chadbourne was elected to the Chair. During her administration, money was raised through the sale of meat pins and bridge parties. A play and dance at the end of the season under the direction of Mrs. Russell Beatty netted a profit of \$25.00 which was turned over to the Chapter for Hillside School. Two new members were admitted to the group and we had the pleasure of hearing seven speakers during the year.

At the gay colorful meeting of May 1937, held at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Miss Priscilla Clough became Chairman. The following November, Mrs. Miles Clair, Junior Secretary, dramatized and produced a Civil War play with the help of Mrs. John Clapp in honor of the Regent's Guest Day. It is not remiss to say here that the Junior Group have been fortunate in having for their Regent for the past three years Mrs. Irving Merriam, whose sympathetic advice and enthusiastic support have endeared her to all.

In December Mrs. Stenberg again gave valuable aid to the Chapter as Finance Chairman, holding a Bazaar at her home



Photo by Otto Rothschild

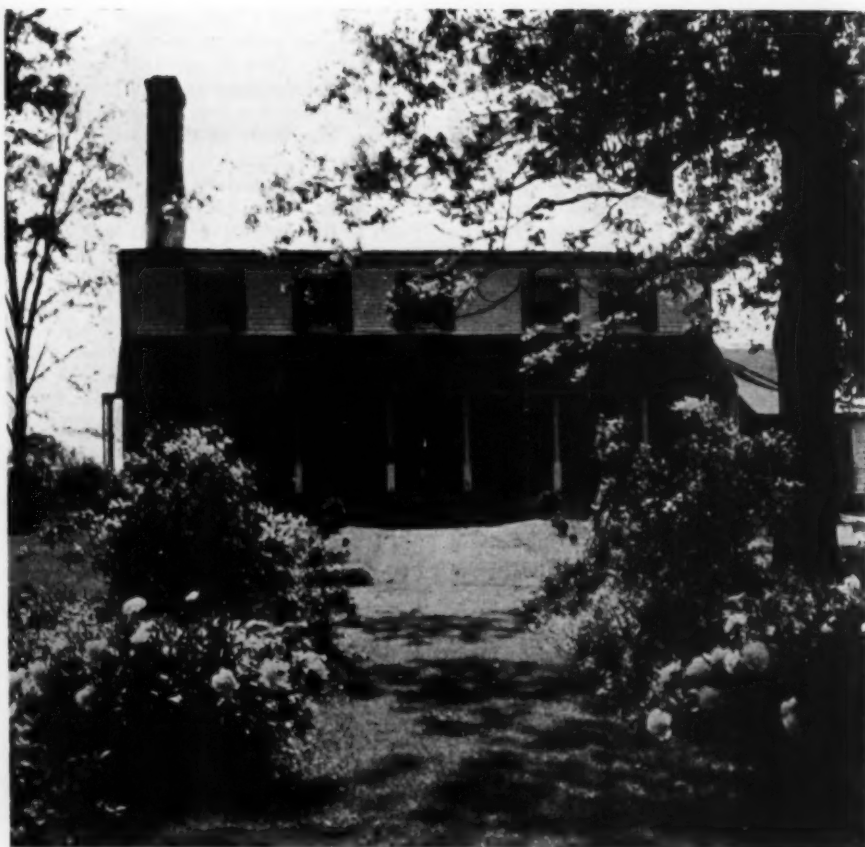
CHRISTINA WELLES, OF ESCHSCHOLTZIE JUNIOR CHAPTER IN LOS ANGELES, HAS BEEN SINGING THE LEAD FOR OVER EIGHT WEEKS IN THE 1938 PRESENTATION OF THE OPERA-PAGEANT, "RAMONA", BASED ON HELEN HUNT JACKSON'S NOVEL OF EARLY CALIFORNIA. THE SPECTACULAR EVENT IS GIVEN EACH YEAR, OVER A PERIOD OF SEVERAL WEEKS, IN RAMONA BOWL AT HEMET, CALIFORNIA. MISS WELLES, WHO HAS DONE A GREAT DEAL OF MOTION PICTURE AND OPERATIC WORK, HAS WON ACCLAIM FROM CRITICS FOR BOTH HER SINGING AND ACTING ABILITY AS DEMONSTRATED IN "RAMONA." SHE IS VERY ACTIVE IN CHAPTER AFFAIRS AND RECENTLY ENTERTAINED MEMBERS AND OTHER GUESTS IN HER PASADENA HOME

and turning out a total of \$102.00 as proceeds. The Juniors purchased 100 postal cards; contributed \$5.00 to Hillside School and also agreed to take a subscription to "World Youth" newspaper in conjunction with the First Free School Society, C. A. R.; contribution to the "Penny Pines" project was also forthcoming.

A Pop-concert May 4, also under the direction of Mrs. Stenberg, brought a sum of \$45.00 with every girl in the society co-operating to make it a success. This success was all the more gratifying when one realizes that out of sixteen girls, five were

out of the state and unable to lend their aid. Miss Chadbourne and Miss Clough served on the committee of the Massachusetts Junior D. A. R. joint dance held April 9 which attracted many outsiders and gave evidence beyond a doubt that the Juniors are very much alive and a vital part of the organization. Three new members were admitted and seven speakers gave instructive and varied talks. The sum of \$56.00 reposes in the treasury and with the incoming Chairman, Miss Martha Loehr, the future looks bright and promising.

PRISCILLA M. CLOUGH.



REAR VIEW OF "MARMION," IN KING GEORGE COUNTY, VA., SHOWING THE BRICK WALK TO THE GARDEN

## A Visit to "Marmion"

IF clocks could talk, perhaps the grandfather's clock on the wide staircase at "Marmion" would tell you this very interesting story:

During the bloody revolution between thirteen small colonies and mighty England, a small group of Hessians were found wandering on the shores of the Potomac river. The stately master of the house, Philip Fitzhugh, son of William Fitzhugh, the builder of "Marmion," found those homeless foreigners and generously took them into his home as prisoner-guests, sav-

ing them from certain starvation. One cold day, when the weather was too severe to permit the members of the household to emerge from behind the doors with "Holy Lord" hinges, one of the Hessians became very restless. He wandered aimlessly through the hall (which is wide enough to drive a hay wagon through) until he stood before the highly polished oak door leading into the drawing-room. An idea immediately entered his mind.

He mumbled to himself, "I am an artist, and wish to express my gratitude towards

these kind people, so it would be a splendid idea to decorate this drawing-room."

The Hessian immediately formed his plans, and was soon underway with his work, using pigments from the clay found on the estate. The paneled walls of this decorated drawing-room were adorned with two corner cupboards. The lower panels were painted to suggest marble. Landscapes were also painted on the lower panels. The floor boards in this room are one foot wide and four inches thick.

The Metropolitan Art Museum of New York City thought this room so impressive and extraordinary, that they were granted permission by Mrs. R. Carter N. Grymes, the present owner and mistress of "Marmion," to display the decorations in the American wing of the museum.

In 1932 articles from "Marmion," one of the most interesting places in the northern neck of Virginia, were loaned for display to the Overseas International Exposition in Paris; among them, a three-piece silver set which belonged to Major George Washington Lewis, my great-great-grandfather; a pressed glass wine decanter, and old Virginia money, issued between 1751 and 1773 and signed by Robert Carter Nicholas, treasurer of Virginia. There is also a tester bed which belonged to Chief Justice John Marshall.

The original outbuildings, dairy, and kit-

chen still contain their original equipment. The colonial builders knew the habits of flies, for the light is admitted from under the eaves of the dairy roof. When the door is closed there is a cool darkness about the place. The walls of this spotlessly clean building are lined with wide shelves upon which sat many pails of rich milk.

Bordering the red brick walk, which leads to the garden, there has been planted beautiful English box. In front, the house is shaded by enormous spreading pecan trees, a gift of General George Washington to his nephew, Major George Washington Lewis.

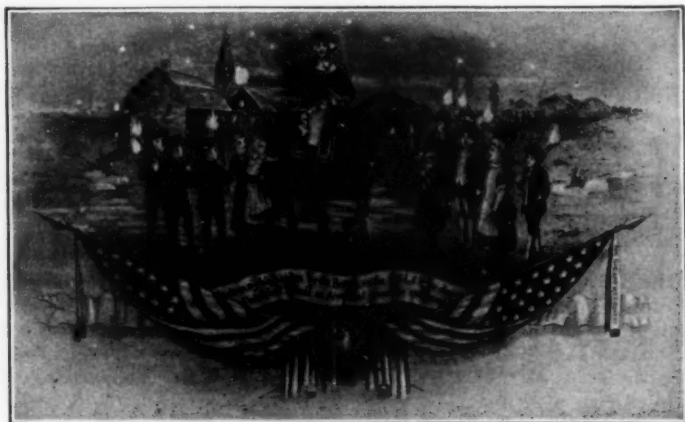
In 1779 the large estate passed from Philip Fitzhugh to Major Lewis, son of Colonel Fielding and Betty (Washington) Lewis.

Major Lewis was the commander of George Washington's body guard during the Revolution.

From Major Lewis, "Marmion" passed in direct descent to his son Daingerfield Lewis to his son Fielding Lewis, and then to Lucy B. Lewis (Mrs. R. Carter N. Grymes), the present owner.

But since clocks cannot talk I have had the pleasure of relating this tale to you of one of my ancestral homes, "Marmion."

LUCY ELLZEY GOLDSMITH,  
Thomas Johnson Society,  
Baltimore, Maryland.



REPRODUCTION OF THE EMBLEM APPEARING ON THE CHARTER OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY, CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



## MEMBERSHIP OF N. S. D. A. R.

As of June 1, 1938

Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, *Treasurer General*

STATES	Number of Chapters	Membership as of June 1, 1938		
		Chapter	At Large	Total
ALABAMA.....	45	1,570	12	1,582
ALASKA.....	1	27	2	29
ARIZONA.....	8	330	5	335
ARKANSAS.....	29	960	8	968
CALIFORNIA.....	88	4,471	189	4,660
CANAL ZONE.....	1	42	2	44
COLORADO.....	36	2,161	20	2,181
CONNECTICUT.....	55	5,551	36	5,587
CUBA.....	1	46	0	46
DELAWARE.....	5	252	1	253
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.....	60	3,596	114	3,710
FLORIDA.....	36	1,900	28	1,928
GEORGIA.....	87	4,126	24	4,150
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.....	2	158	2	160
IDAHO.....	11	456	2	458
ILLINOIS.....	108	7,173	139	7,312
INDIANA.....	91	5,063	26	5,089
IOWA.....	94	4,079	41	4,120
KANSAS.....	51	2,300	16	2,316
KENTUCKY.....	50	2,445	27	2,472
LOUISIANA.....	25	993	10	1,003
MAINE.....	38	2,091	7	2,098
MARYLAND.....	30	1,498	30	1,528
MASSACHUSETTS.....	105	6,428	84	6,512
MICHIGAN.....	59	3,814	54	3,868
MINNESOTA.....	52	2,220	15	2,235
MISSISSIPPI.....	34	1,426	14	1,440
MISSOURI.....	85	4,371	42	4,413
MONTANA.....	12	530	6	536
NEBRASKA.....	46	1,915	21	1,936
NEVADA.....	1	53	3	56
NEW HAMPSHIRE.....	37	2,106	9	2,115
NEW JERSEY.....	77	4,917	98	5,015
NEW MEXICO.....	7	343	6	349
NEW YORK.....	176	14,977	336	15,313
NORTH CAROLINA.....	69	2,571	29	2,600
NORTH DAKOTA.....	11	324	4	328
OHIO.....	120	7,537	85	7,622
OKLAHOMA.....	30	1,345	7	1,352
OREGON.....	28	1,107	7	1,114
PENNSYLVANIA.....	127	11,651	98	11,749
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.....	1	43	2	45
PUERTO RICO.....	1	35	0	35
RHODE ISLAND.....	22	1,280	11	1,291
SOUTH CAROLINA.....	60	2,073	13	2,086
SOUTH DAKOTA.....	12	369	3	372
TENNESSEE.....	66	2,765	16	2,779
TEXAS.....	68	3,805	44	3,849
UTAH.....	3	213	2	215
VERMONT.....	33	1,625	7	1,632
VIRGINIA.....	81	3,854	47	3,901
WASHINGTON.....	36	1,784	33	1,817
WEST VIRGINIA.....	40	2,384	14	2,398
WISCONSIN.....	45	2,139	12	2,151
WYOMING.....	10	387	2	389
FOREIGN: CHINA.....	1	42		42
ENGLAND.....	1	61		61
FRANCE.....	2	76		76
GERMANY.....	1	14		14
ITALY.....	1	22		22
AT LARGE.....			24	24
TOTALS.....	2,512	141,892	1,889	143,781

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*Delia Maria Smith*

❖ EDITOR'S OFFICE . . . Mrs. Keyes Speaking ❖

I HAVE LATELY become a grandmother, and my new estate has caused a good deal of searching self-scrutiny. I cannot help wondering, with some concern, what sort of an influence, if any, I shall have on the lives of my grandchildren, and what steps I should take to see that it is as good and great as I can make it.

Perhaps I should not give this matter so much grave thought, were it not for the fact that both my own grandmothers played such an enormous part in shaping my destiny.

Delia Maria Smith was a beauty and a belle and a great heiress. She lived in a corner house on Madison Avenue when such a residence, in such a locality, represented the zenith of fashionable and cultured existence in New York City. She was an only daughter with seven brothers, who, like her parents, adored her, and found their greatest delight in forestalling her every wish. Her husband and her child—another only daughter—took it for granted that they should continue to cater to her whims. She enjoyed, and almost automatically acquired, beautiful clothes, beautiful jewels, and beautiful belongings of every sort. She enjoyed society, entertaining with ease and grace herself, and adorning the exclusive circles in which she moved when she

drove out, regally attired, in an equipage drawn by coal black horses and lined with crimson brocade. She enjoyed a handsome establishment, or rather several of them, for country houses as well as town houses seemed to figure logically into her design for living. She also enjoyed travelling, and indulged her taste for it whenever the spirit moved her to set out for Saratoga Springs, to sojourn on the Riviera, or to penetrate to more distant parts of the globe.

But Delia Maria was not a vapid woman. Besides her flair for dress and her natural gifts as a lapidary, she had considerable knowledge of the fine arts, and added judiciously to the notable collection of ancient and modern paintings which her father had commenced. Among those which she purchased in Rome was one representing a woman seated in contemplation upon a rock beside a sea flooded with moonlight. The artist from whom she acquired this was so impressed with her beauty that he asked for permission to paint out the original head and delineate hers in its stead.

This permission was graciously granted, and her entrancing likeness, set in exotic surroundings, has consequently adorned the family drawing room ever since.

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Frances Parkinson

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Frances Parkinson was born in a log cabin at the edge of a forest clearing in northern New Hampshire. This cabin served not only as the family dwelling place, but as the church and the school for the entire community; the child drank in faith and knowledge with her mother's milk. She longed for wisdom, and she hungered and thirsted for righteousness. By the time she was fourteen years old, she was teaching herself, and saving most of her money to pay for further educational advantages, earning enough, eventually, to go to Mary Lyon's Seminary, which is now Mount Holyoke College. But she spent a little as she went along. For instance, she walked twelve miles through the snow to buy a copy of Euclid, when she had the price for it, and the same distance to purchase a copy of Racine's Plays, when she had enough, in nickels and dimes, to pay for that. She was the most brilliant mathematician and the most accomplished classical scholar I have ever known, and she laid the foundation for both branches of learning by delving deep into the volumes aforementioned.

Eventually Frances Parkinson married a Congregational clergyman, a widower much older than she was with three motherless children; and in due course of time she had five children herself. Her husband's salary never exceeded a thousand dollars a year, he was

never "called" to an important church in a large place, and after a long period of ill-health, during which she nursed him tenderly, he died, leaving her a widow without visible means of support. But the home of her maturity was a beautiful though dilapidated old house originally built for Count Rumford, available for her occupancy because he had never cared to occupy it. So her children grew up in surroundings of chaste colonial beauty; and every one of them achieved a college education. To a large degree, she prepared them for this herself, sending her eldest son off to Harvard equipped with a five dollar bill, an oil lamp, and her heartfelt blessing. He graduated, four years later, aged nineteen, at the head of his class. She had never doubted, for a single moment, that he would.

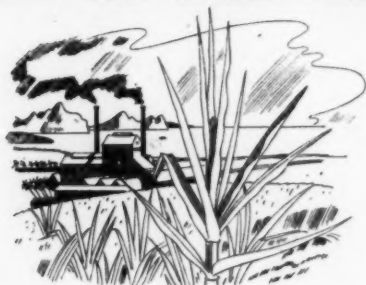
Delia Maria gave me a love of beauty in all forms, an appreciation of graciousness, and the feeling of freedom that comes with unquestionable security. Frances Parkinson set me a standard of courage, of endurance, of wisdom, and of the faith that moves mountains.

Shall I measure up to what they did for me? How much shall I be able to give to my grandchild?

Frances Parkinson Keyes

# AMERICA

## IS BUSY IN THE PACIFIC



**I**n Hawaii, western outpost of the country's defense, where Pearl Harbor and Schofield Barracks are strongholds of our land and sea forces, American industry is at work.

The sugar planters of the Territory are the greatest single factor in the economic life of the islands. Hawaii is the sixth largest market in the world for mainland United States products. Staples and luxuries from every State in the Union fill Hawaii's market basket, mostly because sugar—American sugar—keeps the nation's merchant ships moving between Honolulu and other American ports.

50,000 people in Hawaii are directly employed in the sugar industry. Tens of thousands more are given work because of it, and the flood of dollars—American dollars—that is released goes to every part of America to start again the flow of goods to Hawaii.



HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

*Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.*



